



Gentle words, gentle ways... the soft butterfly touch of fingers... will tell a man he's home.

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The
"Beforehand"
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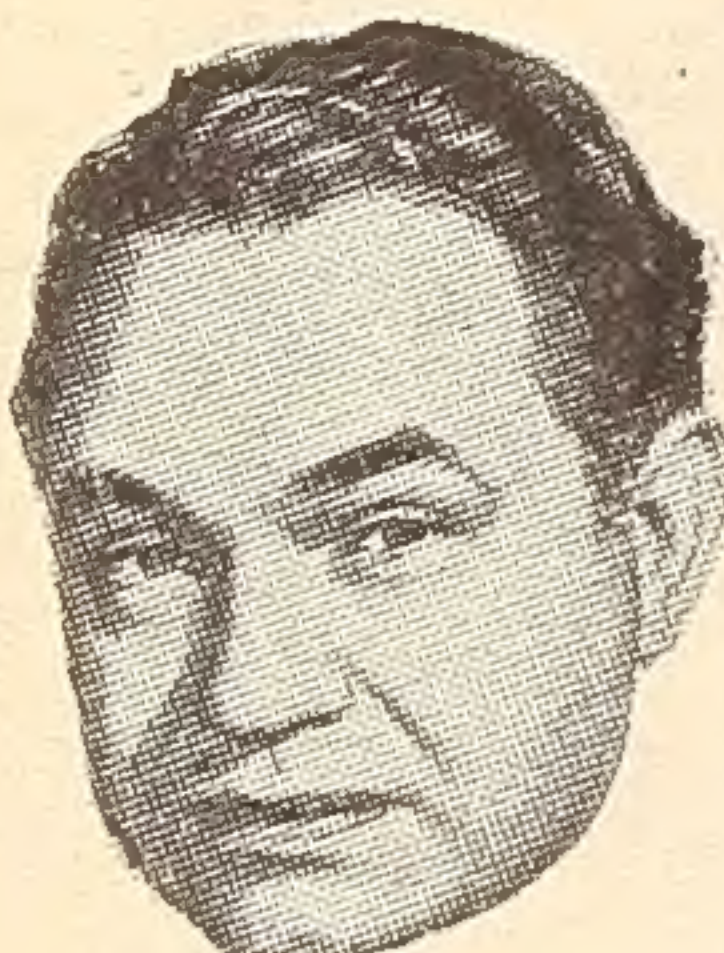
Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Sometimes we get to thinking about titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em?

Take a recent M-G-M picture—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the title was quite logical.



EDWARD G.
ROBINSON

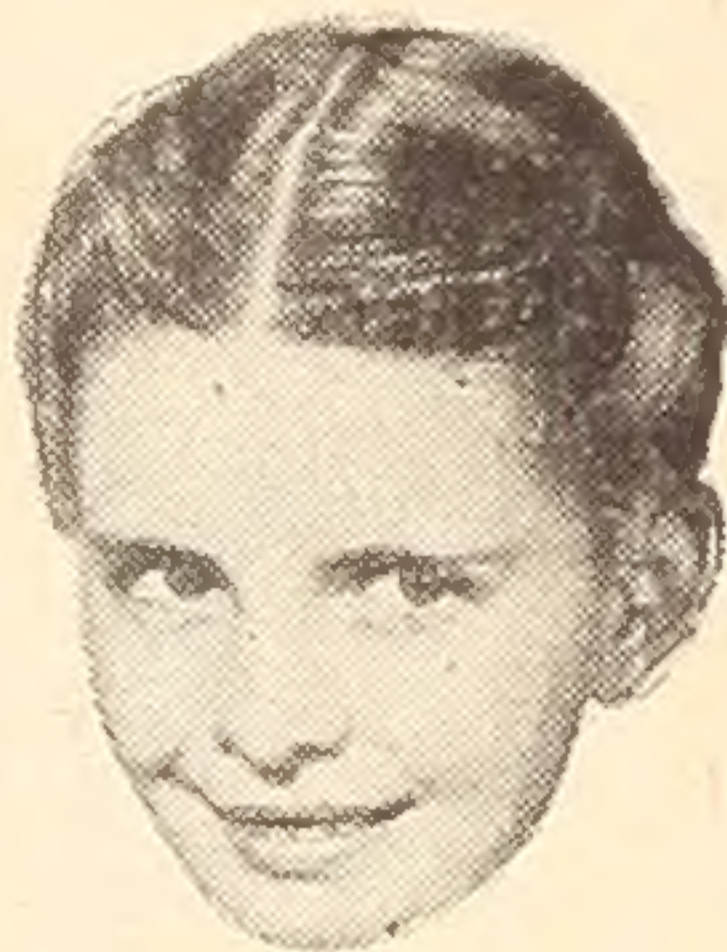
Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, plenty if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title

from "The Song of Solomon": "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes". We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

That's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hardboiled and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What wonderful contrast of character.



MARGARET
O'BRIEN

Like a promising young vine herself, Margaret O'Brien grew beautifully past "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music For Millions". Now, in "Our Vines Have

Tender Grapes" she matches her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.



"BUTCH"
JENKINS

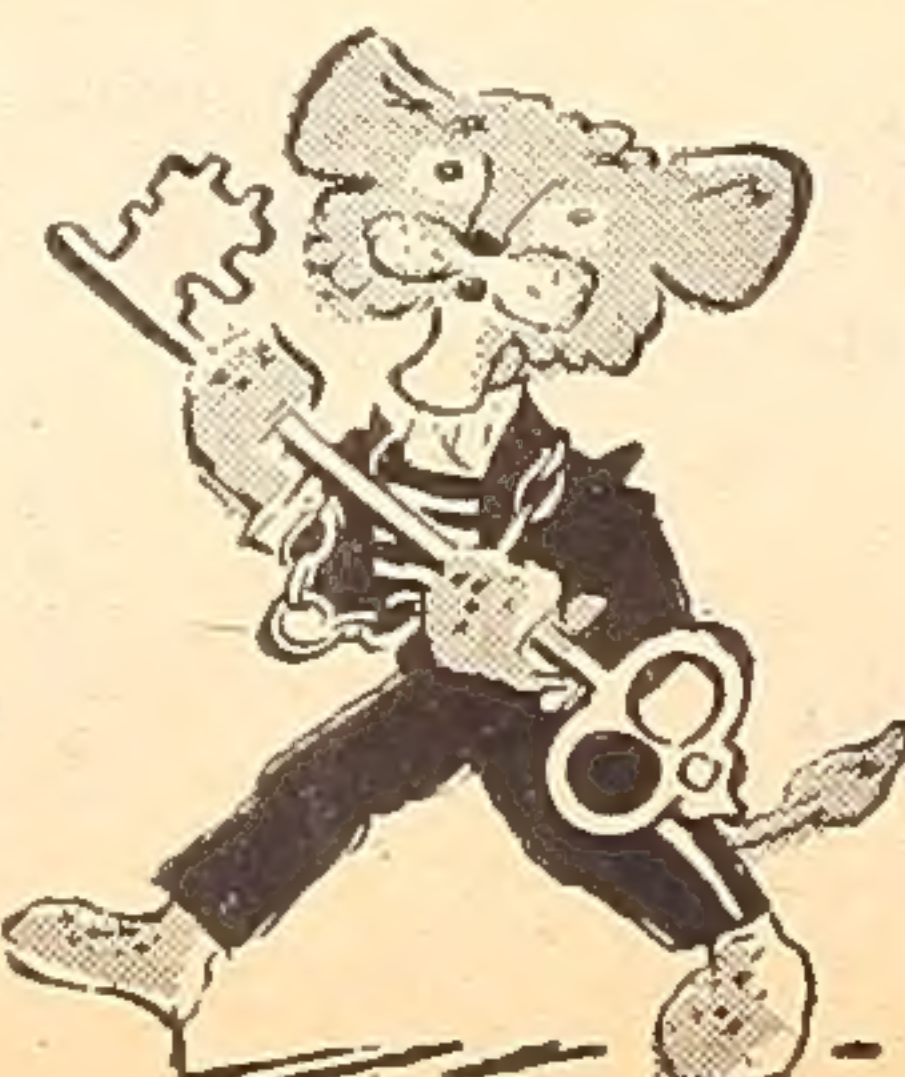
Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

A great vintage, with screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk.

This fine motion picture had its World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall.

We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

—Lea



modern screen

STORIES

*DANA ANDREWS' LIFE STORY (Part 1)

There was always fun in the Reverend Andrews' family—and whenever the 9 kids felt the holy life weighing too heavily—they'd up and swipe a watermelon!.....

30

*MY FRIEND, VAN JOHNSON, by Keenan Wynn

This is the story of two men, who, each looking for a brother, found something even dearer—a friend. The story of Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn and the good they've found in each other....

34

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

A never-never land kind of love story where a bellboy (Bob Walker) renounces a princess (Hedy Lamarr) for a crippled kid (June Allyson) who believes in fairy tales.....

36

*A DATE FOR CINDERELLA

This is one of Guy Madison's best "picture" roles to date—playing Prince Charming to dainty fan club prexy Gwen Littlefield.....

38

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

Johnnie Johnston's fan simply had to meet her ideal, her hero—So off they went on a date, wining, dining and funning.....

44

*THE WILDE WOMEN

No matter how tough the going was, Cornel always had Pat. So now success isn't hard to take, not to the Wildes, it isn't

50

*FAIR HAired BOY

He loves America, loves Americans, but golly, Kurt Kreuger wishes Hollywood would declare peace and let him stop playing Nazis!

52

*PERPLEXED POP

Acting comes easy to Robert Walker, but it's tough playing stern father to two young wildcats when everybody thinks you're their older brother!.....

54

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

There aren't many things young Eleanor Parker wants out of life. But being an actress is one of them. So she worked, but hard. And now she's an actress, but good.....

60

THE THREE JAMESES

Take away the pin-up gams, the million dollar trumpet, and what have you got? Betty, Harry and Vicki—swellest family in town...

62

NEVER BEEN KISSED

Master MacDowall seems like such a nice, quiet, English lad—till you pipe those dazzling ties, catch him jitterbugging, or hear him give out with a Crosby croon.....

64

CROSBY QUINTETTE

They're quick on the uptake, these Crosbys. "Chip," starts Gary, and Bing and Philip and Denny and Linny chorus, "Old block!" But definitely!.....

66

GOOD NEWS on the June Allyson wedding by Louella Parsons

Bette Davis takes a custard pie facial, Frankie plans a new short, the Bogart butler has a British accent, and Jeanne Crain swears she isn't marrying anybody . . . yet!.....

56

Dana Andrews in 20th-Fox's "Fallen Angel".....

30

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Easy to Wed".....

34

S 2/c Guy Madison, David O. Selznick player.....

38

Cornel Wilde in Columbia's "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" ..

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Kurt Kreuger in 20th-Fox's "The Spider".....

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Bob Walker in M-G-M's "Her Highness and the Bellboy".....

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COVER: Ingrid Bergman in Warner Brothers' "Saratoga Trunk" and RKO's "Bells of St. Mary." Cover and color portraits of Bob Walker and Kurt Kreuger by Willinger.

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**THREE GREAT PERFORMANCES
IN M-G-M's
THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE DRAMA!**



● The screen's tough guy in an absorbing new role!

● Never greater! She wins your laughter and tears!

● The hard-boiled hilarious brat, "Butch" himself!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • MARGARET O'BRIEN



Our Vines Have Tender Grapes

with

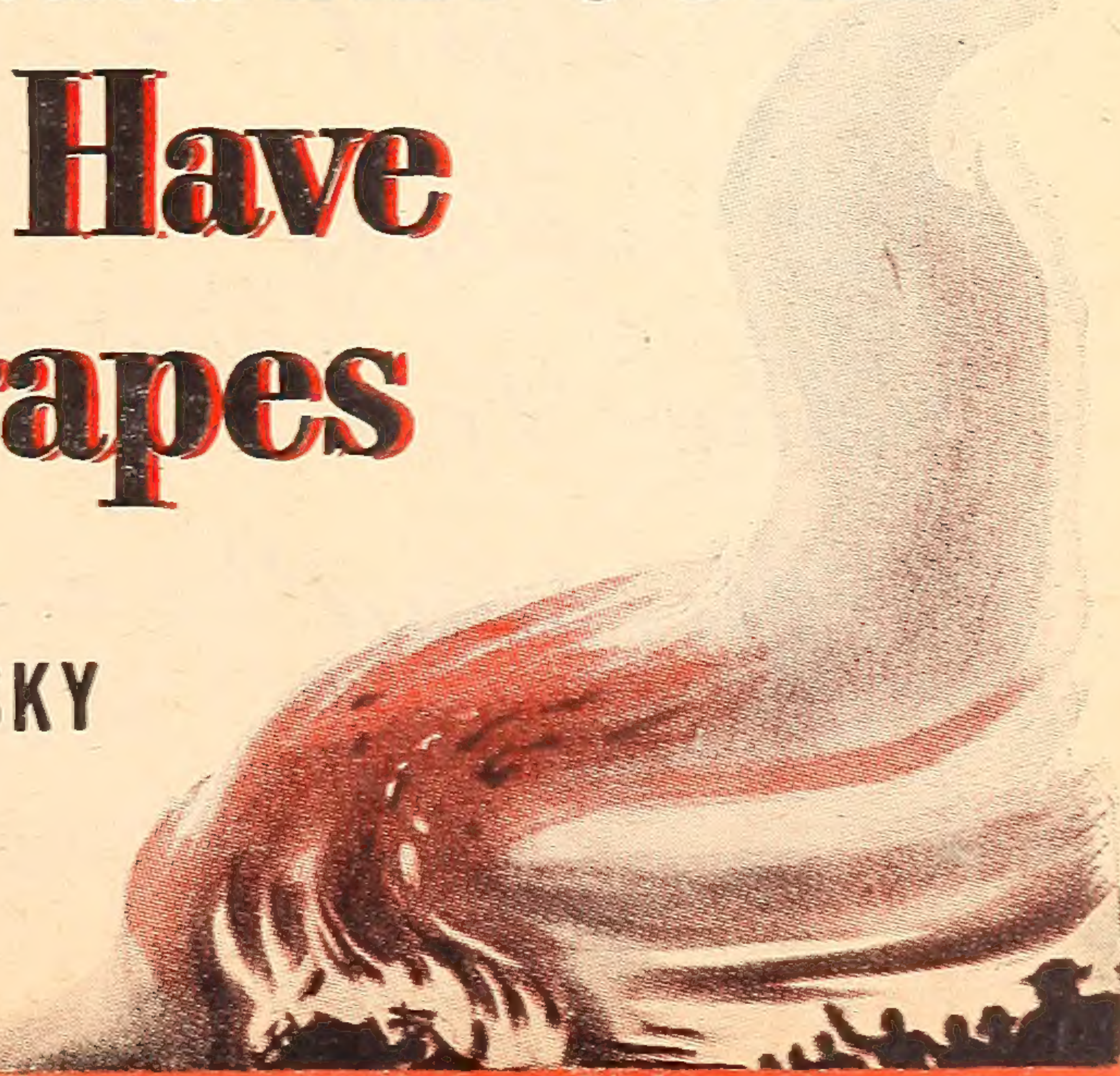
JAMES CRAIG • FRANCES GIFFORD

AGNES MOOREHEAD • MORRIS CARNOVSKY

and **"BUTCH" JENKINS**



Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin • Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





Nat, the bartender (Howard da Silva), is sympathetic, though skeptical, as Don Birnam (Ray Milland) vows to swear off alcohol, return to his loyal fiancée, and write a novel about his experiences.

*Fannie
Hurst
selects
"The Lost
Weekend"*

■ It took courage to picturize "The Lost Weekend," because in the novel from which the picture takes its title, most of the action takes place within a man's burning brain.

"The Lost Weekend" is the story, compressed into three fearful days, of an alcoholic and his immemorial struggle to slay the fiery dragon of drink.

The author of the novel told his story by pushing through the portals of the mind of Don Birnam, and interpreting from the inner reaches of his consciousness some of the processes of the confirmed alcoholic.

Obviously, the camera is a heavier medium than the point of a pen. The picture must tell the story of Don Birnam's struggle to save himself, by way of plot and action. Seldom has the discrepancy between the written word and its pictorial equivalent been more sharply defined than in this picture.

In the book, words slip into crevices too small for the camera to enter. Words describe aspects and nuances of the human mind that are too (Continued on page 8)

THOSE *Lovely* ★ *Glamorous* ★ *Scandalous*
DOLLY SISTERS! DOLLY SISTERS! DOLLY SISTERS!

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES...
IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL STORY EVER

Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

THE DOLLY SISTERS

in Technicolor!

Starring

BETTY GRABLE

and

JOHN PAYNE ★ JUNE HAVER

with

S. Z. SAKALL • Reginald Gardiner

Directed by Irving Cummings • Produced by George Jessel

Original Screen Play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

Songs you'll be singing!

"I Can't Begin To Tell You"

"Don't Be Too Old Fashioned"

By Mack Gordon & James Monaco

Songs you'll remember!

"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"

"Dark Town Strutters Ball"

"The Sidewalks of New York"

"Give Me The Moonlight,

Give Me The Girl"

"Carolina In The Morning"

"The Vamp"

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

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in 3 new ways

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2. **NEW "WRITE-ABILITY":** Finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.

3. **NEW BEAUTY:** Advance, fit-the-hand design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Established 1896)

Other famous WEAREVER selections: DeLuxe pen \$1.00, set \$1.90; Zenith Pen \$1.95, set \$2.75. WEAREVER Refill Leads

By America's Largest
Fountain Pen Manufacturer

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "THE LOST WEEKEND"

(Continued from page 6)

minute for the broader medium of movies. Nevertheless, the result is a good brave try, surprisingly achieved.

Don Birnam is a young man who wants to be a novelist; who is betrothed to a lovely, well-bred girl; who is hounded by that kind of craving for alcohol which burns the mind, sears the brain, parches the tongue and bedevils the spirit.

Ray Milland plays this difficult role and if he misses some of the complicated aspects of Don Birnam's struggle, it is simply because they will not translate into action.

When the story opens, Don and his brother Wick, a quiet fellow whose good intentions are overshadowed by his failure to understand the blazing hell in which the alcoholic lives, are about to leave their apartment for a long weekend.

Half-heartedly consenting to his brother's well-meant efforts to get him away from easy access to "the stuff," Don packs his bag. He does not want to go. His eyes and mind are on a bottle of whiskey which, with the alcoholic's cupidity, he has concealed from Wick by suspending it from the window by a string.

As the two men pack, Don's craving eyes revert constantly to the window sill.

From the very beginning, Milland succeeds in making the spectator aware of the fiery affinity between man and alcohol. The bottle becomes a sort of atomic bomb which can reduce its victim spiritually, mentally, and physically to rubble.

Don Birnam, who has recently become engaged to Helen St. James, wants his

bottle more than the companionship of the lovely girl.

Helen is ably played by Jane Wyman. Her attitude toward Don is less mental than Wick's, but never cloyingly sentimental. She is as eager as Wick for this weekend and has come to the apartment bearing going-away gifts.

Don and Wick have planned to take an early train. But at the last moment, Don squirms out, talks Wick into agreeing to take a later train, and sends him and Helen to an afternoon concert.

They accede to his change of plans reluctantly, as well they might. No sooner do they leave the apartment than Don fishes in the bottle hanging from the window, finishes it, and then begins his frantic search for the other bottles he has cunningly secreted about the apartment.

Wick, however, knowing his brother's habits, has just as cunningly discovered and removed them.

Thus Don finds himself without drink. His brother is equally careful to see that he has no access to sufficient money to put him in possession of "the stuff."

Don becomes demoniac. Frenzy finds a way.

The cleaning woman comes to the apartment, and through her, Don accidentally discovers that a ten dollar bill, her weekly wage, is in a certain sugar bowl. He slyly postpones her payment and with the money, rushes to the neighborhood liquor store.

The Lost Weekend commences.

FREE OFFER!

Want somethin' for nothin'? We've got 500 DELL Mags to send to 500 of you who will fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than October 20th. These mags do NOT go to the first 500 who answer, but to 500 chosen at random, so don't rush, read MODERN SCREEN carefully, those opinions of yours mean a lot to us! So how about helping your favorite mag and taking a chance on winning a Dell book, FREE?

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Dana Andrews' Life Story (Part 1) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | "Her Highness and The Bellboy" . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| My Friend, Van Johnson, by Keenan Wynn . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | The Constant Nymph (Eleanor Parker) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| A Date for Cinderella (Madison-Littlefield) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | The Three Jameses . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fair-Haired Boy (Kurt Krueger) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Never Been Kissed (Roddy MacDowall) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Wilde Women (Cornel Wilde) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Crosby Quintette . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Perplexed Pop (Bob Walker) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News (Allyson Weds!) by Louella Parsons . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Oh, What a Beautiful Day! (Johnny Johnston) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . .

. . .

. . .

. . .

. . .

My name is . . .

My address is . . . City . . . Zone . . . State . . .

I am . . . years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
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Jennifer Jones Joseph Cotten

"LOVE LETTERS... TENDER WORDS" ... HAUNTING WORDS THAT LED TO MURDER"



In
Hal Wallis'
Production
"Love Letters"

with
ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway
Gladys Cooper · Anita Louise · Robert Sully
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE A Paramount Picture

*Based on the Novel of Suspense
And Mystery by Chris Massie*



KEEP HIS EYES ON YOU WITH

Pink or Red Dynamite by TAYTON



The New Make-Up... Perfectly Matched

Sheer new color magic! A dynamo for your loveliness! Satin smooth, perfectly matched make-up... wickedly flattering to ignite your glamour!

TAYTON PINK or RED DYNAMITE high lustre sheen LIPSTICK (in new metal case) matching CAKE MAKE-UP to achieve glow and radiance... to camouflage blemishes! Then TAYTON SILK-SIFTED FACE POWDER and a finishing touch of TAYTON vivid ROUGE to complete your make-up.

USE THEM ALL TOGETHER...
...to keep his eyes on you.

10c to \$1

...at your cosmetic counter

TAYTON

From this point the action, by necessity, becomes repetitive. When Wick returns from the concert and finds Don gone, he departs in disgust on his weekend, alone. Helen, too, after making a search, gives up and goes home.

Don returns and proceeds to drink himself into unconsciousness.

Scarcely stuff from which motion pictures are made! And yet director Billy Wilder succeeds in holding the interest, in spite of the fact that the screen can neither capture nor photograph the stream of consciousness of this wracked man.

Action, plot, horror, repeated emphasis on the unfortunate Don's struggles, just are not enough.

The aloneness of Don as drink torments him are not too much for Wilder, the director, but they are too much for the camera, the recorder.

The machinations of a man crazy for drink and the lonely weekend filled with his cravings, offer immediate possibilities for a slow-going story. There is not much variety to the goings-on of a man pursuing his liquor.

Don's capacity for cunning and duplicity, even desperate thievery, are told in one similar episode after another. He wheedles five dollars from a kindly laundry woman. He meets Gloria, a lady of the evening, at Nat's bar and makes a date to join her later. But when the time comes for keeping it, Don is lying sodden drunk in his flat.

He relates to Nat, the bartender, in a series of throwbacks, his romance with Helen. He is sober enough to describe, with tenderness, how for six weeks after meeting this sweet girl, he had been able to keep straight and thus conceal from her his terrible weakness.

Then one day her parents come from out of town to meet their daughter's fiance. Unnerved by the strain of the approaching ordeal, Don fails to keep the appointment with Helen and her parents. Later, Wick and Helen find him in a drunken stupor. Thus the young girl comes into her knowledge.

Confronted with the situation, she decides that she loves Don sufficiently to fight the good fight with him.

It now transpires that the mere telling of the story of his romance to Nat, the barkeeper, renews something almost dead within Don. Ambition and purpose are reborn. He determines to utilize the long weekend and begin work on a long contemplated novel. He staggers homeward. On the way, he passes another bar. It is too much. He enters. The bartender refuses to give him credit. So inflamed by desire that sanity leaves him, he attempts to steal a woman's purse, and is thrown out into the gutter.

Sobered, he returns home and hauling out his typewriter, begins his pitiful attempt to invoke the muse of creative writing, but gets no farther than: "The Bottle." A Novel by Don Birnam. For Helen.

The following morning, waking from a sodden sleep, weak from lack of food, desperate from lack of whiskey and money, he decides to pawn his typewriter.

Now begins a macabre journey up and down Third Avenue, looking for an open pawnshop, only to find them diabolically closed on what happens to be a Jewish holiday.

In a series of lurching episodes, Milland succeeds in conveying to the audience the understanding that alcoholism is a disease, a raging sickness which should be classified and treated as such.

Don's torture mounts and the endless weekend advances. In desperation, he finally seeks out the lady-of-the-evening with whom he had not kept tryst. Her compassion overcomes her wounded pride. Comprehending his condition and pitying

it with the ready understanding of such women, she gives him a five-dollar bill. On his rush from her apartment for the saloon, he stumbles and plunges headlong down a flight of stairs, typewriter and all.

Don wakes up in the alcoholic ward of a public hospital. Whether or not this picture has the power to deter the average alcoholic addict is debatable, but certainly no one who sees this hair-raising night in an alcoholic ward, filled with men whose senses and sanity are torn to shreds, and whose mass delirium tremens fills the night with blood-curdling horror, can fail to feel the impact.

The spectacle of Don Birnam, watching in delirium a rat gnaw its way through a wall and its subsequent bloody encounter with a bat, is nightmare, plus. Milland succeeds in depicting the frozen horror, the sweating terror with frightening truth.

Finally, by a ruse, Don succeeds in escaping from this hospital hell. He has lost his typewriter in the scuffle. But the following morning he finds his fiancée's fur coat in his apartment, and in his abysmal shame and despair, takes it to the pawnshop where he exchanges it for a gun.

Helen learns of this ominous exchange. She rushes to the apartment to locate the gun. There she finds Don, and convinces him that the writer, the dreamer, the doer, are stronger than the drunkard, the victim of rat-versus-bat hallucinations, the seeker after death.

At this moment, piling up to rather sudden final action, Nat the bartender, enters sympathetically with the typewriter which has been lost in the scuffle.

Don regards this return of his typewriter as a prophetic symbol. Impulse for regeneration surges high within him. He drops his cigarette into his glass of whiskey.

To Helen this combination of circumstances is also the miracle and sign of Don's redemption.

The spectator may or may not share her complete optimism.

She places the sheet of paper on which Don has started his novel back into the typewriter. She urges him to start dictating his own story, the story of delirium, rats, bats, lost ideals, lost weekend, and —redemption.

P. S.

Something new has been added in the way of an eternal triangle. This time it's a man, his girl, and the bottle... Although there have been notable drunk scenes in pictures, almost all have been softened by comedy relief. Certainly none has ever approached the proportions of the morbid bender staged by Ray Milland... The eyes have it! The camera lens was placed a bare six inches from the Milland optic to photograph the closest closeup Hollywood has yet attempted. The eye is shown as Milland supposedly awakens from a drunken sleep and makes a hangoverish inspection of his room... It's mother's day to shine and Lillian Fontaine, la mère of Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland, plays the screen mother of a third film favorite, Jane Wyman... Location filming in Manhattan continued for two weeks. In order to obtain a completely natural street scene without interference from throngs of sightseers, Director Wilder and company resorted to secret tactics. To avoid crowds, they began work at five a.m. The camera was concealed in large packing cases and in vacant stores, leaving casual passersby unaware that they were being filmed. For planned shots, a laundry truck was rented and Milland was photographed from the slowly moving vehicle... Wilder is reverting to the silent technique of 20 years ago in filming the story. He estimates that in its final form fully forty per cent, and possibly fifty per cent of the footage will be wholly without dialogue.

THE KIND OF WOMAN

MOST MEN WANT -

but shouldn't have!



She knew there was
trouble coming...trouble
she made for herself!

Mildred Pierce
STARRING
JOAN CRAWFORD
JACK CARSON
ZACHARY SCOTT



"Mildred had
more to offer
in a glance
than most
women give
in a lifetime!"



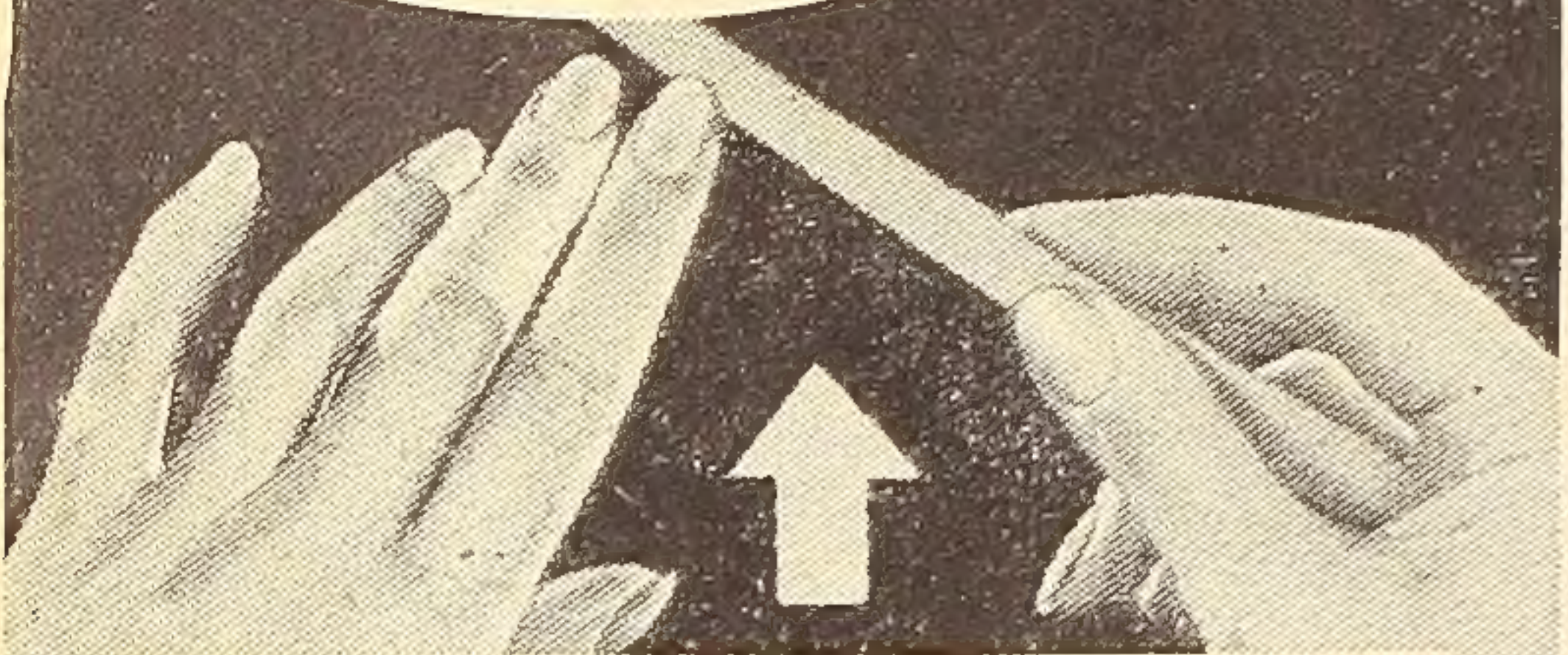
He said he'd rather die
than double-cross Mildred
—so he did both!

**WARNERS' daringly bring to the screen
the daring novel by James M. Cain!**

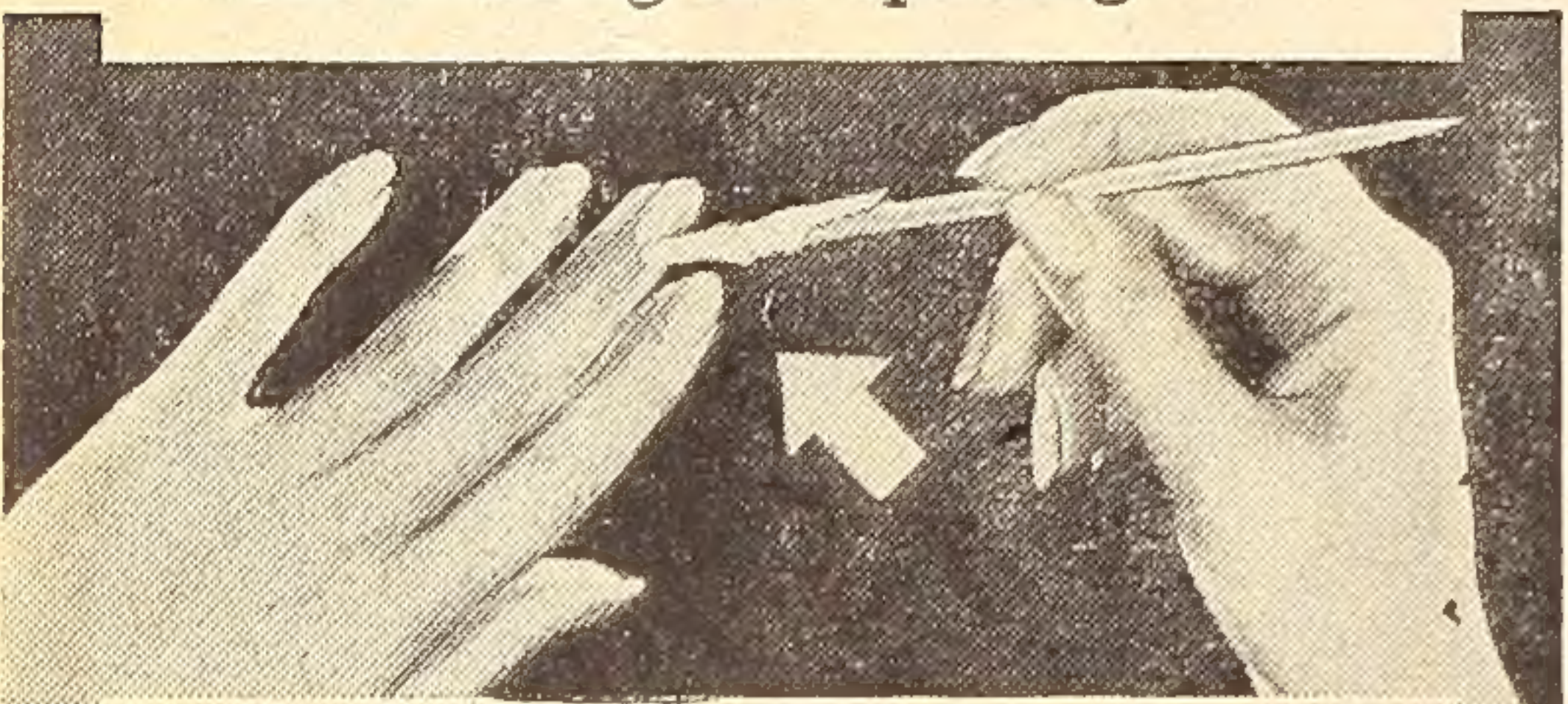
with **EVE ARDEN • ANN BLYTH • BRUCE BENNETT • MICHAEL CURTIZ • JERRY WALD**

Screen Play by Randal MacDougall • Based on the Novel by James M. Cain • Music by Max Steiner

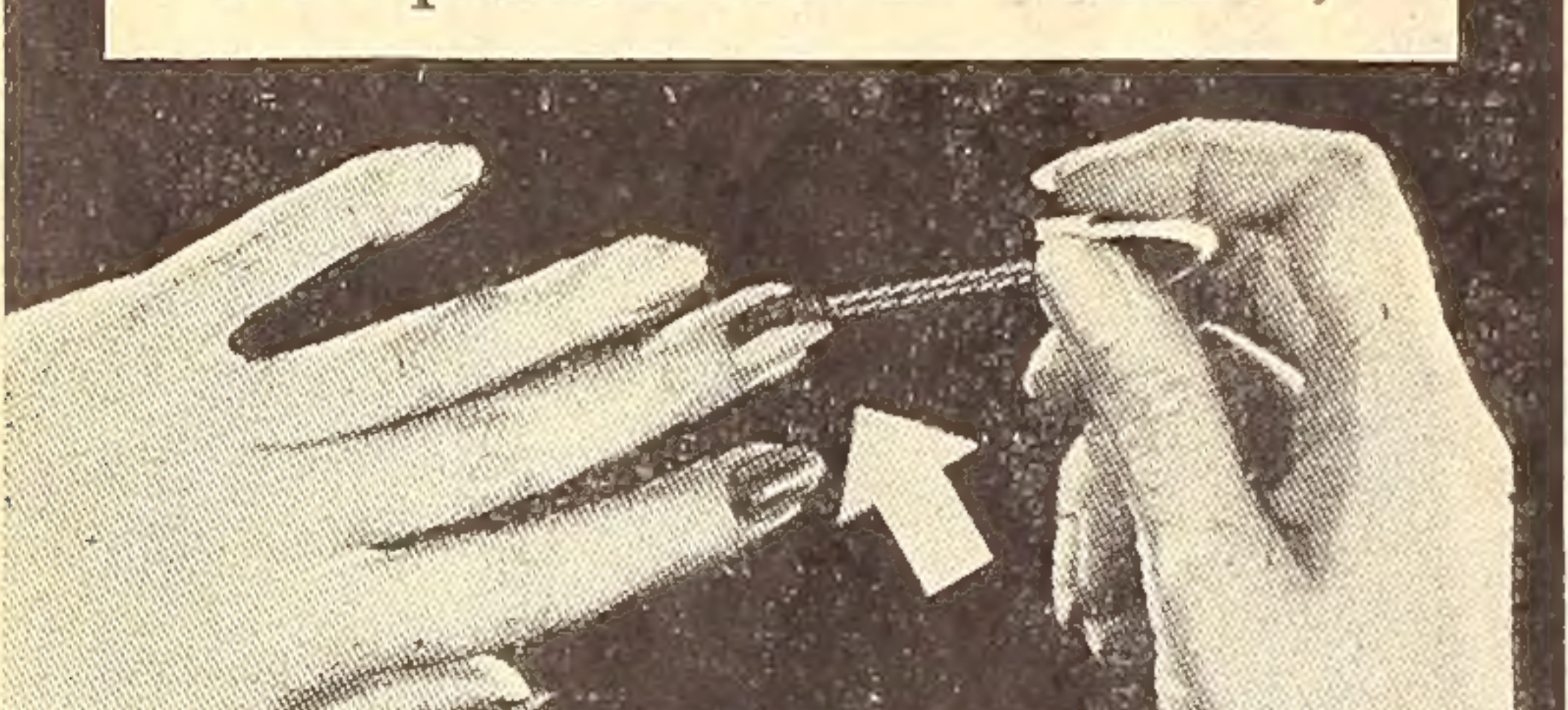
TIPS ON FINGERTIPS



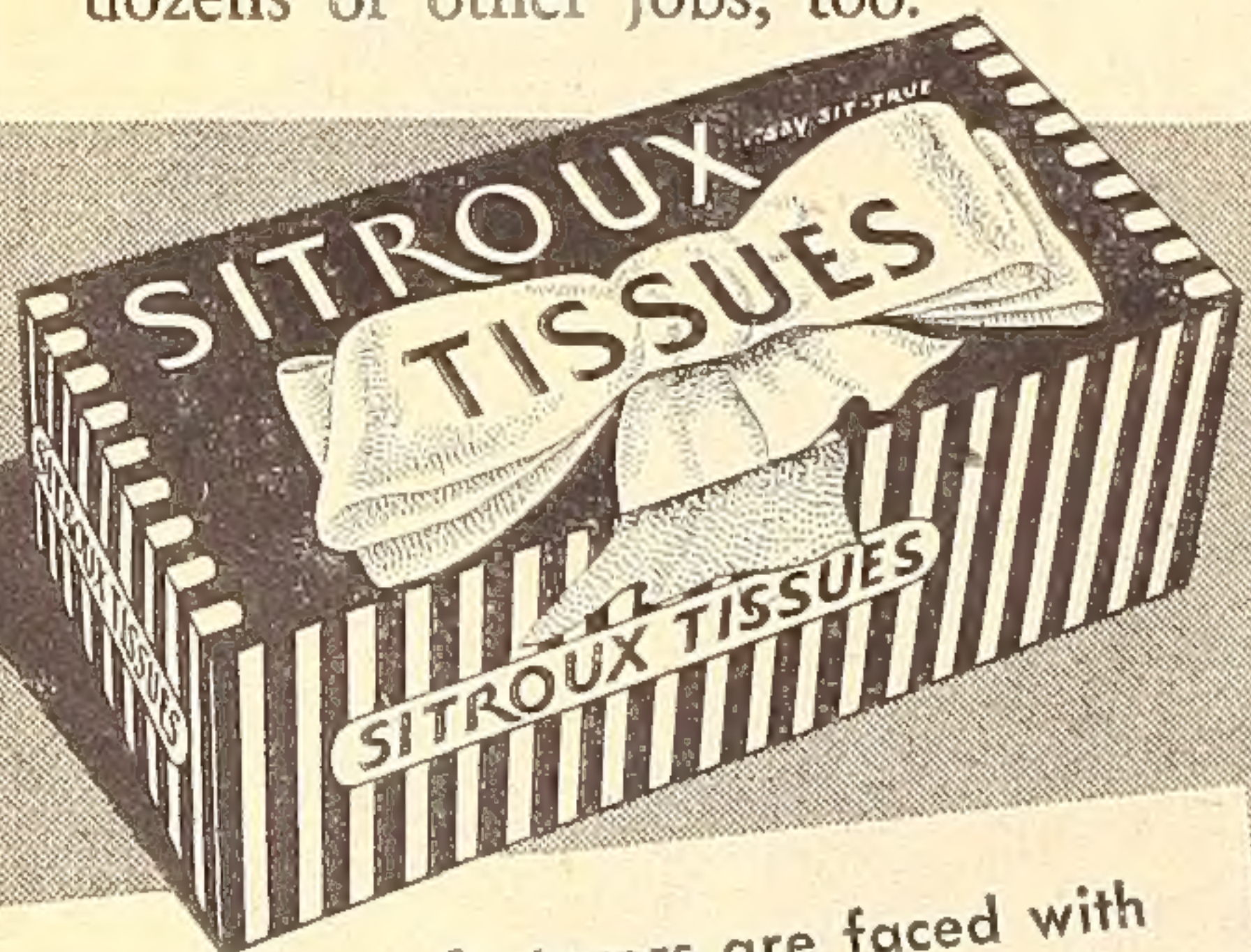
After removing polish . . . round nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—*never waste precious Sitroux Tissues!**)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Dolly Sisters

■ It's uncanny, the resemblance between Betty Grable and June Haver in "The Dolly Sisters." What a sister act they make—and in Technicolor! I don't know how accurately the story follows the actual lives of Jenny and Rosie Dolly, but it makes a pretty romance, with John Payne in the male lead.

The Dolly sisters and their uncle Latzie (S. Z. Sakall), come to New York from Hungary in 1904. The little girls are darlings, even then. The first night they are here, Uncle whips them off to a restaurant called Little Hungary, so he can resume a card game with an old friend from Budapest. The kids, in their bright peasant costumes, get plenty of attention and end up dancing for their supper. Eight years later they are still dancing for their meals at Little Hungary. Even Jenny (Betty Grable) who is an optimist, admits this isn't progress. Rosie (June Haver), the practical one, finally persuades a booking agent to get them a week in vaudeville. It isn't in New York, though. It's in Elmira.

Due to a slight shortage of funds, the sisters dress for the train trip in sailor hats, middie blouses, and flat-heeled slippers. They can travel for half-fare in these costumes, but the result is a little perplexing to handsome Harry Fox (John Payne) whom they meet on the train. He isn't interested in the "children" till he gets a look at Jenny's legs, which stand out, even in black cotton stockings, as if they were in neon lights. Elmira works out fine. The Dolly Sisters are a sensation. Everything is lovely, except that Jenny has fallen in love with Harry Fox. The rest of her life is to be one long struggle between her longing for a career with Rosie, and her (Continued on page 14)



Soldier-girl-station situation: Embrace. Harry (J. Payne) 'n Jenny (B. Grable) so-o-o in love!



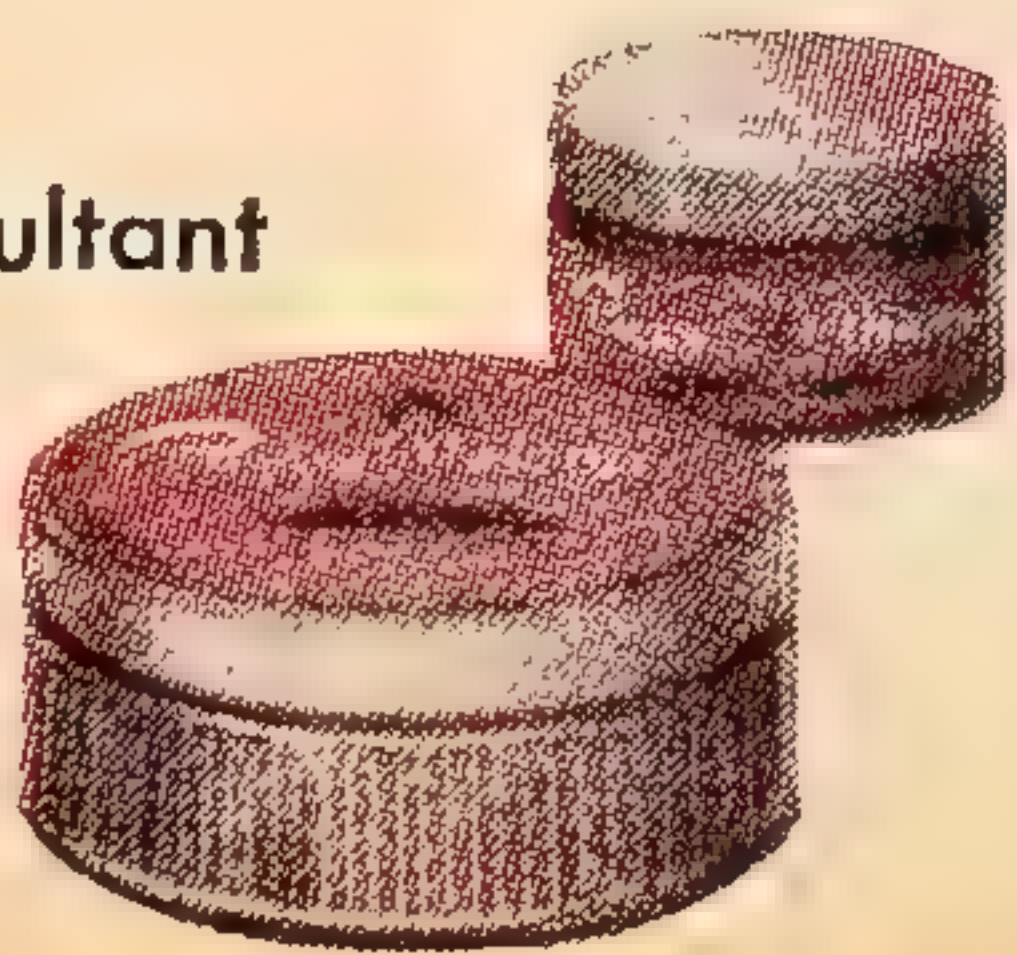
It's all in knowing how!

basic make-up! Your hair and skin coloring are the determining factors

in selecting rouge and powder. Choose a shade which will enhance your natural coloring and apply it so as to flatter your facial contour. A Peggy Newton consultant has much vital beauty information at her command.

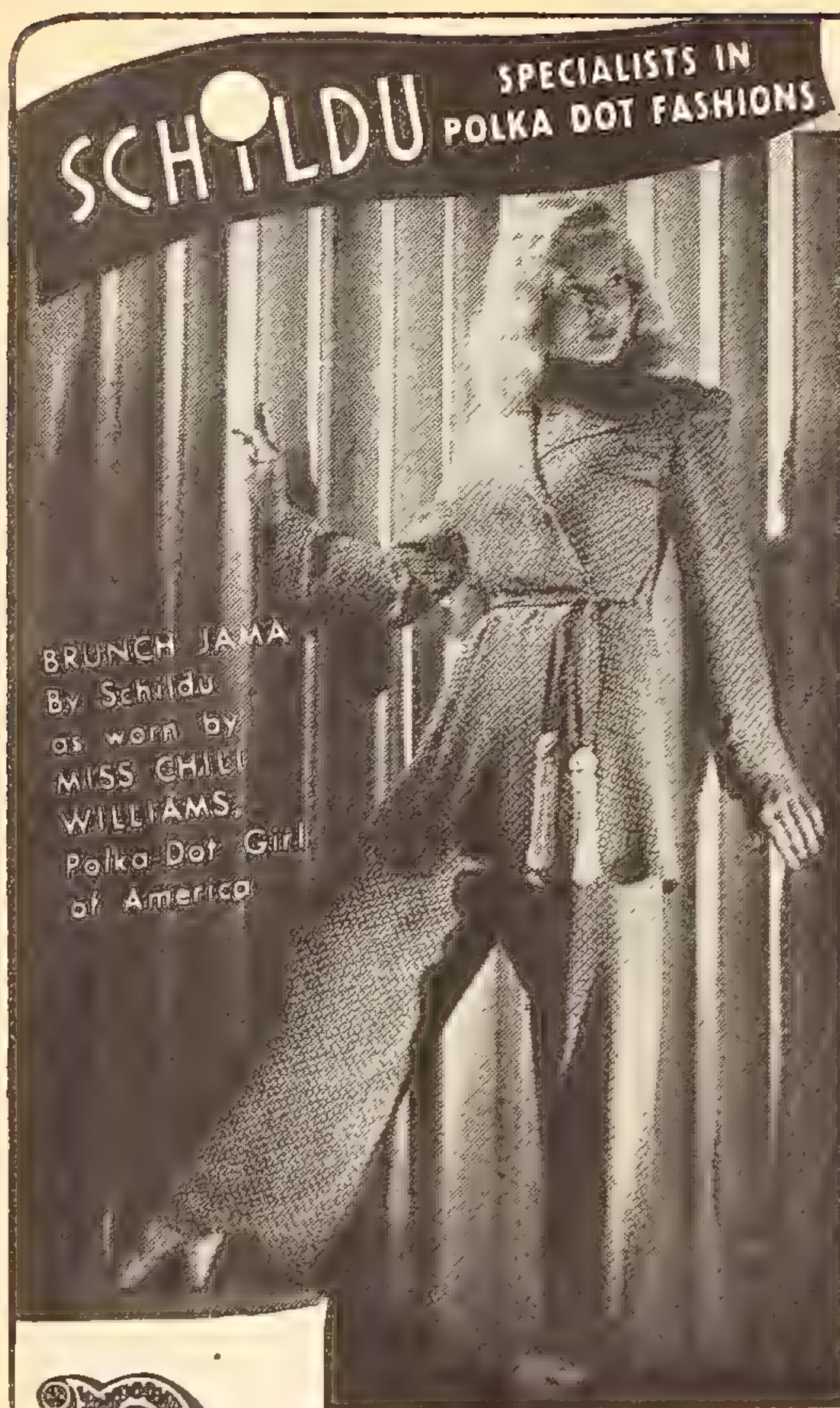
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history. A silver fox, black bear, coyote, mountain lion, bobcat, squirrel, raven and eagle, play featured roles. They are "supported" by chipmunks, crows, sheep, beaver, racoons, porcupine, wild rabbit, deer, and a skunk!

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

There's something awfully appealing about Bob Walker. It makes you feel like seeing that he gets whatever he wants, right away. What he wants in "The Sailor Takes A Wife" is June Allyson, and who could blame him? There are, of course, some difficulties in the way, and that's what makes the story.

Petty Officer John Hill (Robert Walker) and Mary Breckenridge (June Allyson) fall in love as soon as they meet at a Canteen. They get married that very same night, but instead of living happily ever after, their troubles begin immediately. For one thing, they are both the sentimental type. They don't want to begin their honeymoon in a broken-down hotel room, which is the only place available. So they decide to wait until the next weekend. By then John will have another leave, and Mary will have found a nice little apartment. Everything will be perfect.

Well, have you tried to find "a nice little apartment" lately? Especially for practically nothing a month? The one Mary settles for at last has a leaky roof, a front door that won't open half the time, and an elevator that stops between floors. It also has a janitor named Harry ("Rochester") who is supposed to remedy these matters, but never does. Its biggest drawback, although Mary doesn't find that out till later, is a beautiful refugee on the floor below. When John arrives the next weekend, he is in civilian clothes, discharged from the Navy. This is a shock to Mary. John, in turn, gets a shock when Mary appears at bedtime dressed in pink wooly pajamas, with her hair in pigtails. He laughs hysterically. "You look like a rabbit," he tells her. "A ten year old rabbit!" Now no girl is going to stand for that sort of insult. John sleeps on the living room couch and it serves him right! Things don't improve much in the next few days. John meets the exotic refugee, Lisa (Audrey Totter), and Mary gets a mink coat as a wedding present from her boss, Freddie (Hume Cronyn). Neither of these events are helpful in getting the honeymoon started. At last, a black chiffon nightgown and a recalcitrant front door do the trick, but not before you've had your money's worth of laughs and love's young dream.—M.G.M.

P. S.

America's sweetest sweetheart, June Allyson, has a new title. She's been dubbed Hollywood's "Pajama Girl." But in bed she cried for good reason—those pajamas! In "Two Girls and a Sailor," she wore plain tailored p.j.'s to match the character she portrayed. "Music for Millions" found her a war wife expecting a baby, and the pajamas—voluminous and unflattering. Confined to her bed with a bad heart in "Her Highness and the Bellboy," she's almost completely enveloped in a blanket with a slight show of demure bed jacket. But June is lamenting no more. As the young bride she gets to wear a breathtaking black chiffon nightie. . . . Any resemblance of studio to draft board is not only coincidental, it's utterly fantastic. Bob Walker was almost clad in khaki again, but after soldier roles in four consecutive pictures, M.G.M. obligingly let him switch to Navy blue for the start of the film. . . . Sometimes Bob's luck sounds (Continued on page 22)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Know what my most oft-asked question is? No? Well, it's what I like most about being your "Info Desk." The answer is easy. It's your super letters; but next comes the kick of discovering those swell newcomers with you, and watching them develop into a Don Taylor, a Madison, a McCallister. And oh, that Bob Mitchum! You boosted him when he had a bit in "Gung Ho" . . . and stayed interested through B's like "Girl Rush," "West of the Pecos," and "Nevada," 'til he snagged the Bob Grey role in "30 Seconds," and then Capt. Walker in "G.I. Joe" . . . and stardom. Bob visited us while doing some army work in N. Y. (he was a G.I. himself) and is more than grateful for your attention. Finds it hard to believe it's happening to him . . . but he's one guy who won't let it change him . . . for he is sincere, honest, and downright human.

So send those questions on everyone to me, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., together with that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE. You're my pride and joy, and I love youse all.

Bev.

Jersey Cameron, Rutherford, N. J. . . . MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON BOB MITCHUM?

Bob was born in Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 6, 1917. Has hazel eyes, light brown hair and is 6'1", 180 lbs., married to Dot Spence, and has two sons. Nuts about cigarettes, being lazy, and he adds, "the terrific shows at Cafe Zanzibar, N. Y." Best friends are Freddie Steele (Warneki of "G.I. Joe"), Art Cooper, Peter Coe, and Bob Parker (new singing sensation). Send lots of mail to him at RKO, Hollywood, for that's the stuff to keep him on top. His fan club's prexied by Anna Bunatta, 1420 Third Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

Lynn Curtin, Bronx, N. Y. . . . MAY I HAVE THE ENTIRE SCORE FROM "ANCHORS AWEIGH"?

SUNG BY SINATRA

(Alone)	(With Kelly)
What Makes The Sunset	We Hate to Leave
The Charm of You	I Begged Her
I Fall in Love Too Easily	Susie Song

PLAYED BY ITURBI

Anchors Aweigh
Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto
Donkey Serenade
Lizst's Hungarian Rhapsody

DANCED BY

KELLY
Mexican Hat Dance
Worry Song
Tango by Rodriguez (in garden)

SUNG BY GRAYSON

Jalousie
My Heart Sings
Waltz Serenade by Tschaikowsky

Mildred Ashen, Bklyn, N. Y. . . . MAY I HAVE THE FOLLOWING FAN CLUB ADDRESSES: Peter Lawford—Marcy Mitchell, 1749 Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Guy Madison—Dorothy Nachman, 1445 Minford, Bronx, N. Y. Van Johnson—NONE at present.

J. T., Los Angeles. . . WHO WAS JIMMY BURNS in "DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS?" Chris Drake . . . United Artists, Hollywood, Calif.

"Will you look at that guy
MacMurray... in stitches
at himself!"

"If the
picture's
that funny...
I oughta
see it
myself!"

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GOOD TIME!**

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in

Pardon My Past

with

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN

AKIM

WILLIAM

RITA

TAMIROFF • DEMAREST • JOHNSON

Harry Davenport • Douglass Dumbrille

Produced and Directed by
LESLIE FENTON

Original story by Patterson McNott and Harlan Ware
Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Kamb

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MUTUAL
Production



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☐ Green with Brown
☐ Red with Navy
☐ Aqua with Brown

—Rancho Bolero \$3.95

Sizes: Small Medium Large (circle size)

Colors: ☐ Green ☐ Red ☐ Brown ☐ Black

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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

140 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating	Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists).....	3★	Lost in a Harem (M-G-M).....	3★
Adventures of Rusty (Columbia).....	C 3★	Love Letters (Paramount).....	3½★
Affairs of Susan, The (Paramount).....	3½★		
Along Came Jones (RKO).....	4★	Marine Raiders (RKO).....	3½★
A Medal For Benny (Paramount).....	4★	Marriage Is a Private Affair (M-G-M).....	3½★
Anchors Aweigh (M-G-M).....	C 4★	Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M).....	C 4★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount).....	3½★	Molly and Me (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount).....	3½★	Mr. Skeffington (Warners).....	3½★
		Murder, He Says (Paramount).....	3½★
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M).....	3★	Music for Millions (M-G-M).....	4★
Bedside Manner (United Artists).....	3★		
Bell For Adano (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	National Velvet (M-G-M).....	C 4★
Bells of Rosarita (Republic).....	C 3½★	Naughty Nineties (Universal).....	C 3★
Between Two Women (M-G-M).....	3½★	Night in Paradise (Universal).....	3★
Between Two Worlds (Warners).....	3½★	Nob Hill (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Bewitched (M-G-M).....	3★	No Time For Love (Paramount).....	3½★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	None But the Lonely Heart (RKO).....	4★
Blood on the Sun (United Artists).....	4★		
Body Snatcher, The (RKO).....	3★	Objective, Burma (Warners).....	4★
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous (Columbia).....	3★	Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (M-G-M).....	4★
Bowery to Broadway (Universal).....	3½★	Out of This World (Paramount).....	4★
Brazil (Republic).....	3½★	Over 21 (Columbia).....	3½★
Brighton Strangler, The (RKO).....	3½★		
Bullfighters, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Pan Americana (RKO).....	3★
		Paris Underground (United Artists).....	3★
Can't Help Singing (Universal).....	3★	Pillow to Post (Warners).....	3★
Captain Eddie (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures).....	3½★	Practically Yours (Paramount).....	3½★
Cheaters, The (Republic).....	3★	Pride of the Marines (Warners).....	4★
China Sky (RKO).....	3★		
Climax, The (Universal).....	3★	Rhapsody in Blue (Warners).....	3½★
Colonel Blimp (Archers Films).....	4★	Riding High (Paramount).....	3★
Conflict (Warners).....	3½★	Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Conspirators, The (Warners).....	3½★		
Corn Is Green, The (Warners).....	4★	San Fernando Valley (Republic).....	C 3½★
Counter-Attack (Columbia).....	3½★	Secret Command (Columbia).....	3½★
Crime, Inc. (PRC).....	3★	Sensations of 1945 (United Artists).....	3½★
		Show Business (RKO).....	C 3½★
Dangerous Passage (Paramount).....	3½★	Silver Fleet, The (Archers Films).....	4★
Dark Waters (United Artists).....	3½★	Since You Went Away (United Artists).....	3½★
Delightfully Dangerous (United Artists).....	3★	Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Don Juan Quilligan (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Son of Lassie (M-G-M).....	C 3½★
Double Indemnity (Paramount).....	4★	Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Doughgirls, The (Warners).....	3½★	Song to Remember, A (Columbia).....	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M).....	4★	Southerner, The (United Artists).....	4★
Duffy's Tavern (Paramount).....	1½★	State Fair (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
		Step Lively (RKO).....	3½★
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal).....	3★	Story of G. I. Joe (Selznick).....	4★
Escape In the Desert (Warners).....	3★	Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	C 1½★
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO).....	3★	Take It Or Leave It (20th Century Fox).....	3★
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Tall in the Saddle (Republic).....	C 3½★
Flame of the Barbary Coast (Republic).....	3★	That's the Spirit (Universal).....	3½★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount).....	3★	Thin Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M).....	3★
		Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M).....	4★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO).....	3½★
Gaslight (M-G-M).....	4★	Thousand and One Nights (Columbia).....	3★
God Is My Co-Pilot (Warners).....	3½★	Thrill of a Romance (M-G-M).....	3½★
Going My Way (Paramount).....	C 4★	Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3½★
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic).....	3★	Together Again (Columbia).....	3½★
		Tomorrow The World (United Artists).....	4★
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount).....	★	Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M).....	4★
Halfway House (Balcon Film).....	3½★		
Hollywood Canteen (Warners).....	3½★	Uncle Harry (Universal).....	3★
House on 92nd Street (20th Century-Fox).....	★	Unseen, The (Paramount).....	3½★
I Love a Mystery (Paramount).....	3★	Valley of Decision (M-G-M).....	4★
I Love a Soldier (Paramount).....	3★	Very Thought of You, The (Warners).....	3½★
Impatient Years, The (Columbia).....	3½★		
Incendiary Blonde (Paramount).....	3½★	Weekend at the Waldorf (M-G-M).....	3½★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....	C 3★	West of the Pecos (RKO).....	3★
In Society (Universal).....	C 3★	Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★	Wilson (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
It's In the Bag (United Artists).....	C 4★	Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
		Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Janie (Warners).....	C 3½★	Without Love (M-G-M).....	3½★
Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★	Woman in Green, The (Universal).....	★
		Woman in the Window (RKO).....	3½★
Kismet (M-G-M).....	3½★	Wonder Man (RKO).....	4★
Kiss And Tell (Columbia).....	3½★		
		You Came Along (Paramount).....	3½★



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One lone Yank secretly
embarks on a dangerous
mission . . . infiltrates
the heart of Japan
. . . lives the war's
most exciting
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FIRST YANK *into* TOKYO

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MARC CRAMER · MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG · RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE

Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BREN

Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS





Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Okay, kids, let's clean house. We've got a lot of records to latch on to this month, and they're arranged in order of heat. That is, if you're in the mood for something sweet, soft and only moderately warm, the first several paragraphs are for you. They're the popular tunes. If you go for jive, boogie and stuff hot enough to curl your hair, proceed further. After that, we'll treat an album or so.

Rockefeller, chances are your budget won't stretch to include the whole list, so I'll pick two records you really ought not to overlook. One sweet, one hot. This time, for the sweet platter, try Frankie and the Charioteers doing "Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow." And the best hot jazz, for my money, is Count Basie's "Taps Miller." So have fun. . . .

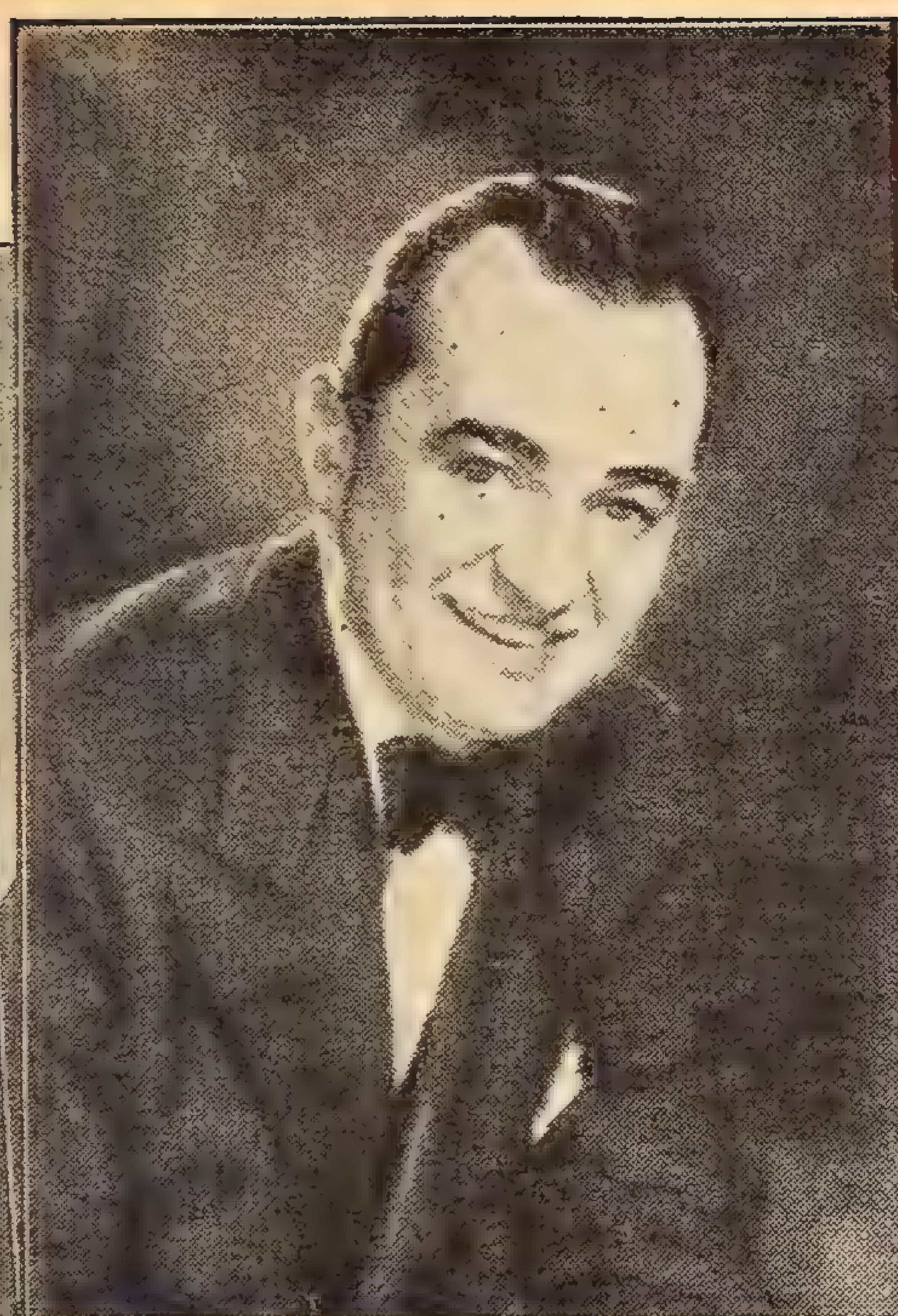
Popular . . .

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)—I, personally, myself, went to the session when this was recorded, and I can state right now that Woody's a very exacting character. He spent practically the whole afternoon getting this one tune just right. When the band records, Woody stands off in a little cubicle about twenty or thirty feet away, and works with a separate mike. Somebody suggested that he ought to install a phone so he could keep in touch with what chorus the guys were playing. They figure the fellows could be halfway through Chattanooga on that choo-choo, and Woody might still be hanging around Tuxedo Junction, waiting for the train. On the other side of "June Comes Around" is a terrific instrumental number called "Northwest Passage." It features solos by Marjorie Hyams, vibraharp; Woody on clarinet; Flip Phillips—tenor sax; and Bill Harris, who's rapidly replacing Tea- (Continued on page 129)



Hot licks by T. Dorsey, Basie, L. Hampton, and A. Shaw on broadcast to armed forces.

And at the very end of the article, you find the best records of the month listed for your convenience. Clip 'em out and take 'em with you, when you start off for your gang's music mart. Incidentally, since none of us is Mr.



Freddy Martin

VICTOR'S SMOOTH, CONCERTO-SWINGING BANDLEADER



David Rose

VICTOR'S POPULAR COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR



Dinah Shore

VICTOR'S SWEETHEART OF SONG

Perry Como

VICTOR'S ROMANTIC BALLAD MAN

Spike Jones

VICTOR'S ZANY KING OF JAZZ

Tommy Dorsey

VICTOR'S INCOMPARABLE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

Sammy Kaye

VICTOR'S NOTED "SWING AND SWAY" MAN

Vaughn Monroe

VICTOR'S HANDSOME SINGING MAESTRO

Artie Shaw

VICTOR'S FAMOUS CLARINETIST-MAESTRO

Duke Ellington

VICTOR'S CELEBRATED JAZZ COMPOSER-PIANIST

The King Sisters

VICTOR'S CAPTIVATING HARMONY QUARTET

Charlie Spivak

VICTOR'S BRILLIANT TRUMPET-PLAYING BATONER

Lena Horne

VICTOR'S SOPHISTICATED AND SULTRY SONGSTER

Hal McIntyre

VICTOR'S TERRIFIC YOUNG BANDLEADER

"Fats" Waller

VICTOR'S EVER-POPULAR PIANO HUMORIST

Glenn Miller

VICTOR'S EVER-POPULAR FAVORITE

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FULL POSTCARD SIZE! Each of these glowing, full-color pinups measures a big 5½" x 3¼". You can send them to your friends as novel, unusual pinup postcards—there's space on the back for address and your message, plus an interesting note about the RCA Victor star shown. Note that all sixteen pictures are printed from original oil paintings by the noted artist, Albert Fisher

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Ask your dealer for records of these RCA Victor artists

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Sammy Kaye • King Sisters • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe
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THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON



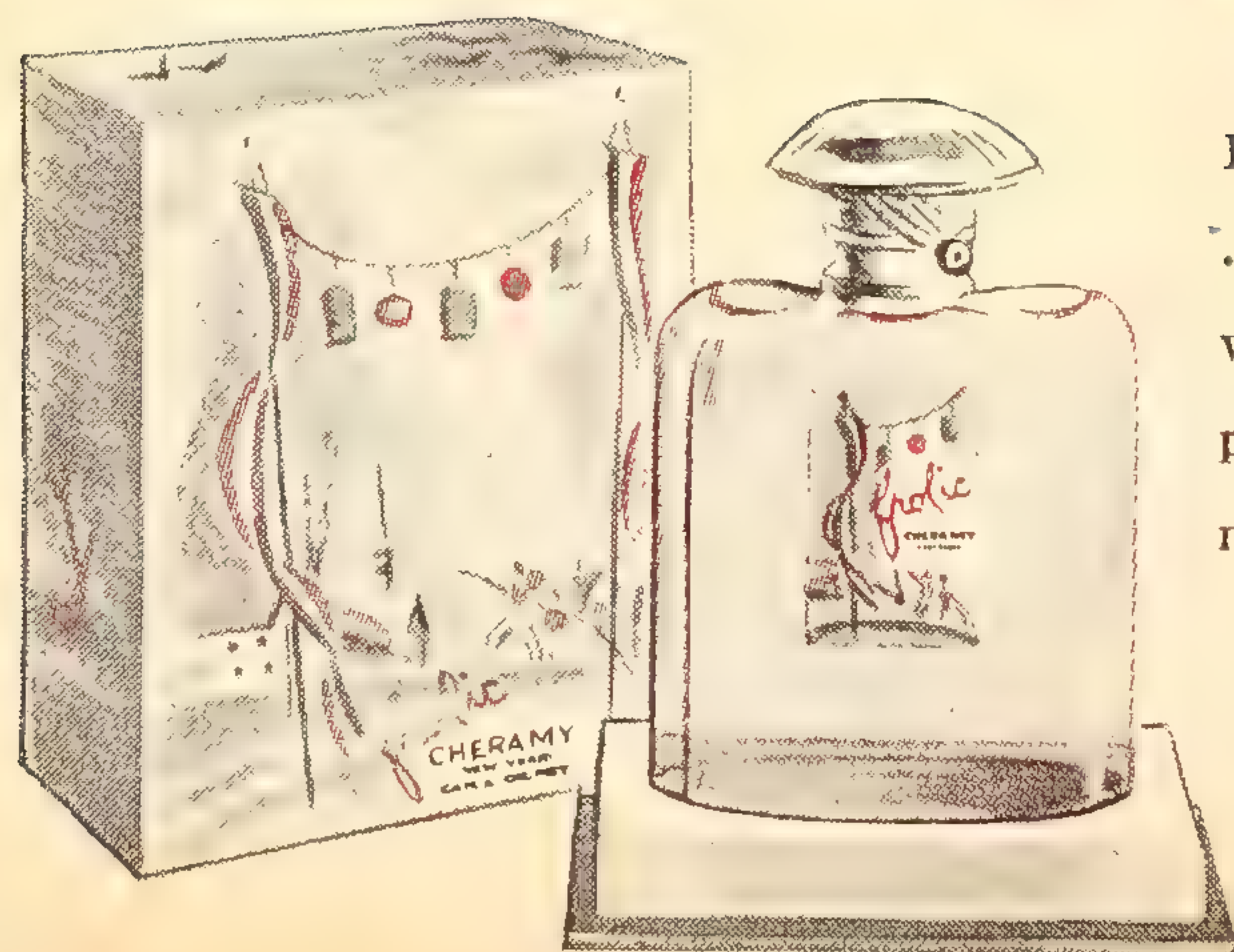
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like a Hargrove misadventure. Actors wear their own suits unless a costume is required. But just before production began, his home was burglarized and all clothes except those he had with him were taken. Oh, yes, in the pic, Bob does wear civvies—compliments of the wardrobe department. . . . Script called for a complicated gadget not to be found in the prop department. Undaunted, Director Richard Whorf turned inventor. The result is a Rube Goldberg type arrangement lovingly called the Orange Blossom Bride Saver. It's a combination ironing board, towel rack, sock and glove drier, and inventor Whorf may market it. . . . Both atmosphere and actor is Snowball, versatile white cockatoo used by Audrey Totter to make the surroundings a little more exotic when she tries to vamp Robert Walker. However, Snowball is also partial to the endearing young charms of June Allyson. Between scenes, his favorite perch is on her shoulder, and if he had written the script, the sailor who took a wife would also have gotten a cockatoo!

MILDRED PIERCE

Here's a picture that will inevitably cause as much comment as a blonde at a Moslem banquet. For one thing, it is definitely sensational in plot. For another, it's Joan Crawford's first in some time. Be sure to see it. Mildred Pierce is a good woman by some standards, and a bad one by others. But by almost any standards, she's a foolish woman. If she hadn't been, perhaps her second husband, Monty Beragon (Zachary Scott), would not have been murdered.

It is during the police investigation of this crime that we learn about Mildred Pierce's past life. We see her when she is married to her first husband, easy-going Bert Pierce (Bruce Bennett). He and Mildred drift apart, as a result of her almost neurotic absorption in their daughter, Veda (Ann Blyth). Mildred is prepared to make any sacrifice so that Veda can have what she wants out of life. The first sacrifice is Bert. After he leaves, Mildred takes a job as a waitress. Veda disapproves. Not because it's hard work, but because it's plebeian. Veda is a little stinker, and why Mildred doesn't realize it is beyond me. Even mother love can't be *that* blind. Anyway, Mildred eventually goes into the restaurant business for herself. This pleases Veda. Maybe now they'll get rich!

The funny part is, they do. With the help of her old friend, Wally Fay (Jack Carson), who is always ready to make a dollar, honest or otherwise, Mildred starts a successful chain of restaurants. She also starts, less wisely, an affair with Monty Beragon. The last of the Beragons is worthless and expensive. He and Veda between them account for most of the profits from the restaurants. Veda needs more money, and to get it she goes in for blackmail. Even Mildred is disillusioned by this, but not disillusioned enough. She thinks that maybe if Veda has a nicer home, she'll be a nicer girl. So Mildred marries Monty (at the cost of a third interest in her restaurant chain). They take Veda to live with them in the aristocratic old Beragon house in Pasadena. Then Bert Pierce turns up again, and so does Wally. When Monty Beragon is murdered, there are plenty of suspects, including Mildred Pierce!—War.

P. S.

Lavish wardrobes have long been a Joan Crawford trademark, but the early sequences find her garbed in the apron and housedress of the average American housefrau. . . . When the script demanded that Mildred Pierce bake a cake, Joan

riffled through her personal recipe file, rolled up her sleeves and turned out a gourmet's delight. The finished product was consumed by the crew at the end of the day's work. . . . In compliance with California state laws, minors Ann Blyth and Jo Ann Marlowe were required to take four hours tutoring each day. . . . Ten years before Bruce Bennett was assigned to play Miss Crawford's husband, he was unceremoniously ordered to remove himself from a chair on an M.G.M. stage proudly labeled JOAN CRAWFORD. At that time, he was known as Herman Brix, All-American, and was the guest of Howard Hawks after a handball game. . . . The show went on, although Zachary Scott sustained an injury to his sacroiliac. Schedules were arranged so that he might spend two days doing his "corpse" scenes to rest the injured spine. . . . Coincidents Dept: Bruce Bennett and Zachary Scott were oil riggers before turning actors. Both Joan and Bruce have daughters named Christina. . . . Jack Carson, who portrays a real estate broker and insurance man in reel life, once actually sold real estate and insurance. . . . Joan's dachshund dog, Pup-pchen, appears in one scene of the picture. Mid-scene, he wandered across the lawn of Mildred's Beverly Hills restaurant. Because his behavior was beyond reproach, the shot was left in!

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES

Do you know what a nixie is? It's a little gnome which sits on your shoulder, gives a weird whistle, and thereby persuades you to do something which is completely crazy—but fun. A nixie can get you into a lot of trouble. Look at the effect it has on the life of Dr. Susan Lane (Rosalind Russell). Dr. Lane is a serious minded psychiatrist who is absorbed in her work and doesn't believe in romance. She encounters the nixie when one of her soldier cases laughs for the first time in months. His laughter is caused by a comic strip about the little gnome, drawn by one Michael Kent (Lee Bowman).

Next day Susan meets Michael in person. They are both buying train reservations for Chicago. The nixie perches on the shoulder of the ticket seller, whistles impishly, and presto! Susan and Michael

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A few months ago, I was tiptoeing down the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria, in great fear of being caught, trying to gain access to Clark Gable's suite. Finally I reached his door, breathed a sigh of relief, braced myself and heroically tapped on the door. A slim, dark-haired young man opened it and inquired what I wanted. Assuming he was a friend or relative of Clark, I nervously stammered, "Is Mr. Gable in?" "I'm sorry," he replied, "he's checked out. I'm occupying this room now." As I turned away, very disappointed, it suddenly dawned on me that this young man's face was very familiar. "May I have your autograph, then?" I asked. "Certainly," he grinned. And so I walked out of the hotel, very happy to have seen another famous star—for the slim young man was Robert Walker!

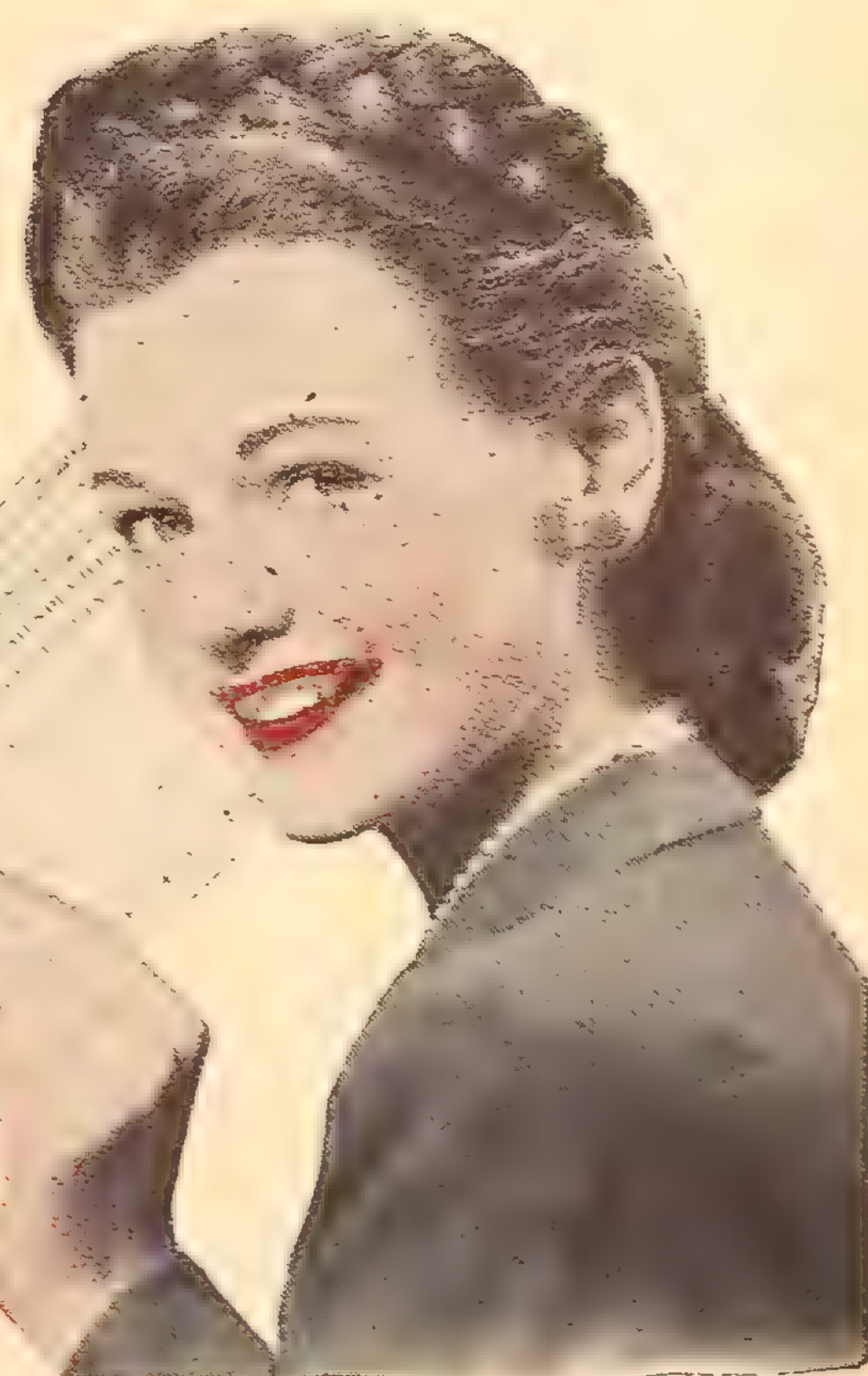
Barbara Bernstein
Lawrence, L. I.

Wilma sold war bonds in all kinds of weather



— But HOLD-BOB pins held her hair-do together

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair — smoothly, firmly, invisibly... that's the way GAYLA HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads, satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends. That's why HOLD-BOBS are America's favorites. Look for, ask for the GAYLA HOLD-BOB card.



Gayla
HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

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Gaylord Products, Incorporated
Chicago 16, Illinois

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE—NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED FOR FANS

***SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)**—Completely revised, telling you: ALL about the stars—lives, loves, hobbies, latest pics. Tells you where to write to them, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers ALL your questions about Hollywood, the stars, their lives, their loves, their friends, their movies. Also tells you all you want to know about pictures in general; casting, musical backgrounds, etc. See box on page 16 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead. How to be date bait, plus how to act once you are. The straight stuff on smoking, drinking, getting stood up. Hold-your-man tactics that really work! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

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PLEASE BEHAVE! Be poised, well liked! This practical chart gives you tips for dating, engagements, weddings, the works. FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.....☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to be "hard-to-get?" Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her ALL. She'll personally write you a letter, answering all those vital problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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***DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS.** New as tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. EVERYTHING you need to know organized into a chart so you can tell at a glance just what to do. FREE, send a LARGE stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

***SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS.** Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here's the info on how you can look your best in them! FREE, send a LARGE stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

***ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS.** It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor-up your clothes by those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.....☐

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your or your G.I.'s handwriting, in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he really feels. Send 10c for each analysis, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c), envelope. For Handwriting Analysis only, ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO: MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN.....☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c)

Fill in your birthdate: Year.....

Month..... Date..... Time.....

Name.....

Street..... City..... Zone .. State.....

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.
No self-addressed envelope required.

Address your envelope: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

are both given upper berth 10, car 31. They don't find it out right away, of course, and in the meantime Susan takes quite a dislike to Michael. Or is it a defense mechanism to prevent herself from falling in love with him? Anyway, she convinces herself that he is bumptious, crude, and a wolf of a particularly low type. She gets added proof when he tries to climb into her berth. Even when he shows her his ticket she doesn't realize that it's the nixie and not Mike who's responsible.

By the time they get to Chicago, Mike is definitely in love. He pursues Susan to her home and meets her father (Charles Winninger), who has no patience with Susan's neglect of romance. The situation is complicated by a sensational blonde who is known simply as La Rubia (Adele Jergens). Susan is treating her for a psychosis involving men. When La Rubia sees Mike, she's sure he would be just the cure she needs. By now, Susan has a certain proprietary interest in Mike, but as a doctor, she agrees that he would probably effect a cure. She prescribes him for La Rubia and then gets angry when it works. Women are so unreasonable, even when they are doctors!

"She Wouldn't Say Yes" follows the pattern laid down by Rosalind Russell's other career woman pictures. The dialogue and some of the situations are amusing enough so you won't mind if the plot isn't strikingly original.—Col.

P. S.

Introducing the Nixie, an alter ego in disguise! For photographic and entertainment reasons, Columbia has made him into a little man who IS there. This fabulous character is introduced first as a cartoon drawn by Lee Bowman, then as a six-inch figure, and subsequently as an animated fellow who engages Rosalind Russell in conversation and persuades her of the folly of her ways. Roz is the gal who wouldn't say yes, but the lady has a right to change her mind. . . . Coming back to reality, all the inconveniences of present day travel are realistically reproduced. Thirty passengers are shown in a crowded sleeper, while the club car action calls for more than double that many. The travel weary group never left home, however. Train sequences were filmed in their entirety within the studio walls. . . . Roz has an unchallenged record for continuous occupancy of a Pullman upper, having spent two solid working weeks in "Upper Five." . . . The space was so limited in one scene that in addition to acting, she had to tend a lamp and the microphone, the camera slate and measuring tape, and the exposure meter. . . . Deceptive but ever so practical are the pseudo-sheer stockings worn by Miss Russell. Since she had numerous falls to take in the course of the story, the studio had three pairs made up for her use. They're actually heavy, but appear sheer to the camera thanks to delicate color shadings. . . . Soft-leaved elms that had been intended to line the walk at the Russell and Bowman wedding place had to be replaced by sturdy pine trees. Despite everything the company green man could do, the elm leaves wilted under the hot lights. What, no spreading chestnuts? . . . Because he is too expert at almost any instrument, —Charles Winninger's trumpet tooting was somewhat of a problem. So Ed Frazier of the studio's music department was assigned to be on hand to see that Charles played as badly as called for in the script.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Remember the old nursery rhyme about
(Continued on page 87)



But will you stay as sweet as you are?

YOU STEP from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus* Mum is their sure pro-

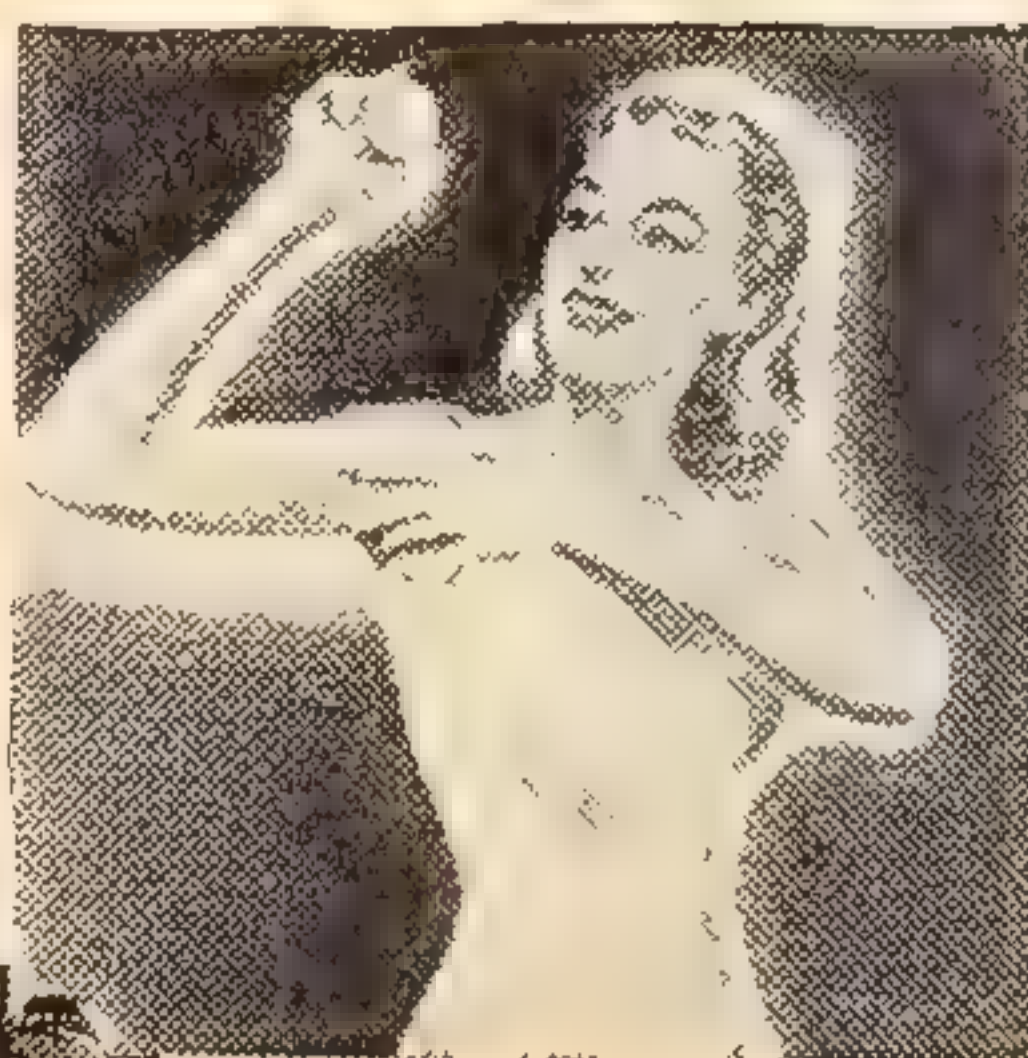
tection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be neat. You can depend on Mum's protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics—can be used before or *after* dressing. Use Mum, *to be sure*. Get some today.

. . .

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Sutton BUBBLE BATH

- You feel cleaner and are cleaner!
- Creates billions of bubbles, leaves tub clean; softens hard water.



Choose from these delicate fragrances: Apple Blossom, Gardenia, Honeysuckle, Pine, Spice.

Only 59¢ one pound (with scoop)

Sutton DUSTING POWDER



Comforting to fluff on after your bath. Delicately perfumed to your choice: Apple Blossom, Honeysuckle, Gardenia, Spice.

Only 59¢ twelve ounces

Available at Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

Sutton Cosmetics, Inc. 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



Peace, it's wonderful!

But how 'bout keeping the
peace? Pardon us while we
do a little soul-searching

on you—'cause you're

a Future Voter!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I manage to get dates, but the boys very rarely ask for seconds. I'm gay and fairly attractive. I wonder where I fumble. H. G., Athens, Ohio.

Maybe you're too eager. So anxious to MURder him, you spoil his act. Boys like smart girls. They also like funny girls. But a man's-eye view of a gal who's smart and funny is one who cues him for his stories and laughs her head off at his jokes. Let your next date be head man, and we bet he'll come back for more.

I want desperately to go to college next year, but my family can't afford to send me, and I'm afraid I can't earn enough money myself. What is the least amount of money I could get by on? E. M., Alameda, California.

Go to your library and ask for a list of state colleges (which are, of course, the least expensive.) You can then write to them requesting information about tuition, self-help opportunities, scholarships and student loans. You could even work for a year after you graduate from high school to give yourself kind
(Continued on page 118)

We've been hearing a lot of talk about peacetime reconversion—which is good talk indeed—and it got us thinking about you and your own little reconversion program. You think we're kidding? Look, here's what we mean. For almost four years you've been an eager beaver working on salvage committees, sewing for Navy Relief, collecting for the Red Cross. Your spare dimes have bought war stamps. Your wisecracks have gone round the world morale-building via V-mail. Everything you did was toward one end—peace. And now it's here, and you're ecstatic. You're crazy with it—and still, you feel a little like the man without a count. You're a woman without a cause. That's how you feel, but of course it's not the same. The cause is still there, and it's just the same. Peace and more peace. Peace without end. Let your life still be bou up with it. How? Well, to begin with

Fight inflation: Hold on to your war bonds and your savings, and persuade your family to do likewise. Observe ceiling prices just as carefully as you did during the war. Write your Congressman pleading for continued rationing and price control. An enormous Army and Navy spending spree on items from which the ceiling price has been removed on items procurable through the Black Market will inflate prices as it did in 1918. This will place such goods—formerly orbitantly priced simply because people are bidding against one another for them—beyond the reach of the average consumer. Such a situation becoming widespread, breeds discontent, disunity, civil strife—all of which may well add up to more war.

Fight intolerance: Beginning with your choice of school-mates, aren't you pretty much of a snob-job? You and your elite chums clique together, excluding minority groups from your clubs, your parties, your bull-sessions. Given two intelligent, attractive boys, one whose (Continued on page 118)



JEAN
KINKEAD

The Night you will Never Forget...

*Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise*



The screen's glorious new love-match!

MERLE OBERON
TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS • ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen

From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman • Screenplay: Ernest Pascal • Adaptation: Emmet Lavery



TELL 'EM MOMMY—

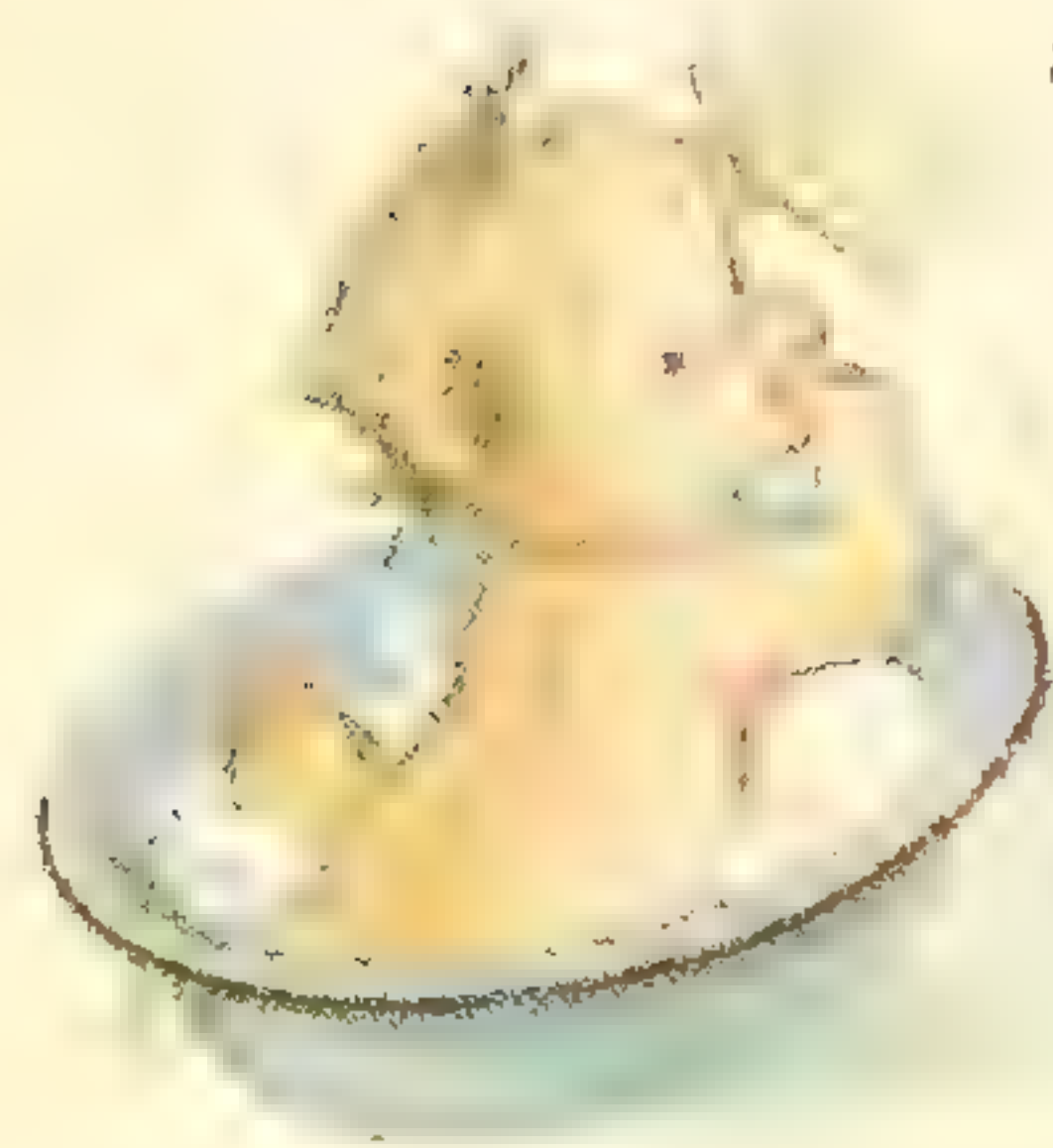
How you became a Famous Pin-up Girl!



*L*ISTEN TO CONNIE JOANNES, FAMOUS MODEL

She's appeared on covers of McCall's, Redbook and many other magazines. That's her 6-months-old son Bobbie in the picture coaxing her to tell. "Tell everybody where you got that lovely complexion, Mommy!" he says. "Just watch Bobbie splashing in his tub," Connie says, "and you'll discover my beauty secret.

It's regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap, of course. I was an Ivory baby myself!"



*L*ET CONNIE TELL YOU HOW TO HAVE THAT IVORY LOOK...

"Every girl wants a lovely complexion," Connie says, "but a model like me *has* to have one. If you suspect your complexion could stand improving, my advice is—don't give it a hit-or-miss wash-up. To get that Ivory Look, change to regular care with gentle Ivory Soap."

P-S-ST! . . . Bobbie wants to talk. "That's right, Mommy, what's mild enough for a baby like me is grand for grown-ups' skin as well!" Try pure, baby-gentle Ivory care today—and watch your skin become softer, smoother, lovelier, too!

P. S. for U. S. Don't waste Ivory . . . it contains vital war materials!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



■ Some people take Henry and me too seriously. We're always bragging about MODERN SCREEN being "the friendly magazine."

And so our pretty partner, Sylvia Wallace, West Coast editor, has gone all out. In fact, she's downright affectionate.

She's converted her office into a joint. A junior Schwab's drugstore, complete with everything except

Sidney Skolsky. And in place of Sidney, we have a bar . . . Of course the stars love it (I mean the friendliness

—not the bar). We do rush business from nine in the a.m.

till way past closing time. Biggest day of the month is

when the new copies of MODERN SCREEN come in. And thereby hangs a

tale. . . Picture Hunk-of-Man Madison riffling through a

bright new September issue. He comes across that picture of June

Allyson presenting MODERN SCREEN'S silver fan club trophy to Gwen Littlefield.

He lets out one of those long, low whistles and asks Sylvia to set up a date.

Sylvia not only being friendly, but foxy too, says, "Sure. And we want pictures."

So, on page 38, you'll see some of the gayest, charmingest boy-girl

pictures you ever looked at. . . What worries me about

all these goings-on at Wallace's joint is this. Take Madison and Littlefield.

Suppose they fall in love. Suppose they get married. And have

a baby. Will MODERN SCREEN be responsible?

Will Sylvia have to walk the floor with the

kid? Where does all this stop? Just how friendly do we

have to be?! . . . Okay, kids, I'll be all right in

a minute. I shouldn't go telling

you my troubles, anyway. Just you turn to "A

Date For Cinderella," and

make believe you went along!

To our
Readers

H. H. Wallace

Executive Editor.





Life Story, Part 1, of a limelight-lovin'

dana andrews



On Dana's first day off in months, son David gashed his toe and Pop zoomed him to hospital. Then Cathy disappeared; frantic search found her munching cookies next door; calmly reported she'd crawled under fence "like a gopher."



■ There were nine Andrews children, with Dana third from the top. Eight were boys, and the fact that Dad was a minister didn't keep them from raising their fair share of Cain. Looking back from his present vantage, Dana's inclined to think it was more than their fair share.

When the neighbor's peaches were raided, you could count on finding the Andrews kids in the forefront. When the neighbor pelted them with stones, they'd throw peaches back, and the aim of the Andrews kids was straight and true. When she told on them, they'd take their punishment, and plan the next raid more carefully. There was always the beautiful chance that you mightn't get caught.

Dad dealt out judgment with a firm and impartial hand. Too kindly a

Before gas station job, Dana was down-and-out reporter. Now he's acting (for reel) what he lived (for real): Reporter in "Fallen Angel."



Brothers Harlan, Wilton, and Dana A. (D. at right; age 11) raised cain as kids, so now Dana can't be too severe on son David when he goes fishing in private lakes...so long as he throws the fish back!



At seventeen, Dana secretly dreamed of an acting career, even took lead in high school play, but wisely kept silent when his older brothers talked of *their* plans for the future—sober plans, like school teaching, or engineering...

dana andrews

See wife Mary's gold watch? It's the first gift Dana bought after signing contract with 20th-Fox and M-G-M to do 2 outside pics a year.

Andrews had tough time finding furniture to fill new Toluca Lake house ("large enough for breeding and breathing," says D.) but piano helped.



man to inspire fear, he was also too sensible to let his rough-necks get out of control. What he said, he meant, and what he promised—good or bad—he performed. Dana's earliest memories are bound up with faith in his father, who taught him to swim by tossing him into deep water—

"By the time you come up, I'll be there," he'd say.

If Dad said he'd be there, he'd be there—and he always was. And you'd grab his shoulder and start kicking your feet and yelling for him to throw you in again.

Mother was the stuff that saints are made of. Deeply religious herself, she wasn't given to preaching. By what she did, rather than what she said, they learned to know her. Never did her children hear her speak ill of anyone. If she had nothing good to say, she said (*Continued on page 97*)



"That man's here again," groan the Wynns. And Van smiles and knows he's home again.



With Keenan and Evie Wynn, Van spent first holiday in years at Lake Arrowhead. M-G-M removed N. Y. subway ads of Van's latest pic—bobby socks kept stealing 'em!



"First time we've worked together," said Lana T. to Van on "Weekend at the Waldorf" set. "You wouldn't bet on that, would you?" asked Van, and reminded her of his one-line part ("Nice work if you can get it!") spoken when Gable made love to Lana in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

● "By Keenan Wynn," it says. But it isn't, really. Because Keenan's the kind of guy who just grins, twists his feet, and says, "Aw, shucks, fellas," when asked to talk about his friendship with Van Johnson . . . and then lets go with a rapid-fire series of gags to hide his real feelings. So when MODERN SCREEN asked the boys to Tell All, they looked at each other helplessly, and then yelled, "IDA!" in loud and desperate tones. The minute I got there the gags began to fly thick and fast.

This is how Keenan signs autograph books. "To Ida. From Van Johnson's best friend." The kids think it's cute, Van gets a boot out of watching him operate, and Keenan's sardonic humor is satisfied. So everyone's happy.

He is Van's best (Continued on page 119)

my friend, van johnson

by Keenan Wynn and Ida Zeitlin

By MARIS MacCULLERS AND BEVERLY OTT

66 **H e r**

This is the story of how a bellboy, a crippled girl

and a queen proved that not all fairy tales are in books . . .



1. Few people, seeing Leslie Odel (June Allyson) for the first time, would know she is helpless, a cripple whose only amusement is listening to the fairy tales Jimmy Dobson (Bob Walker) weaves.



2. Albert Weever (Rags Ragland), a porter at the hotel where Jim bellhops, mistakes Princess Veronica (Hedy Lamarr) for a maid. Later, after Jimmy's dated her, the boys discover her title. Al says, "Well, kings make big money!"



4. By now, Jimmy thinks Veronica's statement about "a princess can love a commoner" refers to him, neglects Leslie, intends proposing to V. Albert comforting Leslie, mutters, "there's other fish to catch."



5. And Leslie, wanting to make Jimmy's decision easier, tells him she's cured, tries to prove it by taking a few steps. She falters, however, falls in his arms and Jimmy, realizing where his love lies, "relinquishes" the princess.

waiter," ordered Guy grandly, "two crepes suz-
es!" But alas, Ciro's was fresh out. So they com-
promised with a flaming cherry jubilee . . . yummeee!



A date for
Cinderella



"Let's take the long way home," suggested Gwen, who wanted all the neighborhood kids to see her fella. (Well, wouldn't you?) But even so, Gwen's sure that whoever wrote "Lawd, you made the nights too long," had never been dated by that swell Guy Madison!



OH, WHAT A

Johnny conspires with waiter J. E. Smith on super-colossal dessert to surprise Betty. Last year, appendectomy made Johnny cancel personal appearances . . . to the tune of \$15,000



"Hi!" says Betty Cornell, as Johnny introduces her to host Toots Shor. MODERN SCREEN picked Betty as Johnny's prettiest fan, to spend day with him.



Taking his No. 1 Fan to lunch wasn't enough: Johnny even lets her feel muscles developed from boxing and pocket billiards. (Won championship!)

The sun was shining when Johnny Johnston took his prettiest fan to lunch, but all

she saw was a star . . . a big, blonde, and very human star.

BEAUTIFUL DAY!

"All this, and heaven too!" murmurs Betty blissfully. Like Dagwood sandwich, concoction has a little of everything: Ice cream, fruit, *and* syrup.





Johnny looks doubtful, but Betty greets stage star Frank Fay's invisible rabbit, Harvey, with, "What big ears you have!" (P.S.: *We* can't see H. either!)

Betty wanted to meet the folks informally; this is how they responded! Julie's 3, while Johnny and Dot, married 9 years, had unusual courtship, he worked nights, she, days. So he proposed at breakfast!



"What's Trigger got that I haven't?" asks Johnny. Betty pulled a Gypsy Rose Lee: Changed entire outfit.



Johnny's got a varied repertoire; does every type of tune, handles tempo so cleverly that other top-flight warblers are "sent" by his solid singing. Even doll's impressed!

Singing Julie to sleep is one job Johnny likes. Her bed's a far cry from park benches where he stowed his six feet for the night during freight-hopping days. First sound Julie learned: Bronx cheer!



Betty went home starry-eyed with Johnny's recording of "Laura," an autographed picture, and memories of a wonderful day spent with the Johnston family.

ON THE TOWN

BY JEAN KINKEAD AND TOUSSIA PINES

■ For dozens of long, lonely months you haven't looked crooked at a date dress. You've hardly even *thought* about an evening dress. You've been terribly functional, terribly faithful, and you've carried red tokens where your mad money used to be. Now, miraculously, the lights are on again; there are guys on Main Street again. Whistles, double talk, civvies, heaven. And the biggest hunk of happiness of all, the thing that's so good it hurts, is that *your* boy is coming home. Look, it says here, "Darling, I'm on my way." It's a four alarm fire. It's a home run with the bases full. Peace, it's wonderful.

Now the dilemma. What to wear to do justice to him? We're not going to advise you about dressing for that heart-shaking first meeting. If you're a bit of a sentimentalist, and aren't we all about now, you'll probably wear your going-away suit or some other cherished, familiar number. We're going to talk about that first historic big date. That champagne-and-caviar binge you've been promising yourselves for so long. You want a dress so devastating, so slaughterhouse—there just are no words for the dress you want.

We know. And we've found it for you; in fact we've found three, anyone of which is unquestionably It. Obviously these aren't budget jobs. They are magnificent dresses, and the prices are steep. We look at it this way. For three years your man has been dreaming of you with your hair sleek and shiny, your ears, discreetly perfumed, wearing something smooth, something really out of this world. Three years is a long time. So is eighteen months. So is ten weeks, if you've been apart. We think he's earned a glimpse of you in one of these superb dresses, designed by the talented Harry Schacter for Miss America Dance Frocks.

Greek Goddess: He told the guys you were a pin-up girl, but even he's (*Continued on page 107*)



The Greek Goddess look in dramatic black, with just the gleam of your white shoulder, a sparkle of gold at your waist. Wear no colors, no jewels.



Arabian Nights magnificence is yours in this sequin embroidered Paisley dress, its middle bare or not, as you wish.

Short skirted, but long on glamour is this dream dress, with its scooped out neckline sparkling with sequins, its tiny waist.

**He's home again! For that Caviar
and Champagne binge, choose one of
these devastating dresses, worn for
us by lovely Evelyn Keyes.**





**"Whatta life," groaned Cornel. "They dropped my
option." "Goody!" cheered Pat, "now you'll get
a better job!" Whatta-wife!**

by *Fredda Dudley*

the Wilde women

■ It was Christmas Eve: December 24, 1940.

Cornel Wilde had been under contract to Warner Brothers for six months. Harried months, anxious months, months filled with four and five line walk-ons in minor pictures. Very minor pictures. Cornel had said to his agent, "But when I was signed, it was with the understanding that . . . well, I was to get leads, or at least second leads." The agent said, "Play along with them. They'll take care of you. You'll have to be patient because Hollywood works in weird ways."

But on December 24, the agent called and asked Cornel brusquely, "Can you take it?"

"Sure," said Cornel, looking across the narrow room with its horrible flowered carpet at Pat. Her hands were clasped together; her eyes were enormous.

"Warners' have let your option drop," said the agent. "But I'll keep plugging for you."

"Thanks," said Cornel. He hung up. He tried to smile at his wife. (Continued on page 135)



The Wildes love competitive sports, fencing, gabbing with pals over a coffee pot, horseback riding . . . and each other.



By **Helen Colton**

Fair-Haired Boy



Kurt's police dogs floor guests with enthusiastic greeting. Lofty hilltop home has breath-taking view of Los Angeles, separate room for answering fan mail, and bar papered with travel labels from far-away cities he's visited.

**When Kurt Kreuger played those
nasty Nazi roles, the hisses and boos for the
villain turned to kisses and oohs.**

■ One day last December, Kurt Kreuger took off the uniform of Nazi Major Kauders, donned his Sunset Boulevard tweeds, drove his green convertible coupe from the Warner Brothers studio to the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles, and achieved the greatest ambition of his life. He became an American citizen.

Then he celebrated his "I Am An American Day" in a way no new citizen ever has before.

He drove back to Burbank, donned his Nazi uniform, reported back on the set of "Hotel Berlin," was introduced to Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the country of which he had just become a citizen, and began to make love to the president's daughter-in-law, Faye Emerson.

For a new American, he was certainly doing all right!

As a matter of fact, all right is what handsome, blonde Kurt has been doing ever since he had a bit part and bottom billing in "The Purple V" at Republic three years ago.

As Hollywood careers go, three years is a fraction of time. Many actors hang around that long waiting just to get an "I may call you" from a casting director.

But not with Switzerland's gift to the movies. In that short time, he has behind him a lot of juicy roles, like the part of the Nazi flyer in "Sahara." (Continued on page 81)



Perplexed pop

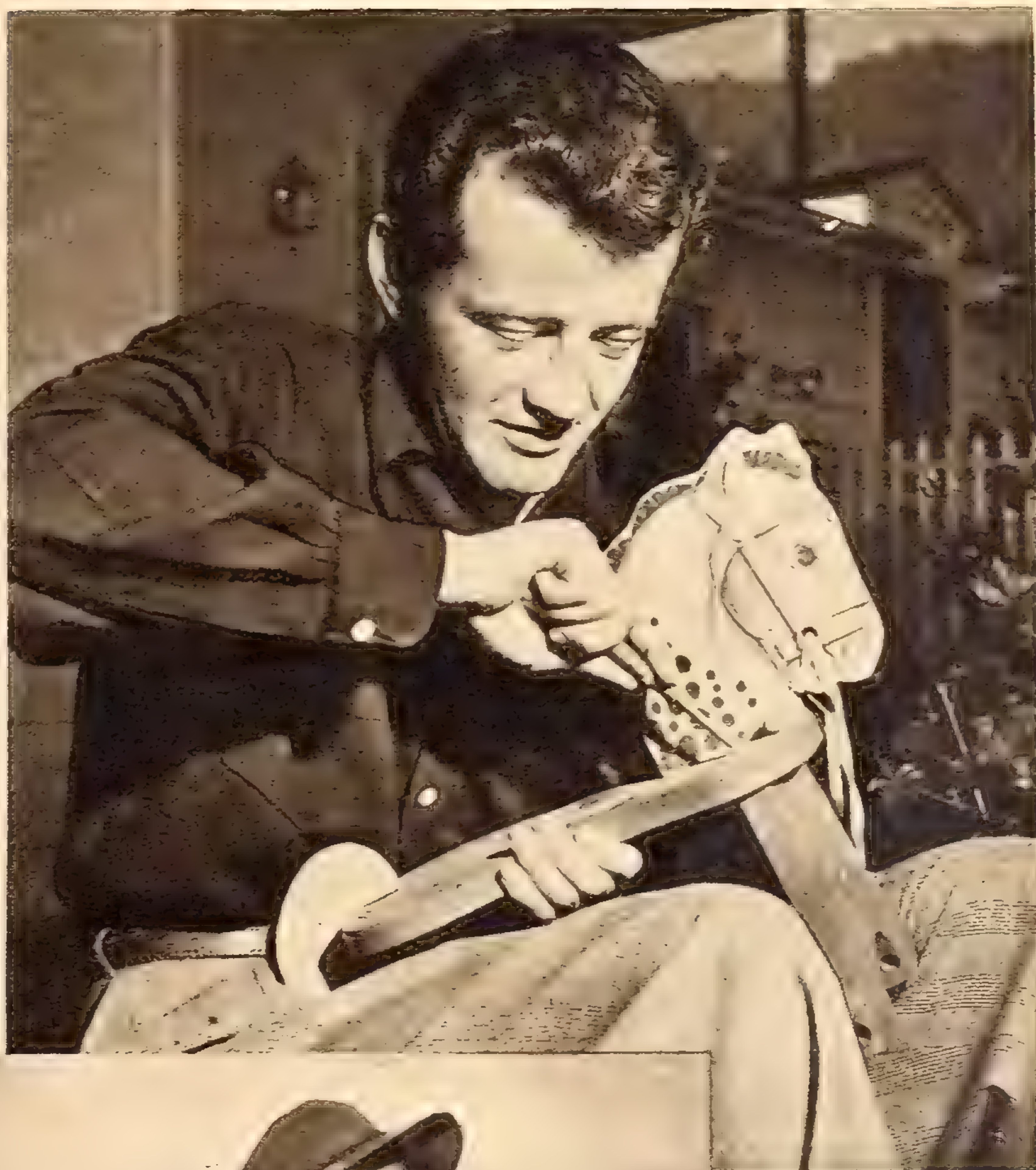
Sometimes Bob Walker gets

confused: Truant officering his two

twerps, playing swoon guy

to a coupla million maidens.

Bed-by-ten's what helped put on those 15 lbs., but Bob scarcely starts reading the jokes, piano practicing or carpentering for the kids when it's lights out. He still uses pal's phone, forgetting he finally got his!



**By
Fredda
Dudley**

'Her Highness and the Bellboy' (with J. Allyson) gives him a chance to change duds—his were stolen last Xmas and he's too rushed to buy more! But what would a tennis fiend do with a tux?

■ It was Sunday; a California Sunday soft with sunlight and riffled with breeze. Two eager beavers stood at the window and watched the highway with Superman eyes. These characters were named Bobby, aged five, and Michael, aged four, and they were dressed in clean white shirts and their best suits; their faces gleamed with soapy cleanliness and their eyes glistened with anticipation.

At length the expected car swung into the driveway and two small boys, yelling like Comanches, cataracted out of the house and down the steps. "Hi, Pop," they yelled. "Hello, Daddy!"

Bob Walker unwound himself from the car and accepted the greeting of his two sons much as an oak accepts the mantling admiration of a smothering growth of ivy.

After this initial greeting was over, Michael announced from the vicinity of Bob's left ear, "We saw you in the movie, Daddy. In an airplane. Is an airplane hard to drive, Pop?"

Bob said it was just a picture. Those things were done in the studio—er—an actor didn't have to be able to fly a plane, not really. The studio . . . er . . .

"And you fell in the water and got all wet," added Bobby, the older boy. "Mommy says that if we fall in the water and get wet we'll catch a cold. Did you take cold, Daddy?"

Bob explained that, in the studio, those things were arranged. One got wet, yes, but (Continued on page 112)



"God speed and good luck," rang through clouds of rice as the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell left for their honeymoon.

VAN'S HEALTH IS ON THE UPGRADE . . . FRANKIE'S ON THE WARPAT—AND LA! NOW IT'S MONSIEUR BOGART!

■ The June Allyson-Dick Powell wedding at the home of Johnny Green was a very gay affair that got considerably gayer right in the middle of the marriage ceremony when popular Judge Brand made a slip and said:

"Do you, June, take this man, Richard, to be your lawfully wedded wife—!"

June, who had been very serious up to then, formally holding her little white family prayer book in her hand, tried hard to hold in the giggles—but had to finally give in—and did she laugh! The minute the ceremony was over Dick said, "Hold still, Stinky, for a kiss!"

The improvised altar at the fireplace was very pretty with even the fire screen covered by lilies of the valley. Tall white candles burned in silver candelabras—but I swear I think host Johnny Green jived up the Wedding

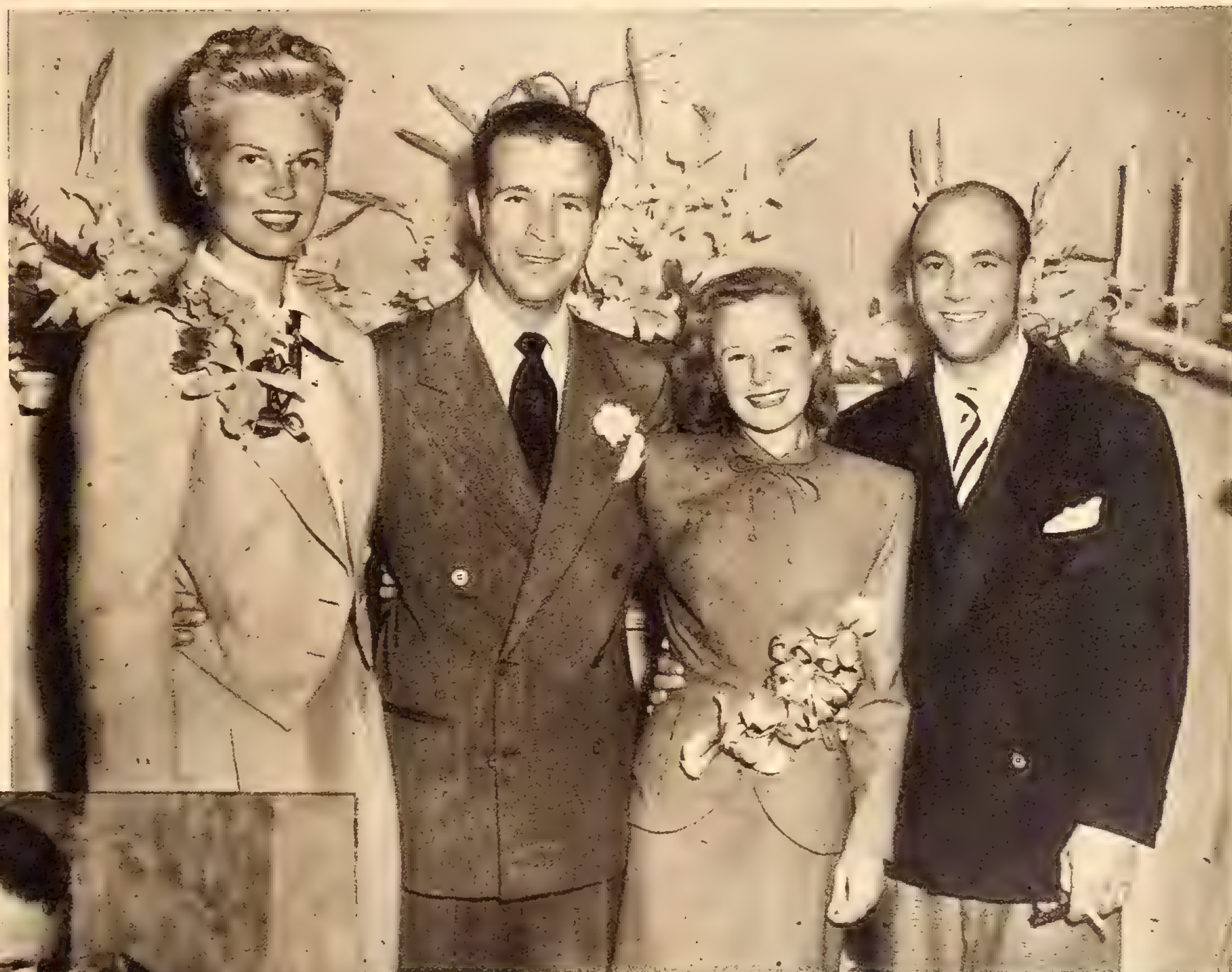
March just a bit when he played it on the piano.

Just before the happy couple departed for a honeymoon on Dick's boat, June pressed a little gold heart into his hand, inscribed, "My Love—Always."

Now that you have heard about the wedding, I suppose some of our MODERN SCREEN readers want to hear again about the romance of Dick and little June. Well, they met when both were in "We The People" at M-G-M. She had always admired Dick greatly and when he stopped to talk to her one day, her big blue eyes started shining. But to her, he was still married, so as she told me, she didn't make a date for a long time, even though he and Joan Blondell were separated. "But it seemed as if everything kept putting him in my way," she said. "We met at parties. I would see him at restaurants, and finally, when (Continued on page 58)



good news... june allyson weds!



Above, the wedding party at the Greens'; Bunny Waters Green, June and Dick, and Johnny Green. At left, the Powells' first "married" kiss.

by
louella
parsons



Greer and Danny swapped plans at V-J Day "Command Performance." G. nixed offer to act with Gable, will do Shakespeare; he's thrilled with new air show.

good news...

he was free, he asked me to go out with him. I accepted and we had such a wonderful evening." To June, who has never been in love before, Dick is perfect. I saw them the week before the wedding at a dinner in Margaret Ettinger's garden. They had just the day before obtained a license to wed and it was in all the papers. "I bought seven copies of the 'Examiner,'" June told me. She kept holding Dick's hand and saying to me, "isn't he wonderful—isn't he wonderful!" Dick, who adores her, is perhaps less demonstrative but his feelings are just as deep. "She is such a grand little girl," he told me. "With a character so beautiful, so sweet, that you wonder how she could have grown up and remained as unspoiled and untouched by life." The Powells took their honeymoon on Dick's boat and went to Catalina for a cruise in the Southern California waters. It was the first time he was able to take his boat out since the war. Dick has bought a house in Brentwood for his little bride and she has been busy furnishing it for the last two months. If being in love means anything, this is a marriage that will last. I hope it will, for they both went into it with such high hopes and such a sincere resolve to be happy.

(Continued on page 108)



Gloria DeHaven flew to the Mocambo with Henry Willson and the Tom Drakes as soon as she got out of bed. She'd almost lost her baby after an auto accident and the m.d.'s were taking no chances

After two months of marriage, Lauren set a record: Fell off the fifth and last boat Bogey bought, having tumbled off each one in turn. Mr. B's hopes for "a large family, soon" are being realized



AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY— Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exacting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!



She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin

*Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman,
U.S. Army Officer*

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

HER RING

3 steps of diamonds flank the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.



THE first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be... at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's *another* engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this:

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well

over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't you use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar* that lets you dip in with both hands!



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia

The other 5-year-olds

played with dolls, but Eleanor Parker

played she was Janet Gaynor.

Constant Nymph



Collection of china and silver was neglected while E.'s appendix had its coming-out party, but she kept busy in hospital by rolling bandages, a job she likes. Job she hates: Posing for leg art.

by Cynthia Miller

■ There's a little white card among Eleanor Parker's treasures that she'd hate to lose. In a sense, though, she can't lose it. It's engraved, as they say in Shakespeare, on the tablets of her memory—its shape and texture, the exact shade of the green ink, the way each letter's formed. . . .

"I hope," it says, "that Mildred will do as much for your career as she did for mine. In your hands, I know she will. Bette Davis."

It came with a beautiful bowl of gardenias on the day Eleanor started "Of Human Bondage." She read the card and then she read it again. Tears stung her lids as her arms went round the bowl and her cheek brushed the flowers in a wordless little gesture of passionate thanks.

If she'd been a producer, Eleanor Parker's the last girl she'd have cast in the role of Mildred. Eddie Goulding felt the same way. Jack Warner didn't. He sent Goulding out to take a look at her on the set of "The Very Thought of You," and Goulding returned, convinced that his leg was being pulled. Not at all, Mr. Warner assured him blandly. In that case, Mr. Goulding assured him back, he'd prefer to shove off and forget the whole (Continued on page 76)



Now in "Bewitched," Eleanor thrilled at making "Of Human Bondage" with Paul Henreid (above) in the Leslie Howard role. Eleanor prefers bridge to night clubs, places "where feet get stepped on."



Beginning of Time!

Your phone will ring. Your heart will leap. His voice. "I'm back!" And time will begin again. Time to do together all the things you've planned. Yet time to relax and linger over every precious moment. For U. S. Time will help you find more hours for fun. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces, in beauty, in accuracy.

**WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS
OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS**
INGERSOLL • KELTON • WATERBURY • SAGA

**US
TIME**



Betty (who just recorded an album of hit songs from her past pix) and June Haver strutted so many outfits in "Dolly Sisters" that B. started a campaign for a costumer's award.



Baby Vicki celebrated Dad's birthday on the "Kitten On The Keys" set, missed out on the folks' second wedding anniversary binge in N. Y. when Harry was playing the Astor Hotel.

by Abigail Putnam

They're a small family, with
stars in their eyes and a
yen for Sunday baseball.

THE *Three* JAMESES

■ Many years ago a little boy named Harry James was given a drum. He thought this the most exciting and wonderful toy he had ever seen in his life. The instant he awakened each morning, he grabbed the drum and went parading around barefoot and in pajamas until he was forcibly sent off to get dressed and to have some breakfast.

The instant he could climb down from the table, he donned his beloved drum and went outside, marching around and around the house, beating lustily. He was the Spirit of '76, Gene Krupa, plus a brigade of Mickey Roneys and Jack Coopers; he perfected hot licks and jungle rhythms—he was skin happy.

This routine went on for almost a week. One afternoon a haggard neighbor made friends with Harry by commenting on what a pretty drum he owned. To further cement the friendship, the neighbor gave Harry a pocket knife. Then, as he was leaving to return to his temporarily quiet home, he said to Harry: "The inside of the drum is the most interesting part. Have you looked to see what makes that wonderful noise?"

So Harry became a trumpeter, the trumpet being an instrument not susceptible to pocket knives.

At the present time, Mr. James has a young daughter who already shows signs—as her father did at an early age—of becoming a musician. When anyone says to her, "Would you like to hear some music, Vicki?" she assumes an important, straight-spined pose, lifts both hands, and proceeds to lead an (Continued on page 69)

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?

Then... **TRY THIS PROVEN EASY
SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR**

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . longer. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days.

See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

Test JUELENE for 7 days

THRILLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen . . . if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW . . . you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier—longer hair.



MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

TRY JUELENE. Why be ashamed of unlovely, dry hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful? See how much more beautiful your hair may be in just 7 short days, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may overcome the handicaps of dryness and have sparkling . . . longer hair! Be convinced! Send for your Juelene NOW.



MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON
NOW!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. J-603
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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JUEL COMPANY, 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. J-603, Chicago 13, Ill.

Never Been Kissed

While not busy acting "squashed" (sad), Roddy works on his novel, "The History of Fidelis," the story of "an imaginary country in a world of faith." He'll soon appear in 20th-Fox's "Home Stretch."



Roddy, who always wears a disc stamped "Vincere Vel Mori," (the family motto—"Victory or Death") joins Major M. Wilson and Eliz. Taylor for an O'Brien reading lesson.



Mrs. Mac is best pal as well as mom to Roddy and 18-year-old Virginia—Blushed when R. raved, "I love Tallulah Bankhead but I don't think the Bd. of Educ. would let me act with her!"

Silly, isn't it? Slick,

17 and sooo handsome—and

Roddy MacDowall

goes steady with Lassie!

by Virginia Wilson

■ He'd ridden in "My Friend Flicka," hadn't he? And he was the bring-'em-home-a-winnah jockey in "Thunderhead," wasn't he? So who said he wouldn't be able to keep up with Farley Granger if they went off for a day's outing with the riding stable a starting point and their ultimate destination . . . ?

He and Farley (of course, this all happened before the older boy joined the Navy and left for the Pacific), had driven out to the stables, rented a couple of spirited horses and ridden off. The path wound picturesquely through an olive grove, everything was peaceful, the two boys talked away about pictures and

(Continued on page 152)

To Grace Your Face... **HALO PEARLS**

* Simulated

Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch
HALO * PEARL NECKLACE
With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

YOURS FOR ONLY **\$2.98** TAX INCLUDED
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A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever

There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!

- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
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- Halo Beads Are Coated with a Pearl Essence that is the Essence of Loveliness
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver
- ... and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction

We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That's why you can wear it for 5 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money cheerfully — and that's a promise!

So smart

2 and 3 Strand
Halo Chokers
with Velvet Ties

HALO PEARLS
To Grace Your Face

Flattering

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Strand Halo
Necklaces with
Matched Bracelets
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You'll say

NEVER BEFORE
SO MUCH
PRECIOUS
BEAUTY
FOR SO
LITTLE COST

Ideal For

Treasured Gift Giving!

Halo * Pearls For All Occasions

- ★ 1-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp. \$2.98
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- ★ 3-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp. 8.98
- ★ 2-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties..... 5.98
- ★ 3-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties..... 8.98
- ★ 2-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp..... 2.98
- ★ 3-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp..... 4.49
- ★ Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver..... 1.49

Above prices already include tax

LUXURIOUS SATIN-LINED JEWEL BOX INCLUDED

Mail This Coupon Today

NATIONAL NOVELTIES - Dept N 10
608 South Dearborn St. - Chicago 5, Ill.

My Total Order
Amounts to \$

Please rush Halo * Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not delighted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question. I understand prices already include tax which you are paying.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2-Strand Halo Bracelet @.....\$2.98 |
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Send my Halo * Pearls Prepaid
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Zone

State

Crosby Quintette



Bing's forever getting notes from the kids' teachers—too much zing! Well, chips off the old block . . .

There are 5 of 'em—count 'em—big-

eared, tow-headed, cocky sons of Erin who

never miss a trick and refuse to

swoon for Sinatra! *by Nancy Winslow Squire*

■ The Crosby Kids, Gary, aged 12, Philip and Denny aged 11, and Lindsay aged 6, were dismissed early from St. John's Military Academy one afternoon, whereupon they turned their full zeal upon their driver with the result that they were taken to RKO where their proud pop, Mr. Bing (Oscar) Crosby was working in "Bells Of St. Mary's."

Also working in the picture with Bing and Ingrid Bergman were some 90 youngsters representing the enrollment of a parochial school. As the youngsters were between takes, they were playing

on the recreation ground prepared by RKO. One gang was in the midst of a hot baseball game; because Gary is big for his age and gives every indication of being a competent shortstop, he was enlisted in the ball club.

Philip and Denny got involved in a volley ball game, and Linny was rapidly getting to be athletic slide champion when the lot school teacher brought the recreation hour to a close. "One more hour of school, children," she called. "Everyone come inside."

A few assistants began to round up the laggards, among which were all four Crosbys. "We don't have to go to school any more," one of the twins said. "We've done our time for today—we aren't

working in this picture."

"Yeah," said the grip, acting as truant officer, "I know what you mean, but you ain't agonna get away with it. Back you goes."

"Perhaps it would be better if you went in our place," said Gary slyly. The eyes of the twins gleamed and even Linny manfully suppressed a grin.

The grip didn't find the retort amusing. "Kids is sure fresh these days," he observed. "Go on—git!"

Gary decided that the time had come

when a stand had to be taken. "We're the Crosby boys," he explained, "and we're only visiting this set."

"And me—I'm Frank Sinatra's baby daughter," said the very funny grip, showing his very humorous teeth. "Now, widdout any more argument—in ya go."

The boys, shrugging from one to another, went into the temporary school room and found places. "Dad saw us—he'll come over and get us pretty soon," Linny confided.

Dad had seen them. He had seen them arrive and he had seen them being forcibly exposed to further knowledge. Not a man to interfere with the progress of so worthwhile an enterprise, he hung around until that final hour of unexpected schooling was over. When the boys strolled out, he shifted his pipe to say, "Had no idea you gentlemen were so devoted to book larnin'."

"Chips," said Gary, knowing that it was unnecessary in *his* fast family to add "off the old block." The Crosbys are exceedingly rapid on the pick-up. It is true that Bing is an erudite man; not only did he secure his university degree (AB) -but he studied law before he decided to go into the entertainment business. His grade school and high school report cards were replete with high grades, and he expects to cash nothing but win tickets on the scholastic attainments of his sons.

Incidentally, there are still people who believe that Bing can't read music. That is really the result of a stupe scoop that went this way: A reporter once asked Bing, "You can't read music, can you?" Because Bing finds it easier to give the answer that is obviously expected of him, he replied, "Nope."

Yet Bing did time, and kept it, in his high school orchestra, along strictly long hair lines. In college he had his own orchestra for a time, much to the admiration of his younger brother, Bob, currently a 2nd lieutenant of Marines, based in Honolulu.

Bobbuttonholed histympanisticbrother one day and demanded, "Do you have any special advice to give a guy who wants to get (Continued on page 94)

Newest Make-up Idea Thrills Broadway...

TWO

**MAKE YOU
TWICE AS LOVELY**

Jergens
Make-up Cake
+
Matching
Jergens Powder



"No limit to loveliness when you wear Jergens Twin Make-up!" discovers stunning Mara Williams of Copacabana, famous Broadway night club.

First, sponge on sm-o-o-o-th Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils). How flawless your complexion looks already ...

Second, fluff on matching Jergens Powder (it's velvetized). Now you're twice as lovely!

Matched in one box...both Cake and Powder...that's Jergens Twin Make-up. Six skin-tone shades. Get *YOURS* today.

Jergens
Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for \$ **1.00**
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JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, 25¢, 10¢*

*Plus Tax

Picture yourself in a
**FLATTERING NEW
HAIR-DO**

It's so quick and easy with the
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THE CRISS-CROSS—A flattering frame for your beauty, from every angle. Soft. High-style. Fashion-wise. Front and sides are upswept over tiny Vogue rolls for contour firmness. The picturesque criss-cross low on the neck is turned under à la page boy over a Vogue hair roll, then held neatly and surely with a Vogue mesh net. *Vogue hair rolls and nets come in "natural" hair shades.*



CURLS 'N BRAID—Such a gracious "fair lady" coiffure. Curls to catch the masculine fancy... a braid to lend artistic smoothness. You'll find this new Vogue hair-do simple to duplicate with a Vogue pin-on braid to match (or contrast with) your own hair. See your nearest Vogue counter for all kinds of other smart new Vogue hair-do suggestions.

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Vogue
HAIR ACCESSORIES

MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

You've seen lots of movies, you've torn 'em apart and put 'em together again with your friends... but how well do you remember them? Pick up your pencil, curl up in a chair, and test yourself on these teasers—but no nail-biting! Sweet 16's a perfect score, 12-15 rates a pat on the pack, 10 gets by, but below 8 draws a dunce cap. Answers on page 90.



1. Scene from "Destination Tokyo" (based on real life incident) shows Bob Hutton recovering from:
a. eating green apples b. an appendectomy
c. "the bends" d. combat fatigue



2. Among those present at the Bogart-Bacall wedding were these dogs, known as:
a. Boxers b. Great Danes
c. Chihuahuas d. Herefords



3. This pathetic Chinese family went hungry because "The Good Earth" was ruined by:
a. floods b. droughts
c. sheep grazing d. locusts



4. "Back Street" starred Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan, won fame for its author, who is:
a. Faith Baldwin b. Grace Livingston Hill
c. Fannie Hurst d. Kathleen Norris



5. Maybe you think this is just a bunch of GI guys, but look closer, and next to the MP is:
a. Kurt Kreuger b. Bing Crosby
c. Atlas Maidenswoon d. Frank Sinatra



6. "'Tis a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done before," says Colman in:
a. "Arrowsmith" b. "If I Were King"
c. "Tale of Two Cities" d. "Kismet"



7. The movie, "Chetnik," concerns itself with the brave exploits of the fearless:
a. Russian Air Corps b. Balkan guerrillas
c. Polish infantry d. Yugoslavian fighters



8. The isolationist senator who fought Woodrow Wilson most bitterly in "Wilson" was:
a. Henry Cabot Lodge b. Bernard Baruch
c. Robert Lansing d. Lloyd George
(Continued on page 70)

THE THREE JAMESES

(Continued from page 62)

invisible orchestra exactly as she has seen her dad do.

When she was taken on the set of "Kitten On The Keys," the picture which Harry James, Dick Haymes, and Maureen O'Hara made together, she was perfectly at home. Another child, brought visiting, almost leaped out of her mother's arms when Harry's brass section began to flare a coda. (i.e. coda: To add a final roof-lifting phrase to a number.) Then the child began to scream and had to be removed—but fast—from the set.

Not Vicki. She laughed. She began to do a little stick-snapping with her own chubby hands.

woman of few words . . .

However much she may admire and imitate her father, Vicki is set on having her little joke on him. When Betty asks her daughter, "Where's Daddy?" Vicki marches over to Harry's picture and points to it solemnly, ignoring the fact that he may be seated across the room.

To even himself up with this tableau between mother and daughter, Harry has a small comedy that he shares with Vicki. To explain it, it must be told that Vicki—who will be around 22 months old when you read this—is in no hurry to learn to talk. In her present vocabulary she has three major words and several thousand incomprehensible sounds. The words are "Mommy," "Dada," and "boy-o-boy-o-boy!"

She uses "Dada" as a term exclusively for Harry; she uses "boy-o-boy-o-boy" to greet her cereal, her vegetables, her nurse, or the prospect of going outdoors. But she uses "Mommy" to designate practically any picture she finds in any magazine.

This inclination may have developed from the fact that Mrs. Grable once showed Vicki a full page picture of Betty in a film magazine and said, "Mommy." Since that time, Vicki has gone through fan magazines pointing to such startled beauties as Hedy Lamarr, June Haver, Rita Hayworth, and Linda Darnell and loudly asserting her blood relationship to them.

Noting this habit, Harry took his daughter on his lap one Sunday morning and opened a canvas book decorated with magnificent animal pictures. "And who is this?" asked Harry, pointing to a horse.

"Mommy," said Vicki.

He indicated an elephant. "And this?"

"Mommy," asserted the traitorous little lady.

He rested a forefinger on a pig. "And what is the name of this?"

"Mommy," yelled Miss James.

Harry beamed at his wife. "She doesn't seem to have a very dainty opinion of you, dear," he observed innocently.

Simply because her speaking vocabulary is restricted, don't come to the conclusion that her listening vocabulary is similarly small. Indeed not. She has a habit of going through her mother's purse in search of some junior treasure; when, during her search, she finds a pack of cigarettes, she puckers up her lips and blows imaginary smoke rings.

If anyone in her presence mentions flowers, she wrinkles her button nose and sniffs appreciatively. But it's obvious she can't spell because she overheard the cook asking Betty to bring some *flour* from the market recently—and promptly puckered her nose and sniffed in honor of that word, too.

All things considered, Vicki James is

(Continued on page 71)



F I N E A M E R I C A N P E R F U M E

Heartbeat

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH



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LEIGH

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 watch of enduring beauty,
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MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

(Continued from page 68)



9. In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Elizabeth Barrett (Norma Shearer) is loved by:
 a. John Keats b. Robert Browning
 c. Jonathan Swift d. Ben Jonson



10. Raymond Massey portrays a hard-working storekeeper who one day became:
 a. a famous diplomat b. an actor
 c. president d. an explorer



11. In "All That Money Can Buy," Walter Huston plays the part of:
 a. a rich merchant b. the devil
 c. a truck farmer d. a country squire



12. Lucille Ball made a lovely Du Barry, and Red Skelton made you laugh as:
 a. Henry VIII b. the court jester
 c. the wicked prince d. Louis XIV



13. J. Fontaine and T. Power starred in "This Above All," and the title's a line from a play by:
 a. Robert Sherwood b. William Shakespeare
 c. Carl Sandberg d. Lillian Hellman



14. Of course you recognize Bogart in "High Sierra," but do you know the clerk behind the counter is:
 a. Cornel Wilde b. Claude Rains
 c. Don Taylor d. James Craig



15. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" became a symbol of hope and faith, but it is really:
 a. a fresh water fish b. a precious jewel
 c. a flower d. an exotic fruit



16. She's quite grown up now, and goes out with fellas 'n' everything. Remember? She's:
 a. Cora Sue Collins b. Virginia Weidler
 c. Margaret O'Brien d. Mitzi Green

receiving fairly efficient bilateral training, which is to say that she is as much mommy's girl as she is daddy's girl. From daddy she is learning to be a good sport; to take it and to dish it out. Even when she was a little thing, nine months old and newly imbued with a decision to walk, she had a minor battle to win. Betty didn't want her to try to walk at so juvenile an age because she was afraid that the baby's legs might be bowed. Harry thought that if Vicki had the urge to walk, the proper time must have arrived.

Let 'er travel . . .

Even so, each time the young lady pulled herself up beside a chair and set off across the floor in the manner of a pug wallowing in a heavy sea, Betty would place a tender hand against the out-thrust chest and gently push Miss Vicki back onto her *derriere*. Vicki viewed this as some sort of amusing game. She laughed heartily, scooted on hands and knees to the nearest chair, pulled herself up and set forth again.

Finally she won out against Betty. "Her legs are as straight as match sticks," said Harry. "Let 'er travel."

From the time Vicki could hold her head up, Harry had cautiously rough-housed with her. He could toss her into the air, and she would yell with delight. Their piggy back sessions left Harry's knees scuffed and Miss Vicki exhausted from laughter.

Currently, First Baseman, Jr. James is letting her initial lessons in how to handle a ball. Before she was born, Harry had said that if she turned out to be a boy, he was going to make a hot ball player of her. But when she arrived, he said, "Plan still stands." They are practicing with a tennis ball—to the intense danger of all adjacent glassware—but as soon as Vicki is a little older she will learn to handle a league sphere. Some girls' school is going to have a terrific pitcher one of these days.

Incidentally, Vicki's favorite toy appears not to be a faithful rag doll with saccharine face and golden curls. No, it is a sturdy, stuffed Missouri mule which—when it first arrived from Vicki's aunt—was a pale beige-grey. Its coat has now darkened to an all-over molasses brown, but to alter its veteran charm would be to invite Miss James' howling wrath.

feminine twerp . . .

Don't let this one descent from daintiness mislead you, however, for Vicki is the soul of elegance. Sunday is her favorite day, because Betty is at home, and to Vicki, Betty is the epitome of beauty and charm. She will stand motionless beside the dressing table and watch Betty comb her hair or apply the brief makeup that Betty uses in private life.

As Betty dabs on the final bit of powder, Vicki will rest a petitioning hand on her mother's knee and extend her tiny nose to be powdered, too.

Sometimes they play a game called "Trying On." Betty drags out every hat box in her closet and she and Vicki take turns trying on the chapeaux. Vicki, adorned by one of the creations her mother has bought in an exotic moment, likes to pose before the mirror, turning this way and that.

At some time she has watched Betty, as a guest of the James' put on gloves very carefully working the fabric down between each finger, so Vicki likes to borrow a pair of her mother's gloves—something matching or complementing the hat Vicki is wearing for the moment—and carefully work them onto her own hands. The fact that the gloves fit her as a pup tent fits a Chihuahua doesn't trouble her in the least.

Truly feminine, she loves clothes, point-



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No blurred edges, no fuzzy liplines with

Solitair's new, exclusive "Fashion-Point" Lipstick.

It's the only lipstick that is actually curved

to fit your lips—the only lipstick that

makes it easy to trace a clean, precise

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Magnificent color-originals to highlight your loveliness:

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HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW USE WESTMORE'S

Overglo



Joan Leslie

Starring in the Warner Bros. Picture
"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

FROM HOLLYWOOD... WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars... one drop of Overglo... and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Seven flattering shades. \$1.50 plus tax



PERC WESTMORE, Director of Make-up at Warner Bros. Studios in Hollywood, using Overglo to make up Joan Leslie.

NEW... OVERGLO FACE POWDER... ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION



A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder... completely different... one practically colorless shade perfect for every foundation-tinted complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. \$1 plus tax.

ing out—with incomprehensible syllables of admiration—anything that she covets in a store window when she goes shopping with Betty. The favorite item in her own wardrobe is a red and white dotted pinafore that she would wear every day if she had her own way.

So far Betty hasn't bought any of the mother-daughter outfits because she wants to keep Vicki in the typical yoke-type of dress so charming on children, "but not so streamlined on an adult figure," Betty told a salesgirl recently.

There is a mild photographic contest going on in the James household that won't be decided until a time when film will be freely available. Before Vicki was born, Betty collected a few rolls of film so that she could take frequent snapshots of her youngster—which she did. The first roll was taken when Vicki was about a month old. Betty had set the timer, the light regulator—the works; she awaited sight of her developed shots with confidence and enthusiasm.

But... everyone in the set was blurred.

The next time she made a sitting of her daughter, being doubly careful, the pictures came back light struck.

The third time... well, something else was wrong. The status quo is that Betty hasn't made one good set of still pictures and she's pretty disgusted by the fact. Particularly so in view of Harry's success. He took on the job of 16 millimeter cameraman in both black and white and color departments. His reels are superb; clear, fine-grained, interestingly posed, and properly lighted. Every time Betty says "Pictures," he assumes a smug look, but says nothing.

"You're just lucky," says his wife. "Wait until I can get film."

The final word to date on Miss Vicki James is that she has overcome her first enemy. This character was the James' poodle, a black, curly creature who had been highly pampered until Vicki came along. Then he lost face, or at least a lot of attention. Sometimes, when Vicki was little, he approached cautiously, only to be greeted by a shout of frenzied delight that gave him the impression that this human pup was on the rugged side. He slunk away.

One day recently, he approached near enough to be patted by a chubby hand. The pats were pretty definite, but their good will could not be misinterpreted. Rough as they were, they bespoke good fellowship. So now the poodle approaches Vicki, endures a brief mauling, then strolls away.

Everything in the James household, beginning with the poodle and ending with Pop, is copasetic.

EASY PICKIN'S

Of course you know plenty ways to spend five dollars: That slick new sweater you've had your eye on; that \$5 war stamp you need; that zipper case for school; or maybe Fall gloves for mom... but do you know an easy way to get five dollars? We do! Just write us about your encounter with a movie star, and if it's interesting and unusual, we'll print it and pay you for your story. So type it up and mail it in to the I Saw It Happen Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And pul-lease! Be patient if you don't hear from us right away; we read every single entry, and that takes weeks and weeks!

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

HURRAY for LIPSTICK!

I Might as well admit it in the beginning—I've made a mistake. Here's how it happened. Planning to collect the latest lipstick lore for the November article, I thought it would be a bright idea to begin with a quotation. To give the Beauty Dept. a cultured air, you know. But I was swamped. Seems that from Horace to Irving Berlin, men have been singing the praise of beautiful lips. My mistake was in expecting to find *one* good quotation. There were so many that I just couldn't make a selection.

But I did learn something and will gladly pass along the information—men would appear to like their women with beautiful lips, rosy, ruby, pink, soft, neatly curved. And quoting Rita Hayworth (she's prettier than Shakespeare), "Lipstick is a basic beauty essential."

When you're using this b.b. essential, try for the natural effect the boys are so enthusiastic about. Take the time and trouble to do a good lip-painting job. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, cocktail glasses or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Bob Hope quips that when a man kisses a girl he wants to feel he's kissing her lips . . . not sliding into third base. The darlings don't like to see a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

Here are the simple pointers for applying lipstick. First, if at all possible, lips should be absolutely (*Continued on page 74*)

Rita has right beautiful lips!
La Hayworth, the pride of Columbia, owns
a varied collection of lipsticks.



clean. This is often difficult in your busy lives, so we'll make the rule "as clean as you can." Which means using cold cream if it is handy. A soap and water washing is fine, too, if there's a basin in the neighborhood. When both of these are impractical, you resort to cleansing tissues which may always be carried in the purse. They clean off the stale makeup and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art. Save laundering hankies and towels, too.

After the lips are immaculate, draw a clean, sharp outline—using lipstick, lip brush or pencil. A steady hand and a little practice do the trick. Color should then be filled in on the upper lip with lipstick, and transferred to the lower by pressing them together. The lower lip line is then smoothed out evenly.

Face powder is a big help in the lip painting art. Used before the first application, it insures a dry, even foundation. Dusted over the lipstick, it helps set the color. The excess powder should be brushed off and a second light coat of lip rouge spread on top. After a final blotting with cleansing tissue, you can defy the hottest soup or coffee to dim the brilliance of this paint job.

Rita Hayworth looks luscious in Technicolor, doesn't she? But don't forget that *your* public is always getting a Technicolor view of you. Take into consideration your complexion and the shades of hair, eyes and costume. They should all blend in a harmonious picture.

Here are a few color pointers. Dark, autumn-hued greens, rusts, browns and smokey grays team happily with a russet, orange-hued red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipstick. Black, white, multicolored stripes and prints, all respond most strikingly to the

stimulating note of a true red-red.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy colored or medium complexions are flattered by blue-reds. Golden blondes, carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are usually more fetching in tawny, orangey lip tones. True reds may be worn by practically all types. The really fastidious gal will have a change of lipstick for her day and night life. Electric lights have a tendency to blot out delicate tints, so darker shades are better at night.

Are your teeth as white as pearls, or do they have a yellowish tinge? You can help whiten such teeth with the color of your lipstick because dark blue-reds cast a white reflection. When you want to know how to make teeth look lighter (after scrubbing them all you can, of course) consider the purplish lipsticks.

You can have variety in color and you can also have variety in shape for your lips. You may be able to wear a half a dozen (one at a time, naturally) for different moods and effects. Movie girls change around for the different parts they play and, in the same way, you can be Dietrichish one night and a June Allyson the next.

There are certain rules you must follow, though, in re-doing your mouth. If your chin is pointed or if your face is heart-shaped, your lips should be, too. But make it a modified heart-shape, not the cupid's bow that's as outmoded as pantaloons. If your upper lip is a straight, Bette Davis mould, it needs a full lower lip to go with it. If your jaw is square, try a square effect on the lips, too. Is your nose upturned? Then paint on a wide upper lip. Is your nose long or large? Then give it a full lower lip to balance it.

It's easy to change the size of your lips. If they're too thin and make you look prissy, draw the lipstick over the edge. If

they're too full, keep well within the lip-line. If they are too long, stop the rouge before it reaches the corners. In every case, please keep the corners turned up.

Speak easy! Beautiful lips should be accompanied by the tune of a pleasant voice. Harsh, rasping tones or loud, shrill squeaks scare away friends and beaux. Speak naturally, pleasantly, in a low pitch. You'll find that with lips easy on the eyes and the ears, you will have much more fun.

"Every American girl a beauty!" . . . that's the Beauty Department platform. So to help along the campaign we've concocted a new booklet, "The Art of Makeup." It's planned to teach you how to get the last smidgin of glamor out of your makeup base, mascara and lipstick. There is even a chart which lists six separate facial types. It's all yours . . . just fill out the coupon and mail it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CAROL CARTER
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 MADISON AVE.
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Please send me the booklet on "The Art of Makeup." I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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No Dull Film

remains on your hair
after shampooing with
this saponified coconut oil formula

Bring out the *natural* radiance and luster of your hair by using FITCH'S SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO regularly. This fragrant, liquid shampoo, made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . leaves the hair glossy, soft and easy to manage.

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT—After the rich lather has done its cleansing job, the *patented rinsing agent* contained in the shampoo goes to work with the rinse water to quickly wash away remaining particles . . . leaves the hair film-free, sparkling clean and full of flattering, natural highlights.

A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is mild and gentle, yet efficient . . . so let every member of the family use it. It makes all colors and textures of hair glossy and manageable. Ask for it at drug counters. Professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.

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**SAPONIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO**



"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

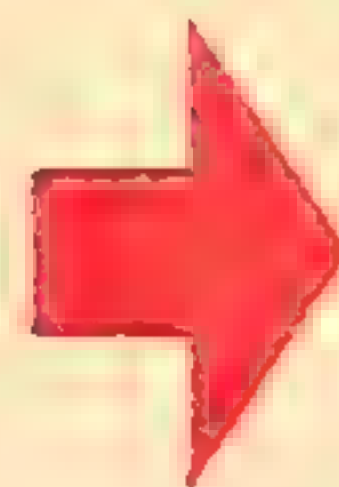
(PRODUCTION)
(Continued from page 37)

falling apart in a similar manner. They had just finished a scene in which a fight was featured . . . Agnes Moorehead readily admits that money has gone to her head. Seems that Irene created the most amazing hat for her to wear—a blond rust felt confection with a towering open-topped crown. As between-scenes fun, someone conceived the idea of tossing pennies into the felt cone. The first day netted only \$1.53 in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters, but in following days the game grew in popularity. By the time a costume change was in order, Aggie had sufficient funds to purchase a \$25.00 war bond . . . Hedy Lamarr who was expecting the stork, was advised that the auto trip from home to the studio so early in the morning was too strenuous for her. So she moved into her M.G.M. dressing room. She stated that it was like living in the middle of a defense plant. Trucks rolled by all night, lights shone in the windows, and someone was always borrowing her cooking utensils. The studio came to the rescue by rigging up a neat little apartment . . . The Prop Department concluded that the cast was the sleepest in Hollywood. Never in the history of the studio have so many types of beds been required for a single production. A royal couch with all the trimmings was needed for Hedy. Bob Walker is shown dozing in a broken down wooden bed. Rags Ragland is required to crack his head on the fancy grill work of an iron model. A small brass bed is needed for June, and Mary Servos as Aunt Gert is shown crawling out of a reconverted davenport . . . Clark Gable doesn't have his name listed with the cast. In fact, he doesn't even know he's in the film. Scene from a popular picture of 1938 was required for an audience consisting of Hedy and Bob. Producer Pasternack selected a brief spot from "Test Pilot" . . . The term "dumb animal" is open to dispute. In one scene, a trained pup was supposed to focus his attention on Bob, but he was too much intrigued with Hedy to care whether or not he obeyed instructions. Each chance he had, he would squirm from Walker's grasp and stretch far enough to plant a moist tongue on Hedy's face. After the fourth mistake, Director Richard Thorpe stopped the camera with the remark, "Things have come to a pretty pass. Asked for a dog and I get a wolf!" . . . The purely imaginary Hotel Eden is a beautiful postwar dream. Dwarfing the Waldorf, the foyer alone occupies almost an entire sound stage. . . . Two hundred "New Yorker" extras had an easy day. Their main task was to sit around in soft cushioned davenports and chairs and sigh their admiration for "the princess." . . . Perhaps the strangest screen test on record was made when Bob went before the cameras in an attempt to determine which of some eight assorted dogs would look the silliest when he walked it in Central Park!

DECEMBER ISSUE!

It's something to sing about, the December issue . . . and it comes out on November 13. Thought you might be interested, on accounta there's a story on the Alan Ladd Thanksgiving party.

New-type ink rouths most pen troubles



*How sad! His pen has clogged—won't go.
You'd think that anyone would know*



*That pen-protection calls for Quink
Containing solv-x . . . what an ink!*



*It keeps a pen as good as new.
So reader, better try it, too!*

Every bottle of Quink contains
solv-x . . . protects pens
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1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
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→ Parker scientists add pen-protecting solv-x to every drop of brilliant, free-flowing, fast-drying Quink! Don't risk your pen another day. Drain and refill it with protective Quink containing solv-x. Costs no more than ordinary inks! 7 permanent, 2 washable colors. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK
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Invitation to Love- ELYSE KNOX'S HANDS

YOU: *Wish my hands were soft like yours, Miss Knox.*

ELYSE KNOX: Then why not use my hand care?

YOU: *Your hand care, Miss Knox?*

ELYSE KNOX: Yes—it's so easy. I use Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Why? For softness-protection. Jergens supplies beauty-guarding moisture most girls' hand skin needs.

Encourages even mortifying rough hands to sweet

smoothness with two ingredients—so "special"

that many doctors use them. Lovely! Easy!

Jergens leaves no oiliness, no bothersome

sticky feeling. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION



THE CONSTANT NYMPH

(Continued from page 60)

thing.

Eleanor knew exactly how he felt. All her quiet self-confidence fled, leaving her panicky. Day after day she pleaded with the casting director. "Don't make me do it. It's not just the idea of following Bette Davis, though that's bad enough. But can't they see that I'm all wrong for the part—?"

Meantime the boss wrestled with Eddie Goulding. "Will it hurt you to make a test? If she's no good, okay, take somebody else—" When Goulding yielded, Eleanor's fate was sealed.

you're for me . . .

He sent her to Doris Lloyd for lessons in cockney dialect. He told her to study the Davis picture. "So you won't imitate Bette. She gave a characterization that can't be topped. The only thing left is to make ours different." She sat by a pool for two weeks, reading the book through twice, writing down every word of her dialogue, talking cockney to herself. Then she came back and made the test. Three scenes had been prepared. After the first two, Goulding said: "Never mind the third. You're my girl. I wouldn't do the picture now without you—"

That was her first shot-in-the-arm. Bette's flowers were the second. From then on to the final day, when they whisked her straight to the hospital for an appendix-yanking, everything was magic. The picture hasn't been released yet, but let them pan her or praise her, she doesn't care. Compared with what she learned from Eddie Goulding, nothing else matters.

If you think that's baloney, you don't know Eleanor. At the age of five, she set her course by a star and followed it steadfastly through the years. You could call the star Learning-to-be-a-movie-actress. Or you could call it Janet Gaynor. She was hardly more than a baby when they took her to see "Sunnyside Up." "I'm going to be a movie actress," she said. "Just like Janet Gaynor."

Years later she sat at a drugstore counter in Toluca Lake, when Janet walked in with Robin, her son. Eleanor trembled over her chocolate malt, and couldn't get up the nerve to speak to her. But they've met at parties since, and now Janet knows all about her young disciple. She's a most understanding person. Once, in Arizona, Eleanor got hold of an old poster of "Sunnyside Up," and offered it to Janet.

"Wouldn't you rather keep it yourself?"

"Oh yes!!—I mean—" Janet laughed and Eleanor relaxed. "You see, I've always dreamed of a house with a playroom and a poster of 'Sunnyside Up,' hanging on the wall—"

How can a child of five have any fixed purpose? We can only report that this one did. From the day she saw that picture, she was Janet Gaynor. She badgered her parents into sending her to the Tucker School of Expression. Growing older, she'd board a streetcar, ride downtown, and sign up for tap or ballet or piano lessons. Then she'd come home and tell Mother, and somehow the money would always be found. It seemed pretty silly to Dad, who taught math in a Cleveland high school, but whatever Mother decided was all right with him. Bob and Mildred older and busy with their own affairs, paid scant attention to their pesky kid sister. Even Mother didn't take it too seriously. The child would probably change her mind a dozen times before she grew up.

On the other hand, there was just the chance that she wouldn't, and Mother didn't believe in destructive criticism. Every night when Eleanor'd finished her lessons and climbed into bed, Mother'd come along with an egg sandwich and cocoa, and they'd talk and talk about being a movie actress. Or let's say Eleanor talked, with a word tossed in edgewise by Mother. . . .

The kids at school were less tactful. So completely did Eleanor identify herself with her dreams that she felt no self-consciousness, nor any need to hide them under a bushel. What was she going to be when she grew up? A movie actress, of course—

"Movie actress, my foot!" jeered her cousin Lloyd. "Who do you think you are, a glamor girl?"

That puzzled her. "You don't have to be a glamor girl. It's just a business like anything else. Like being a nurse—"

And one day she stood in front of the house with her two best friends. How the argument started is unimportant, but it ended with one girl flinging a challenge at the other. "Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They couldn't have raised fifty cents between them, but that didn't affect the drama of the situation. Eleanor stood apart, hurt and defiant, crying to herself: "I'll prove to that girl she's wrong, I will, I will—!"

Her ambitions didn't interfere with her school work. At the big, round dining room table, she'd sit over her books till one in the morning. Though she hated math, she'd have been ashamed of poor grades, so she worked at it twice as hard to keep her self-respect. Meantime she studied at the Rice School of Expression and was one of the original members of the Curtain Pullers, a group of talented children organized by the Cleveland Playhouse. At eleven she was playing old women and cackling witches. Never once was she cast as Cinderella, nor did she want to be. The wicked sister was more fun because it was harder . . .

One day, during her freshman year at high school, she came home all agog about a summer stock company at Martha's Vineyard.

"We couldn't possibly afford it," said Dad.

wish on a star . . .

Dad's daughter has a theory. If you want a thing badly enough, if you work hard enough *and* if you deserve it, you'll get it. "I will, I will," she kept telling herself. But she didn't nag. Merely sent for folders and pored over them with Mother and showed them to Dad, sitting on the arm of his chair, and pointed out that she could earn board and room by waiting on table—

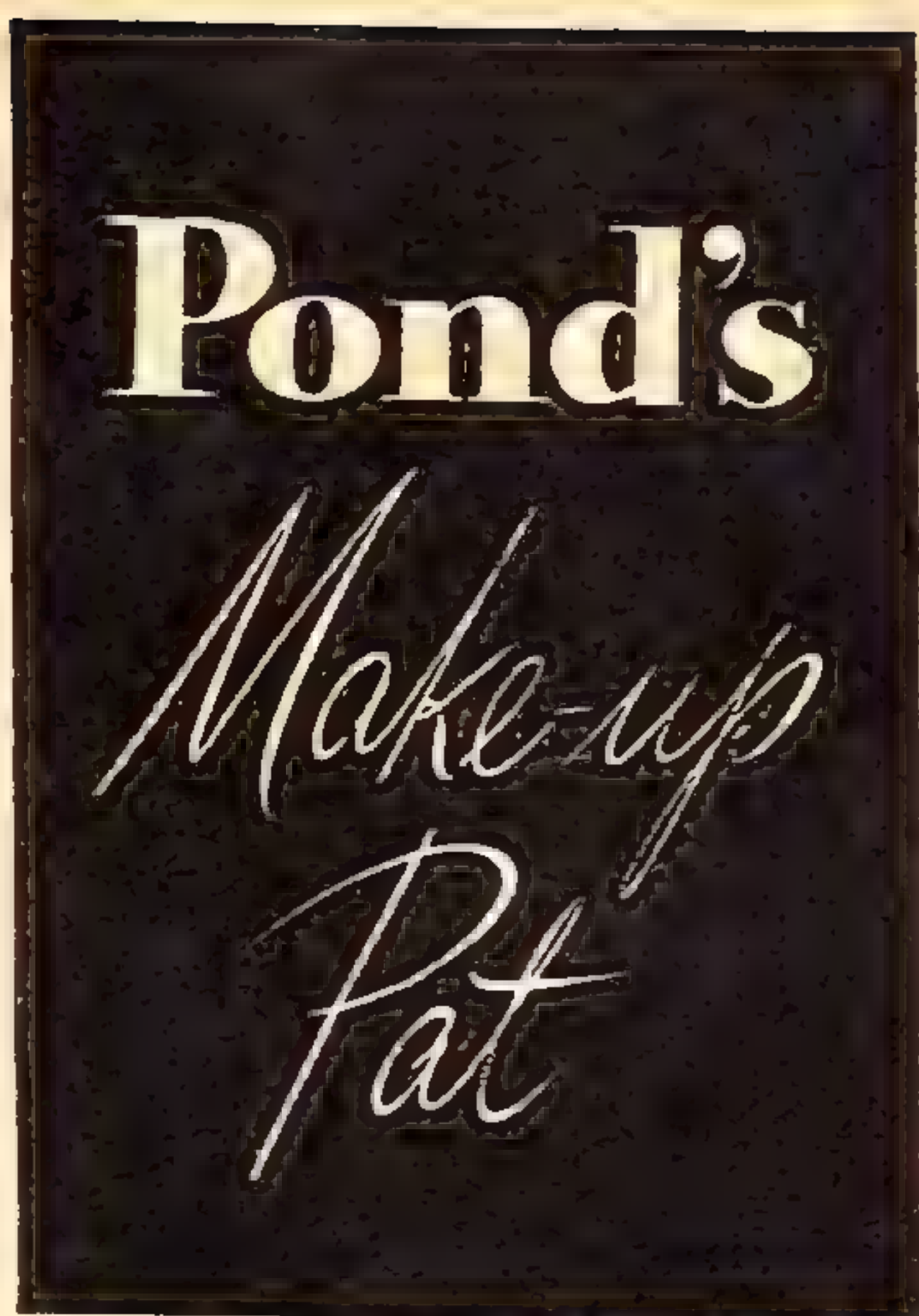
"And I wouldn't even *want* to take a Pullman, Dad. It'll be my first train ride. I'd just *have* to sit up all night, so as not to miss a thing—"

She must have deserved it, for one summer's day found her bidding the folks goodbye while a boy friend waited to take her to the station. She was just fifteen—

"Aren't you afraid to have her go alone?" people had asked.

And Dad had said "When Eleanor was eight, she went downtown in a streetcar on her own affairs. I'm not afraid to have her go wherever she likes—"

It was a summer of hard satisfying work. She roomed with Nancy Andrews from California, and she played Grazia in "Death Takes A Holiday." The following year she went back as head usher, and played the lead in "What A Life." A TC-Fox scout asked her to go to New York for a test. She was thrilled to death, but her feet stayed on the ground. "I'm too young,"



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she told him. "Besides, I want to graduate from high school at least—"

As she was about to leave for her third summer at the Vineyard, a murder was committed in the dormitory where she'd lived. That gave her the prickles. She decided to stay home and concentrate on school. Next June she'd be out. Besides, something had happened to change the whole complexion of things . . .

Dad had always been—well, skeptical was the word. He'd never seen her act, which was mostly her own fault. She hadn't wanted him to. The thought of Dad in the audience made her self-conscious. When he finally did come to the junior play, she forced herself to forget he was there. And felt shy about meeting him when it was over . . .

But she needn't have been. He looked at her as if she were somehow different. "I wish I'd seen you before," he said. "I think you've got something. If you want to be an actress, go ahead—"

This from her reticent father was an accolade that set her bubbling. He'd offered her the choice between college and dramatic school. At first she wasn't sure. You could study dramatics at college, too. But you could also be swept away with sororities and parties and stuff, which she didn't want. And you'd have to wait four years to get started. That was the deciding factor. She couldn't wait—

Nancy Andrews had talked a lot about the Pasadena Playhouse, which had the added advantage of being near Hollywood. She sent an application, listing her credits, and was accepted as a student for the following year.

"One o'clock, dear," said Mother, and Eleanor jumped up.

She was driving west with the aunt and uncle of one of her boy friends. They'd arranged to start in the coolness of 2 a.m. Saying goodbye, everyone was fine and matter-of-fact. It wasn't till a long time after that Mother confessed how she'd stood at the window with a sinking heart, watching her baby drive into the night with people she hardly knew. The baby herself hadn't a qualm in the world. Naturally it was hard to say goodbye, but after all she'd been waiting thirteen years—time she got going—

Early one morning the nice aunt and uncle dropped her at Nancy's. The girls wasted no time—

"What do you want to see first?"

"Hollywood Boulevard and all the movie stars' houses—"

Nancy even got her in at RKO, where she saw her first movie stars—Kay Francis and Elsie the Cow making "Little Men."

share the ride . . .

Two weeks later she and Nancy had started classes and were rooming together in a dormitory okayed by the Playhouse. Life was real and earnest and terribly exciting. From 8 to 6, fencing and rhythmic dancing, history and literature of the theater, costume design and voice and diction and drama. Evenings, they'd gather round a radio, or take in a movie or run down to the corner drugstore for a chocolate malt. Eleanor spent what spare minutes she could scrape together in dungarees and turtleneck, polishing Irker—a broken-down model A which she considered the most beautiful thing on wheels. It cost forty dollars and she'd gone halves on it with Bill Irwin—hence the name. Eleanor couldn't drive, but she and Bill were dating, so that made it handy.

One Sunday night in February they went to the Playbox—an intimate Little Theater connected with the Playhouse, where you had to wear formal clothes. As they were leaving, a man came up. "I'm Irving Cumin," he said to Eleanor, "talent scout at Warners. I've seen you around the

Playhouse and talked to the director about you. When do you graduate?"

"Next June," she faltered.

"Well, here's my card. Give me a ring in June. I'd like you to read for Sophie Rosenstein, our coach." At sight of her bedazzled face, he added hastily: "I've never seen you act, remember. So don't get yourself all steamed up about this, it may not mean a thing . . ."

From February to June was ten long years, but they passed. Eleanor read for Miss Rosenstein, they prepared two scenes from "Claudia" and "Animal Kingdom" and a test was recommended. Mr. Cumin said she'd better get an agent, and told Bill Irwin he could assist in the test, she might feel easier with Bill—

The test was on June 24th, two days before her birthday. They said she'd hear from them in a couple of weeks. Next day she was called to the dormitory phone.

"Want a nice birthday present?" asked her agent.

She said, "What?" never dreaming anything could have happened so soon.

"A Warner Brothers contract—"

"NO!!!"

"Yes. They want you to sign tomorrow

happy birthday to me . . .

She almost pulled the phone from the wall, tearing out to find Bill. Then she wired the folks. Then there was nothing to do but go out of her mind. Next day she signed her contract. On her nineteenth birthday Eleanor was in pictures.

The first year followed the usual pattern. Very little work, and that little in short and quickies. She didn't care what she worked in. Give her the second lead in a 10-day B, and she glowed as if she'd been handed Scarlett O'Hara. What she hated were the long weeks of idleness, when all she could do was go swimming and cash her check. Twice a week she attended Sophie Rosenstein's classes. But she worked so hard in so many schools for so long—! She didn't want school any more she wanted to act—

People said: "Why don't you talk to producers, let them know you're alive—"

But she couldn't do that. With all her inner sureness about acting, she has no flair for tooting her own horn. "They know I'm here. If they want me, they'll call—"

"Well, your money's coming in, so what do you care?"

"I'd rather work," she cried, "and not make any money—"

The break came suddenly and almost by accident. Joyce Reynolds had been called as Emlen in "Mission to Moscow." But the last minute they decided that Joyce looked too young to be a college graduate. Eleanor had been assisting on tests, and Mike Curtiz knew her work. "Can you be ready to start tomorrow?" he asked.

She was ill with excitement. Mother who'd come out to stay with her for a while, nursed her all night. In the morning she had to drag herself out of bed, but she played the part. Twice more the same sort of thing happened. Joan Leslie was scheduled for Ann in "Between Two Worlds." But Joan got tangled up in "Rhapsody" and Eleanor, who'd gone home to see the folks, was called back posthaste. The two days before "The Very Thought of You" started, Ida Lupino was ordered bed by her doctor. In stepped Miss Pinch hit Parker, with wardrobe working overtime to adjust Lupino's clothes to the Parker lines . . .

But "Of Human Bondage" was no harm down. Nor "Pride of the Marines." And if you've seen the Parker girl in the you don't have to be told that she'd left her second-string days behind her.

Dad still doesn't say much, but Mother tells on him. How he clips notices at

sneaks them into his wallet. How he carries photos around and shows them to people. Eleanor doesn't know what she'd have done without her father. He's the kind of man who likes to help his children while he's alive and when they need it. He loaned her money for clothes and her '42 Chevvy and the down payment on her little 2-bedroom house in Toluca Lake. That summer the whole family came out—Mother and Dad and Mildred and Mildred's baby—and they lived happily with nothing but lawn furniture, springs and mattresses on the bedroom floors, a stove and frigidaire. Later, Dad put up the money for furniture. Eleanor's been paying him back month by month, and is nearly paid up. Meantime, the one luxury she craved was a mink coat, which she's just bought. Technically, she should have waited till Dad was all paid back, but he encouraged her not to. The one she did have trouble with was her business manager.

He allows her ten dollars a week for lunches, gas and incidentals. Of course he pays her reasonable bills, but to anything special, he automatically says no. Out of ten a week, you can't save for a mink coat. She had to heckle him for months before he gave in. Her feelings about him are mixed, like in the song—sometimes she loves him, sometimes she hates him . . .

luxurious tomboy . . .

Now that she's got the coat, she's proud as a peacock but it makes her feel inconsistent. Because she loathes dressing up and runs around mostly in shirts and slacks and a pair of old sports shoes. She's inconsistent about clothes in general—can't stand the thought of shopping, but once she's inside a store, wants to buy everything in sight. Then the new things

hang in her closet and she wears the old ones. About once a year—when she can't get out of it—you'll find a hat on her head—and her fingers twitching to pull it off.

Her favorite colors are red, white and blue—not necessarily together—and for evening, black. Everything's tailored—she looks awful in fluffy stuff. Perfume she doesn't care for—just some cologne—and she won't wear jewelry unless it's genuine. By that she doesn't mean star sapphires, only that her simple rings and bracelets have to be real gold. Earrings are her downfall. If not for the dragon who guards her bank book, she'd corner the market. As it is, she looks and looks and drags herself away. She'd rather soak in a tub than shower, and it takes her five minutes to dress. Except at night, when she needs an hour.

In April of '43 she married Dr. Fred Losee. By the time he went overseas in June, they both knew it had been a mistake, and agreed on divorce. "But not till you get back," Eleanor insisted. "I couldn't bear to do it while you're away." She's sorry to drag in the old friends-though-separated line, but that's how it truly is. As friends, they wrote to each other regularly. Still friends, they were divorced last October, a month after Fred's return.

Eleanor's beau is charming Joe Kirkwood, Jr., the golf pro now under contract to Warners. He was playing in the Los Angeles open tournament when Eleanor turned to the movie news one morning and read that she'd been out with him the night before. Accustomed to the ways of Hollywood by now, she never batted an eye. In the gossip columns, it's practically routine to date a man you've never laid eyes on.

Later, back from an Arizona vacation, she inquired idly: "Who's new at the studio?"

"Soandso and Soandso and Joe Kirkwood, Jr—"

"The golfer? They had me linked with him months ago. What's he like?"

"Blonde, six-foot-two and nice to be linked with—"

One day the phone rang. "My name's Joe Kirkwood, Miss Parker. Seems we've been going out together. Don't you think we ought to meet?"

Sophie Rosenstein had them both to dinner, and from there they took it themselves. Joe is teaching Eleanor golf, gave her a beautiful set of golf clubs for her birthday and calls her his star pupil.

On most things, they agree. Both love sports, and avoid night clubs. Five nights a week it's movies. Both adore Gail Page and her husband, Solito de Solis. Food, they adore. . . . F'rinstance, no evening's complete for Eleanor without a cheeseburger and chocolate malt at a drive-in. No Chasen steak, says she, is half as good. Eleanor's unique—she regards food as a nuisance. Mother used to sit on one side, Dad on the other, pushing it down her throat. Now she pushes it down herself—when it's set before her. Otherwise she'll start feeling funny around 6. "What's the matter with me?—Oh that's right, I forgot my lunch—"

In addition to the nightly cheeseburgers, she goes in a big way for raw potatoes, plenty of water and ice cubes. This may sound like a concentration camp diet but she likes it. Her passion for ice dates back to childhood, when she used to swipe it from Cleveland ice-wagons. On the other hand, she'd starve rather than cook herself an egg. Luckily, Lida's there to cook it for her . . .

sweet sleeper . . .

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a job when her husband went overseas, Eleanor needed her, and a mutual friend got them together. Lida calls her eight times in the morning, because she hates alarm clocks and also hates to get up. Falling asleep is the easiest thing she does. Once she slept from 4 p.m. till 9 next morning, and Lida couldn't budge her to get her clothes off. Ordinarily, she sleeps in butcher boy pajamas, the roomier the better. What she'd really like—when you can get them again—are men's pajamas. She loves it in pictures when the girl comes out in the boy's pajamas, legs rolled up and sleeves flapping. As in her tom-boy childhood, she still prefers to go barefoot—pulls off shoes and stockings the minute she gets home and falls asleep on her stomach on the living room floor, with Bobby Lee beside her.

Bobby Lee's her first dog, a shepherd, who hoists himself into her lap, heedless of the fact that he weighs more than she does. On the whole, Eleanor has a nice disposition, but when people say, "Where did you get the monster?" she wants to kick them in the teeth. Don't tell her Bobby's feelings aren't hurt. He crawls right under the bed, and it takes an hour of babying and telling him how beautiful he is before she can get him to smile again.

Her own most obnoxious habit is snapping gum. It's not safe for her to chew in public, because sooner or later she's bound to snap. So a favorite diversion is sitting by herself and snapping sixty to the minute. And she's always late, which is really her father's fault. Dad was always on the dot. At one minute past six, you knew just what he'd been doing, which annoyed Eleanor. "Being late," she explains, "is a minor form of self-expression."

She loves restaurants with candles and red checkered tablecloths—going through empty houses that she has no intention of buying—walking in the rain—and splashing barefoot through mud puddles, only California has none. She hates writing letters and it makes her sick to ride in the back seat of a car. She collects symphony and opera records—likes jazz to listen to, but not to keep. Brushing her teeth is an obsession. She keeps 5 brushes going, all different colors, and every time she passes the bathroom door, it's an invitation to brush. She can't go to sleep without a hanky under her pillow, which she never uses.

At the moment she's working in "Never Say Goodbye" with Errol Flynn. He was the first actor she ever spoke to. Just after she was put under contract, she met him on the set of "They Died With Their Boots On," an encounter that bewildered them both.

"I'm so thrilled to meet you, Mr. Flynn," she breathed earnestly. "I've always been such a great admirer of yours—"

"Are you kidding?" he demanded, and couldn't be convinced that she hadn't been put up to it.

Now that the all-important goal's been reached, Eleanor has two unrealized ambitions. One is the dream house. A rambling ranch type affair on a hill with a far, far view. An enormous big beautiful fireplace—it'll be her first. Furniture you and the dogs can put your feet on. A special music room with indirect lighting, shelves and shelves of records, a Capehart, and a piano for Solito to play. And cork walls, so she can have the radio going full blast. Rather wistfully, she's given up the idea of a bowling alley as a little on the extravagant side . . .

The other ambition has to do with a scene in front of the Parker house in Cleveland—"Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They probably don't remember, but Eleanor does. She wants to get hold of those two girls, and make the loser pay up.

FAIR-HAIRED BOY

(Continued from page 52)

the gal-chasing Major in "Hotel Berlin," the Prussian officer in "Mademoiselle Fifi," and Menace No. 1 in Connie Bennett's first independent production, "Paris Underground."

With every picture, Kurt's billing has gone up a notch until now it's right there on top, as co-star with Richard Conte and Faye Marlowe in "The Spider."

Kurt himself is still amazed by his rocket-like rise. When he was told he was on MODERN SCREEN's poll, he couldn't get over the idea that movie fans know who he is and are clamoring for more of the same.

all a dream . . .

His first experience as *somebody* was the night of the sneak preview of "Paris Underground" at the Academy Theater in Inglewood. Walking up the aisle and through the lobby after the showing, Kurt could hear shouts from the crowd on the sidewalk. When he got outside and realized that all the clamor was for him, he couldn't believe it.

"It was as if I were playing a part in a picture of an actor who gets mobbed," is his modest report of that encounter.

All during the making of "Paris Underground," Gregory Ratoff kept saying to Kurt: "This picture will make you. You'll see, you'll be a star after this picture."

When the film was finished, Ratoff held a private showing of it for Mr. Zanuck, to point out the desirability of getting Mr. Kreuger's signature on a contract. Zanuck liked the young actor, BUT: "He's only played Nazis. The war is over and there won't be any more Nazi parts." That was that.

One of the first calls Kurt got the morning after the sneak preview was from his agent.

"Lew Schreiber of Fox wants to see you." (Mr. Schreiber is head of talent there.)

Kurt was surprised, after what Zanuck had said. "How come?" he asked.

"Seems Virginia Zanuck was at the showing last night and saw the kids mobbing you and reported it to her husband."

So Kurt has Mr. Zanuck's charming wife and his fans to thank for his seven-year deal at Fox.

Mrs. Zanuck's faith in him was justified when his phone rang again later that morning.

"Hello. Mr. Kreuger, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

"This is Mr. Kreuger."

"Oh." The voice showed the caller was taken aback. A movie star answering the phone himself!

"I saw you in 'Paris Underground' last night. You were wonderful. Goodbye," she blurted, tongue-tied now that she was actually talking to him.

As soon as Kurt hung up, the phone rang again. It kept up that way all morning. Some girls didn't know what to say, others were willing to talk on and on. Some wanted to know what picture he was going to make next. Finally, he asked one of them where she had gotten his phone number.

"Oh, a girl at school's been selling it to everyone for ten cents apiece!"

"Well, don't tell her I told you," confided Kurt, amused, "but she probably got it from the Los Angeles phone book."

Ever since then, fans within calling distance of Los Angeles have been keeping the phone busy burring. If they're not too shy—some of 'em just stutter and stammer and hang up without saying a word—they usually express amazement at one



Gertrude Niesen

Star of "Follow the Girls," says:

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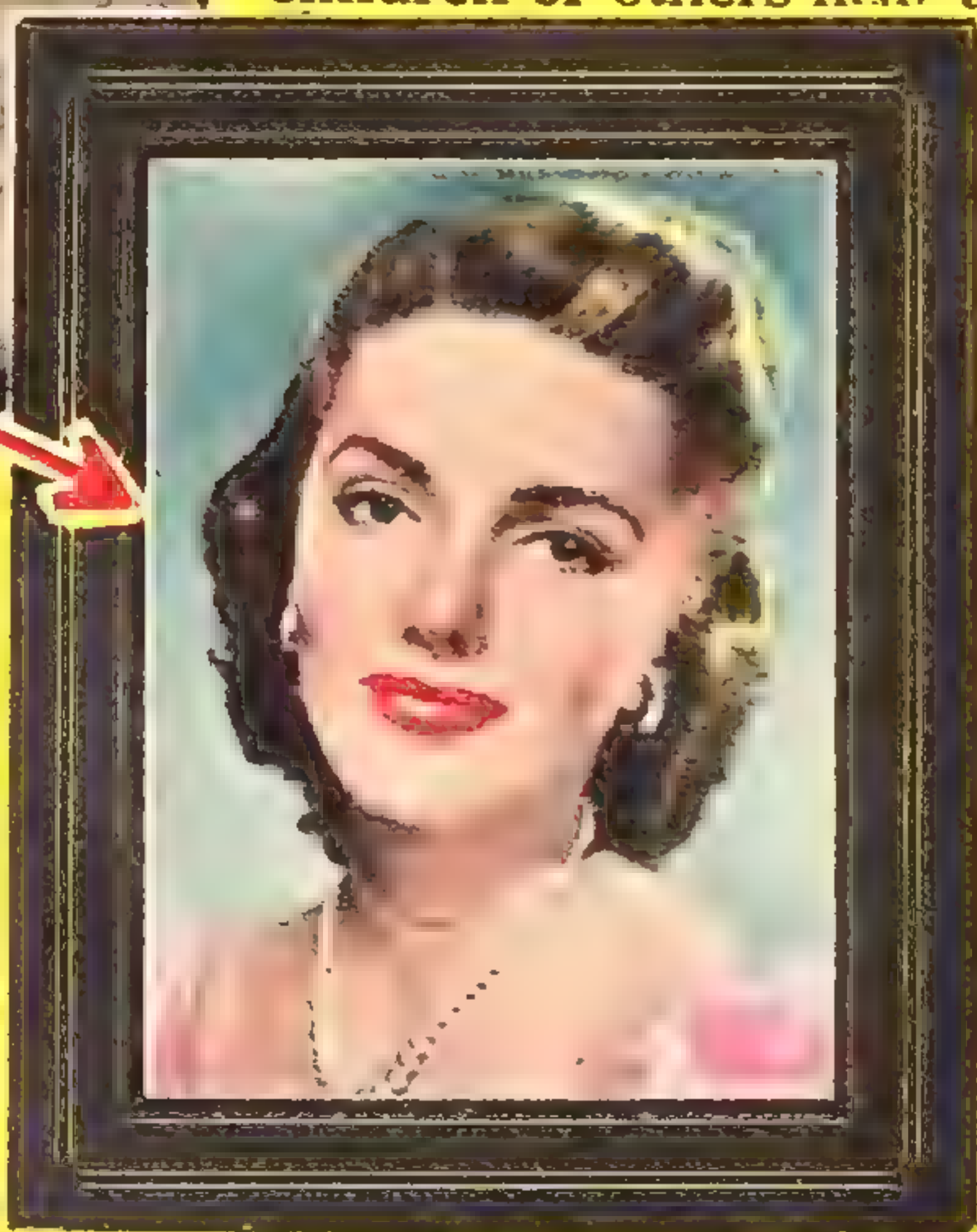
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of two things: The fact that his number is in the phone book, or the fact that he speaks "such good English" off the screen, where they're used to hearing a guttural voice with a German accent.

In person, Kurt's English is practically perfect, but when he first came to the United States, it had almost as many accents as the Tower of Babel.

At boarding school in Switzerland, Kurt's English had been taught to him with a Swiss accent. At London in the Polytechnic College, English "as she was spoke" by the profs there was pure Oxford. And on the bus going to and from his boarding house to school, the English 'e 'eard from the bus conductor was cockney.

During the summer of 1939, after he'd been here about a year-and-a-half, Kurt got a scholarship with the aid of some friends as an apprentice actor at the famous Wharf Theater in Provincetown, Massachusetts. His English was good enough for him to be understood by the audiences, but the director felt they ought to offer some explanation for the slight trace of an accent he still had.

When Kurt was cast in the part of the schoolteacher who is sympathetic to Henry Aldrich in "What A Life," the session went something like this.

Director "Let's see now, Kurt. This is a high school in New York. What'll we tell 'em about your accent?"

Kurt: "How about saying I'm the school's German teacher?"

Director: "Perfect!"

Every time a new play was cast, they went through a similar session. When Kurt played the doctor who attends the expectant mother in "Boy Meets Girl," they added a line saying he'd gone to medical school abroad!

Somehow, he escaped all contact with that great American dialect, Brooklynese, until one day on the RKO ranch in San Fernando Valley where he was making "Mademoiselle Fifi" with Simone Simon.

Sitting around between scenes, Kurt heard a prop man yell.

"Where's de ladder f' Koit Kreuger's hawss?"

Kurt hurried over to Director Robert Wise. "I don't need any ladder to mount my horse, Bob," he protested. "I ride very well."

"Sure, sure," Wise answered. "I know that." And he waved to a couple of grips approaching with buckets of suds.

"Just set that lather down here, boys. We want to plaster it all over the horse as if he had been running hard enough to work up a good sweat!"

Then Wise turned to Kurt. "'Ladder' is Brooklynese for 'lather,'"

"Oh, a wise guy!" Kurt flipped back, in pure Americanese.

Kurt hated business, but he loved to travel. So when his dad howled "No!" to the stage ambitions of his only son, they compromised: Kurt traveled to London to learn English, a necessary part of his business training.

embarrassing moment . . .

His very first night in London, Kurt landed in a boarding house. At dinner, the English ladies were doing everything they could to make the handsome youngster feel "comfy" and at home. They kept passing him just a wee bit more of everything. At last, the stuffed Kurt objected:

"No, thank you. I am fed up!"

After that boner, the one subject he studied in earnest was English.

When he'd finished at the Polytechnic, he went to the University of London's School of Economics for another year. The dull stuff of business was mercifully interrupted when his father, who had gone to Boston to settle the estate of a brother, wired Kurt with the offer of a magnificent present:

Two months, no strings attached, in America.

The minute he walked down the gang-plank of his ship in New York, Kurt fell in love with the United States. The two months were spent on an automobile tour throughout the eastern part of the country and as far west as Chicago. When it came time to return to Europe, Kurt knew that his future home would be in this country. He returned just long enough to apply for entry to the United States under the immigration quota for Switzerland, and landed here in 1937, his heart set on seeing more of America. With an allowance from his father and an inheritance from his late uncle, he had enough money to keep him going indefinitely, in style.

The best skiing terrain in the country, he found out, was Sun Valley, Idaho, so he headed there, traveling leisurely by car, his skis protruding from the rumble seat.

After a visit in Sun Valley, where he gaped at the movie stars like all the other guests did, he headed back to New York. Fun was fun, but it was time he got a job. At a cocktail party he met Dorothy Marsh who ran the Marsh Travel Bureau in Rockefeller Center.

"You sure know a lot about Europe," she said after a chat with him. "How would you like to take charge of European travel at my place?"

Kurt did, for the next year, planning itineraries for school teachers on six-month sabbaticals, and Texas oil millionaires going to Europe with their families for some Old World culture. But always in the back of his mind were those glamorous film folk he'd seen at Sun Valley. He'd like to be friends with people like that. The way to do it was to become an actor!

That urge landed him in the Provincetown Playhouse, and after his summer season there, in Hollywood, where he bought a house in the hills above the Sunset Strip, he then set about offering himself to the movies. The movies, except for one bit part at Republic, weren't having any.

By the following summer he began to get restless; the itch to be working was upon him again. In a movie trade paper, he read that Lawrence Langner of the Theater Guild was in Hollywood, casting roles in "Candle In The Wind," Helen Hayes's play set in Nazi-occupied France. Kurt phoned Langner at the Chateau Elysee, and gave his name to the switchboard operator. Surprisingly, Langner came on the phone.

"I'd like to talk to you about a part in Miss Hayes's new show," Kurt said.

"What have you done?" Langner asked.

"A summer season at Provincetown."

"That's not much," Langner hesitated. Kurt's chance was slipping away. He had to make a pitch.

"I've been through the part of France where the play takes place." That clinched it.

"Okay, come on over. I'll talk to you."

consolation prize . . .

Langner liked Kurt's type, thought he might do for the lead opposite Helen Hayes! That was better than the best movie job, because Hollywood was always scouting Broadway for new actors and bringing 'em to the coast with great fanfare.

But when Kurt arrived in New York to start rehearsals, he was in for a big disappointment. The part opposite Miss Hayes had gone to someone with more stage experience. His consolation prize was a bit in the first act, with a couple of lines.

Kurt stayed on during the play's Broadway run and then went on tour. When the company reached Indianapolis, Kurt was tired of walking onstage in the first act for two minutes and then hanging around all night in his uniform for the curtain calls. He gave his notice, and hurried back

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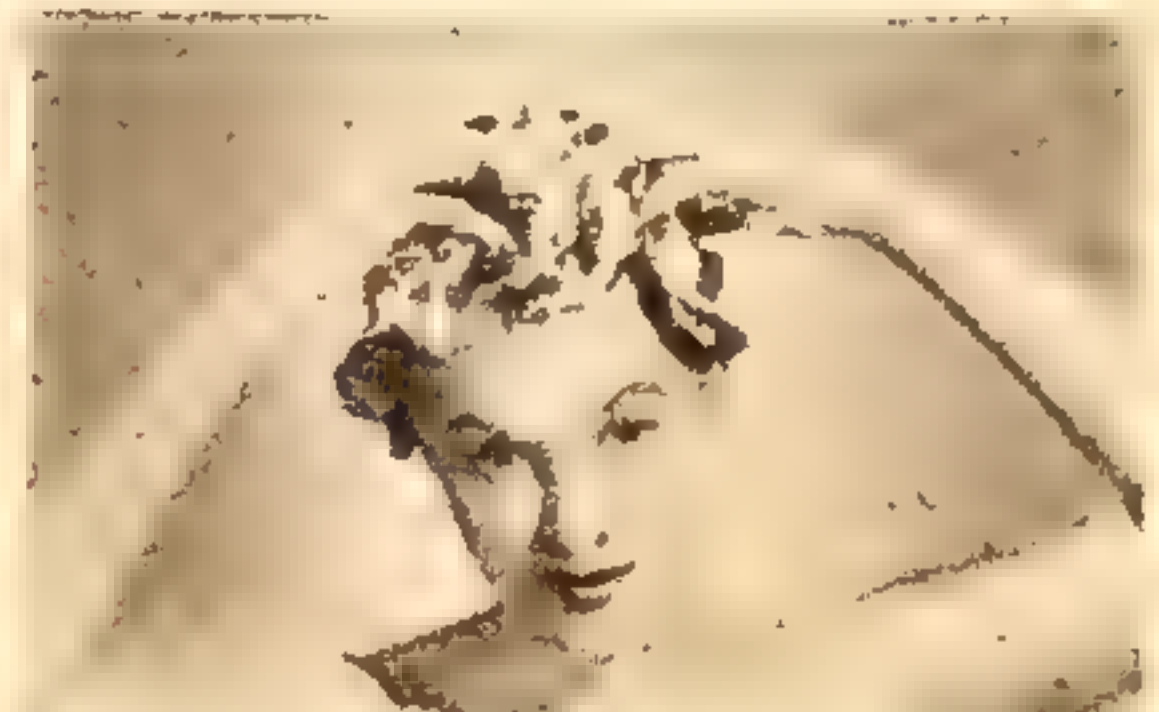
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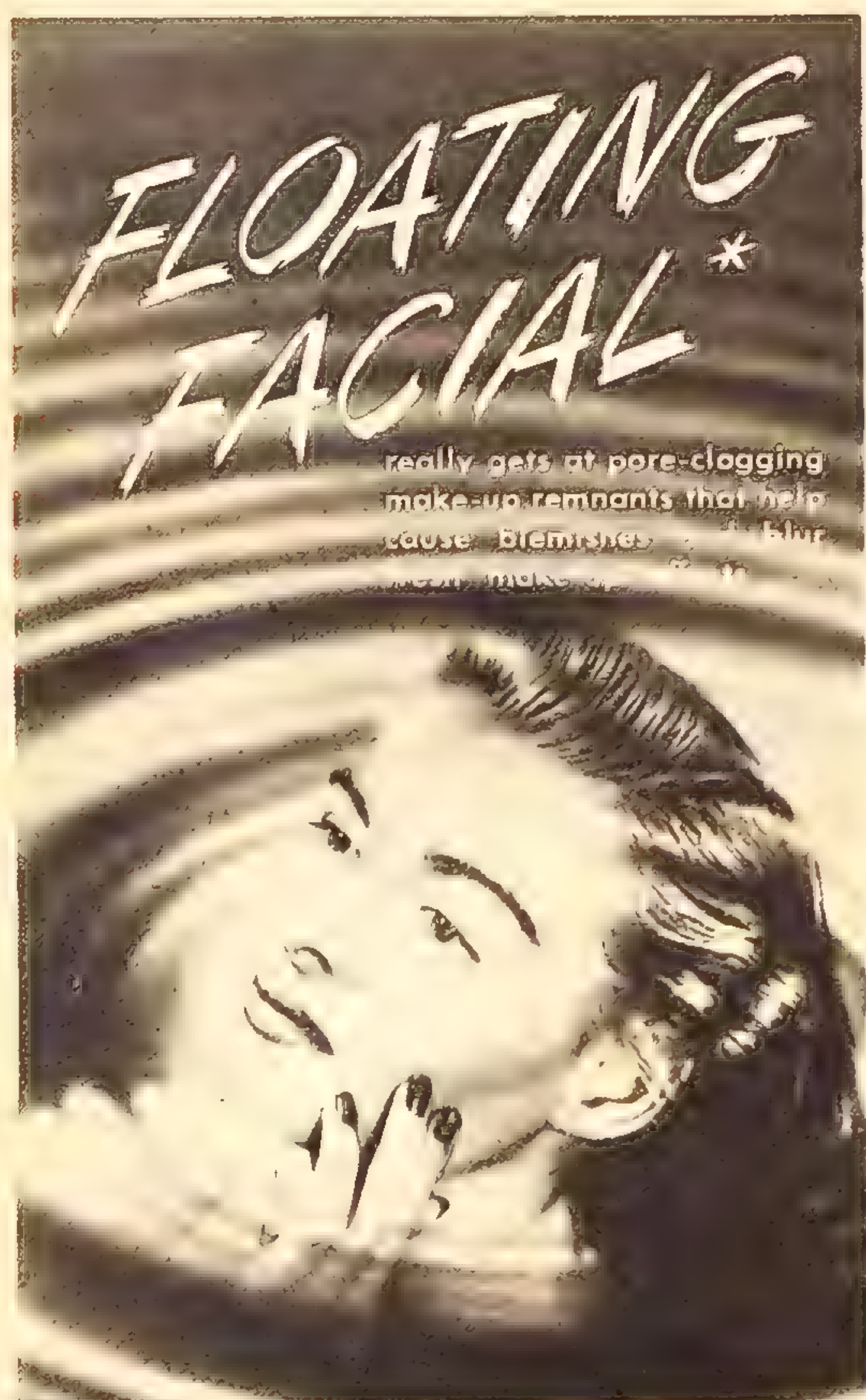
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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

to his mountain home in Hollywood and the two shepherd dogs he adores, Rolfe and Vance.

During his absence in the play, he'd acquired a new neighbor, Andre De Toth. De Toth (who later married Veronica Lake) was getting the breaks as a director, but he had no part open that Kurt might fill at the moment. But he'd see what he could do for Kurt.

One day, Andre was chatting with Alex Korda's brother, Zoltan, who'd come over from London to make pictures for Columbia, and was getting ready to do "Sahara" with Humphrey Bogart.

Zoltan was stuck on casting the part of the young Nazi flyer. It was an important role, as the Nazi, who pretended not to understand English, was later to reveal the plans of the American unit which captured him. De Toth told Korda about his Swiss friend who looked the part, and who had the aura about him of having just appeared in a Broadway success. Kurt got an interview.

purple fib...

Korda looked him over. "Ever done any screen acting?"

His part in "The Purple V" was nothing to boast about.

"No."

The ensuing pause was long. Kurt didn't realize it at the time but his future screen career was being decided that moment in the mind of Zoltan Korda.

"Okay, report tomorrow afternoon for a screen test."

After it was over, Kurt got the usual unpromising "We'll let you know." He spent the waiting period thinking of all the reasons Columbia was going to use when they announced that Jess Barker would get the part. Barker was under contract, they had to pay him his wages anyway, it was a juicy role, he was a blonde.

For the next three weeks, Kurt told himself these things, not discussing it with anyone because he has a superstition that talking about something in advance spoils it. He pretended to keep busy, playing a good game of tennis or badminton in natty white shorts which, everytime he put them on, reminded him of that white uniform; kidding around with Rolfe and Vance; reading Burns Mantle's "Contemporary American Playwrights" (everything with the American motif interests him); but it was that kind of artificial busyness that ends the minute something you've been waiting for turns up.

A casual phone call ended the misery.

"Be ready to leave early tomorrow on location for Brawley, California."

No need to tell him to be up early; he wasn't able to sleep anyway. He was too keyed up, knowing he was starting out for the biggest break in his life.

Brawley was wonderful. Everyone was swell to work with, from Bogart down to the "grips." But his fib about this being his first screen role caught up with him.

The local theater booked "The Purple V" and the whole company went over to spend an evening. He kept shrinking into his seat, as his scene came nearer. It was the first time he was seeing himself on the screen, too. How would he like Kurt Kreuger, the actor?

Suddenly, there he was, driving up in a car. As a German civilian, he was outfitted with a monocle which stuck out all wrong at right angles, built-up shoes (as if his 6-foot height needed 'em), and a long overcoat. Then he got out of the car and walked to the adjoining coffee shop! Struggling to keep the darned monocle in place, and the long coat from flapping about his ankles, he practically waddled.

The movie bunch recognized him and let up a howl of laughter at his appearance. When it was over, Kurt stayed in his seat

and sat through the second feature, something he'd seen before, so he wouldn't have to walk out with the crowd. But they got him back at the hotel later.

"You looked like a pregnant duck!" they yelled. And liked him all the more because he joined in the laughter and didn't get sore. He was doing such a swell job in "Sahara," it didn't matter what he'd done before.

When the picture came out, Kurt subscribed to Allen's Clipping Bureau. The clips came in from newspapers and magazines all over the country, all of them unanimously praising Kurt. But he's been so busy he's never even read them.

The one thing he finds time for is eating. His maid, Lillian, a peach whom he got through an ad in the Hollywood Citizen-News, doesn't come in till 2 o'clock, so he makes breakfast himself—grapefruit, applesauce as a butter substitute on toast, and coffee. He tries to skip lunch if he doesn't get too hungry. Dinner is hefty portions of everything, and two of dessert, especially if he's dining out at The Play-ers, which features gooey desserts with oodles of whipped cream. Hostesses love him because he enjoys everything they serve and never leaves anything over on his plate.

Between pictures, 45 minutes every day are devoted to singing lessons with Nina Koshetz and someday he wants to sing the title role in "The Student Prince." But beyond saying that much, he won't talk. His old superstition about talking in advance crops up, and he's mum.

When it comes to what they think of Kurt Kreuger, America's 85 million weekly moviegoers are not mum. To the list of things for which Switzerland is noted—watches, yodelers, cheese, and portable typewriters (when they weren't available here during the war)—they are now adding Kurt Kreuger.

MONIKERS IN MASQUERADE

What's in a name? Would you recognize a movie star if we gave you his (or her) real name? Aw, g'wan, don't be so sure! Try your skill by matching the real names in Column I with the reel names in Column II, scoring 5 points for each correct answer. 90-100's excellent, 80-90's not to be sneezed at either, 70-80's still good... and anything under 60 means you haven't been reading MODERN SCREEN lately! Check your answers against ours on page 125.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Benny Kubelsky | 1. Boris Karloff |
| 2. Betty Perske | 2. Bob Hope |
| 3. Claude Dukenfield | 3. Dorothy Lamour |
| 4. Grace Stansfield | 4. Merle Oberon |
| 5. Pauline Levy | 5. Jon Hall |
| 6. Myrna Williams | 6. Joan Crawford |
| 7. Estelle O'Brien | 7. Ginger Rogers |
| 8. Dorothy Koumeyer | 8. Cary Grant |
| 9. Muni Weisenfreund | 9. Lauren Bacall |
| 10. Charles Locher | 10. Myrna Loy |
| 11. Archibald Leach | 11. Jack Benny |
| 12. Hedy Kiesler | 12. Greta Garbo |
| 13. Lucille Le Seur | 13. Mickey Mouse |
| 14. Greta Gustafson | 14. Tom Drake |
| 15. Mike Mouseltoff | 15. Gracie Fields |
| 16. Dolly Loehr | 16. Hedy Lamarr |
| 17. Virginia McMath | 17. Paul Muni |
| 18. Leslie Towne | 18. Paulette Goddard |
| 19. Charles Pratt | 19. Diana Lynn |
| 20. Alfred Alderdice | 20. W. C. Fields |

Judy Garland starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE HARVEY GIRLS"
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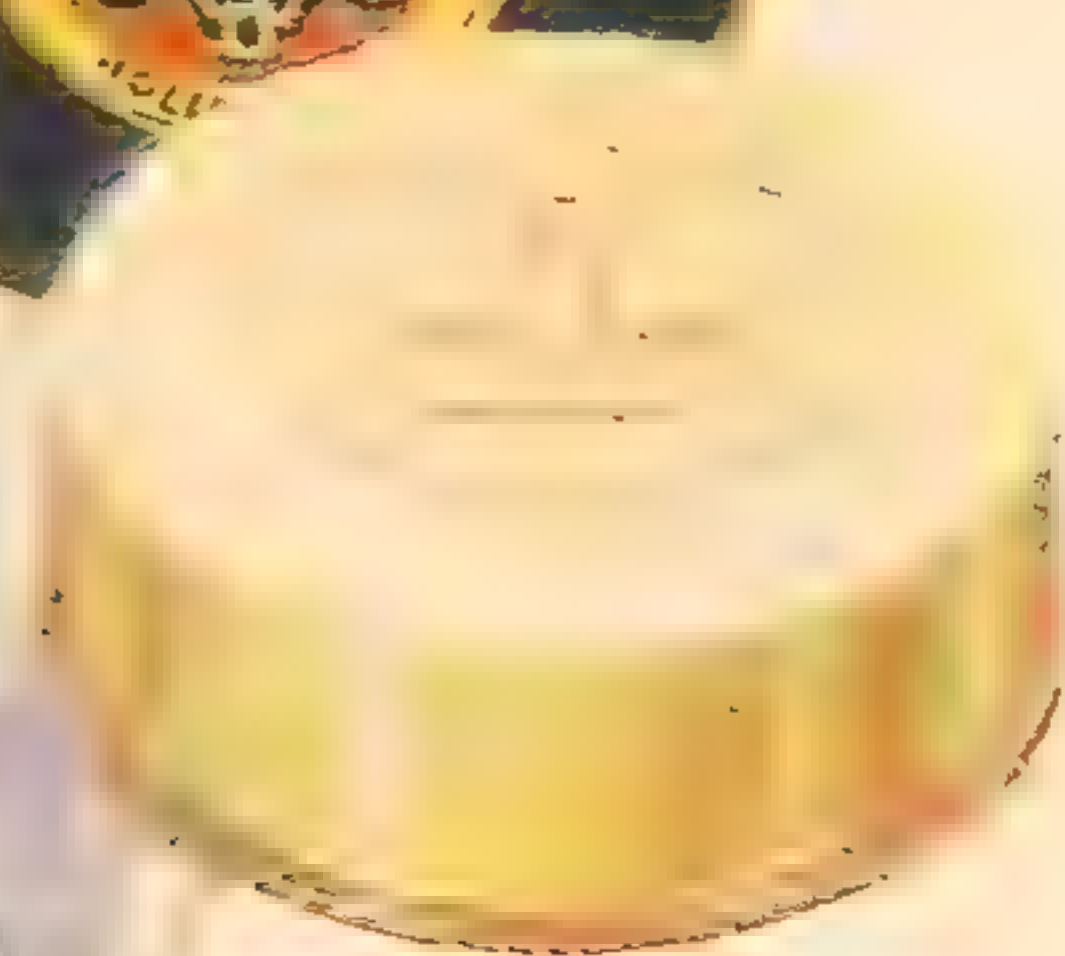
BRUNETTES



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HONOR BRIGHT



OFF DUTY



YOUNG RED



AT EASE



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 25)

the ten little Indians? It ends of course, with "and then there were none." For a while it looks as if this picture would end the same way. You never saw victims disposed of with such alacrity.

The cast is an unusually fine one for a mystery, and includes Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson. But then, this is a very superior mystery. It's a creepy, icicles-down-your-spine affair, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The shudders start right away, with the arrival of eight guests on Indian Island. They have all been invited by an unknown host, who proves to be conspicuous by his absence. A well trained cook (Queenie Leonard) and butler (Richard Haydn) see that they are all made comfortable, and an excellent dinner is served. The digestion of the guests is ruined by a mysterious voice announcing that each of them is a murderer. The voice says that their crimes will now be punished, and goes on to describe each one in cold, impersonal detail. Judge Quincannon (Barry Fitzgerald), for instance, has rendered an unfair decision from the Bench which cost the life of an innocent man. Vera (June Duprez) killed the man with whom she was in love. Prince Nikki (Mischa Auer) drove his car so recklessly that several deaths resulted. The others were as bad. Even the cook and butler are murderers, making an even ten.

The guests are in a panic. That night Nikki, attempting bravado, plays "Ten Little Indians" on the piano. He stops for a drink and dies, poisoned. On the mantel a group of figurines representing the ten little Indians are now—incredibly—nine. One of them lies shattered on the floor. Pandemonium ensues as one after another of the guests meets death. Each time a corresponding Indian disappears from the mantel. Obviously a murderer is loose among the guests. But they are; they suddenly realize, *all* murderers.

I don't want to tell you any more, because the suspense is so skillfully handled in the picture that it would be a shame to spoil it. Be sure you see it from the beginning, for the same reason.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

The property department scoured auction rooms, salons, and the storehouses of dealers in antique furniture to provide furnishings and decoration for the 15 room English mansion in which the action takes place. Value of these was set by insurance appraisal experts at \$300,000. . . . Film marks ex-Marine Captain Louis Hayward's return to pictures. He served with distinction at bloody Tarawa. . . . When not working, Walter Huston divides his time between his two out-of-county ranch houses. During shooting of the film, he lived in five different hotels. . . . June Duprez won the heroine's role because of her authentic British accent. . . . Barry Fitzgerald was assigned to star in the pic months before his victory in the 1945 Oscar sweepstakes was announced. The producers of "None" were thoroughly resold after private previews of "Going My Way." . . . The song "Ten Little Indians," which has gained widespread popularity, forms the basic theme of the musical score of the picture. It was composed especially for the production by Charles Previn. . . . Judith Anderson goes through an entire sequence busily plying her knitting needles, but admits that she actually can't knit a lick. . . . Richard Haydn's drunk

scene has been hailed by the critics as one of the best comedy sequences of its kind. On the strength of it, Haydn has been offered more jobs than he can accept. . . . René Clair won European fame as a film director years before coming to Hollywood. His first act upon completing the famous mystery story was to return to France and England to make a survey of conditions which will guide his future production activities. . . . The producers and all assistants identified with the making of the picture, religiously avoided seeing the stage play "Ten Little Indians" until after the film had been released. That's because a clause in the contract with author Agatha Christie provided that the motion picture be made absolutely independently of the stage play. Even use of the stage title was forbidden!

BLITHE SPIRIT

Rex Harrison is an English star, but I'm all for furthering Anglo-American unity by having Hollywood adopt him right away. Meanwhile, here he is in a United Artists release. "Blithe Spirit" is gay, witty, and outrageously sophisticated in the best Noel Coward manner. The play was, as you probably know, a smash hit in both New York and London. It involves certain strange occurrences in the home of Charles Condomine (Rex Harrison). Charles, a writer, is living happily enough with his second wife, Ruth, in a cottage in Kent. Ruth (Constance Cummings) is a charming woman, companionable and a good hostess and housekeeper. Of course she hasn't the vivacious beauty of his first wife, Elvira (Kay Hammond), but she hasn't Elvira's malicious mind, either, or her propensity for flirting with other men.

Charles is considering a novel involving mediums. In the interests of scientific accuracy, he and Ruth invite one to dinner. Madame Arcati (Margaret Waterford) is prevailed upon to conduct a séance after dinner, as a little demonstration. Nothing happens except a few minor knockings, and Charles is rather disappointed. Later in the evening, when he is alone, he finds to his consternation that the séance had a very strange result indeed. It has materialized the spirit of Elvira. Perhaps I should say "semi-materialized," for no one can see or hear her except Charles.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Elvira were a nice, amiable ghost. But she isn't. She has an awful temper, and a habit of throwing vases. Besides, she's jealous of Ruth, whom she considers an intruder, and she makes the most venomous remarks in her presence. When Charles is goaded into a retort, Ruth thinks he's either drunk or crazy. At last, in desperation, he tells her about Elvira. Ruth sends for Madame Arcati and asks her to de-materialize the ghost. But Elvira's power is stronger than the medium's, and Charles hears her laughing hilariously. He doesn't know that she has just figured out a scheme to get him away from Ruth. Unfortunately—or fortunately—it backfires, and results in the kind of mad triangle which only Noel Coward could evolve.—U.A.

P. S.

Three million theater goers cheered the stage version of "Blithe Spirit," and now it's a Technicolor-ful movie. Sets are unusually attractive. . . . the gardens outside the living room were laid out under the



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eye of a horticultural expert; so successful were they that birds came into the studios, and were so vocal they had to be chased off by prop men! . . . Problem of creating "ghost" personality of Elvira presented difficulties for director and studio technicians. Though she does look like "a shadow of her former self," she is nevertheless a gay and charming one. She moves always in a green light, but this light must never fall upon the other actors with whom she is seen. Wonderful make-up gives her an alabaster look in Technicolor: She's green-gray, with lips and finger nails of a vivid rose! . . . Kay Hammond (Elvira) has appeared in only three stage plays in eight years, because they've all been such terrific successes they've kept running and running. . . . Kay war-worked through the London blitzes in a mobile canteen. . . . Constance Cummings (Ruth) will be a surprise to moviegoers who have associated her with heavier parts. . . . Rex Harrison (Charles) returns to the screen after serving in the R.A.F.

SPANISH MAIN

The Spanish Main was probably not quite as romantic as it looks in Technicolor. Also, I think it doubtful if you could have found a pirate either as charming or as altruistic as the one played by Paul Henreid. But only a viperish critic would quibble over such details when faced with the dashing magnificence of "Spanish Main." As an added attraction, there is the breath-taking sight of Maureen O'Hara in a white lace nightgown.

The nightgown belongs to Francesca (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of the Viceroy of Mexico. It is part of the fabulous trousseau on board the Santa Madre, which carries Francesca to her wedding in Spain. She has never seen the Governor (Walter Slezak) whom she is to marry. She has a vague hope that he will look something like the Dutch navigator, Laurent (Paul Henreid), of the Santa Madre. Francesca casts an appraising glance at Laurent every now and then. One evening this leads to her being thoroughly kissed—and, later, to Laurent being as thoroughly whipped.

But Laurent turns out to be a pirate, and when his ship, "The Barracuda," comes alongside, he becomes master of the situation. To everyone's surprise, he marries Francesca in a legal ceremony. This is not usually the fate accorded to beautiful damsels who fall into the hands of pirates, and it irks the rest of the boys considerably. Maybe they feel it's creating a precedent. Or maybe, as they insist, they're just worried about what's going to happen when His Honor, the Governor, hears about it. Laurent's treacherous assistant, Da Bilar (John Emery), seizes Francesca and "The Barracuda" and makes off for Spain. He hopes the Governor will reward him properly for this industrious effort. But the Governor (Walter Slezak) threatens to hang him unless he inveigles Laurent into capture. Now that would be worth a reward, if he could do it!

Treachery, sword fights, and kisses in the moonlight are the principal ingredients of this romantic potpourri. Binnie Barnes makes a swashbuckling female pirate, and Mike Mazurki is effective in a minor role. A wicked villain than Walter Slezak has never been hissed.—RKO.

P. S.

The action takes place on the high seas, aboard 4 pirate ships and galleons of the period, in Tortuga, the island stronghold and rendezvous of the pirate fleets, and in Cartagena, Spain's capital of her New World empire. . . . Love takes quite a beating to conquer all as the romance

progresses against a thrilling background of tropical typhoons, sea battles and tyranny on the high seas. . . . Author Aeneas McKenzie has previously written such outstanding adventure originals as "Juarez," "Elizabeth and Essex," and "They Died With Their Boots On," and collaborated on the screen plays of "The Fighting Seabees," and "Buffalo Bill." . . . Before becoming an actor, Paul Henreid entered the publishing field, designing formats and covers. Although Walter Slezak's father is Leo Slezak, famous operatic tenor, Walter started out to become a doctor. . . . Others in the cast accepted the fact that they were destined for drama at an early age. When only fourteen, Maureen O'Hara enrolled in the famous Abbey Theater School and in the next three years won every award and medal in Ireland's many dramatic contests. At seventeen, she played the feminine lead in her first picture, "Jamaica Inn." This marks Maureen's 13th American motion picture and her fourth in Technicolor. . . . With a family background of theatricals dating back to 1740, John Emery is the ninth generation in his family to choose acting as a career. . . . Eighteen-year-old Nancy Gates is a veteran of the stage, having made her first appearance at the age of five in a college play in her home town. . . . Binnie Barnes was the successful candidate in a field of more than forty actresses tested for the role of Anne Bonny. As the female pirate, she portrays a real character in pirate history and for it she rehearsed fencing for five weeks. . . . Binnie's been a rope-twirler, a professional ballroom dancer, a world-touring vaudeville star, and stage star! "The Spanish Main" climaxes what might be termed a Technicolorful career!

SUNSET IN EL DORADO

Evidently the West of today is neither wild nor woolly enough to do justice to the talents of Roy Rogers and Trigger. So most of "Sunset In El Dorado" is a flashback to the days of the Gold Rush, and pretty vigorous days they were, too. Especially when a certain "Kansas Kate" and a cowboy named Roy were involved. But,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a circus performer, an aerialist on one of the two major circuses. One day while we were performing in Los Angeles, we learned that Edward G. Robinson was visiting the circus. We were all thrilled to have such a famous person in the audience, and wanted to perform to our best ability. To our surprise, however, Mr. Robinson preferred to visit the real "workmen" of the circus: The roustabouts, the clowns, the acrobats and the horsemen. He came backstage, and although it was hot and sultry in our dressing room tent, he stayed and chatted with us for several hours. The funny part was that, thrilled as we were to meet this star, he seemed even more excited than we were at the idea of meeting us, and was as wide-eyed at the experience as any kid. We'll never forget the "tough guy" of the screen peering at everything with all the naive curiosity of a little boy.

Virginia Tiffany
Spokane, Washington

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were on the house. . . . Off-set mystery was that of Geraldine Fitzgerald's stolen automobile. Taken from her garage, it was found several days later in the Malibu Hills—out of gasoline. Missing from it were a pair of bowling shoes and some publicity photos. For two days, Miss Fitzgerald had to rely upon taxicabs to take her to and from the studio. . . . Director Negulesco, who was an established artist before he turned to film direction, uses three of his paintings in the picture. . . . The end of the production found Joan Lorrington frantically searching for a house into which she and her mother could move. She had received an eviction notice because the owner of the place she rented wanted to return to make it his home. . . . No wonder the finished product sustains a "continental flavor." Greenstreet, Napier, and Rosalind Ivan are English. Joan Lorrington was born in Shanghai, China. Geraldine Fitzgerald in Dublin, Ireland. Peter Lorre is Viennese. Negulesco is a native of Craiova, Roumania. American born include Robert Shayne and John Alvin. . . . Two's company, but the three strangers are certainly an interesting crowd!

FRONTIER GAL

In these uncertain, post-war days, most of us crave action, and lots of it! Action is what you get in this Technicolor saga of a beautiful girl who runs a frontier saloon. The beautiful girl is Yvonne De Carlo, and the man in her life is played by Rod Cameron. Andy Devine, Fuzzy Knight, Sheldon Leonard and Betty Sue Simmons furnish the complications.

Red Horse Gulch has several saloons, but the most popular is the Red Horse, run by Lorena Dumont (Yvonne De Carlo). Lorena's figure is enough to make it popular, but she sings, too. She's pretty pleased with her abilities till one night when a handsome stranger saunters in. The H.S. is a rancher, Johnny Hart (Rod Cameron), who is looking for the man who shot his partner. Johnny's search is temporarily side-tracked by the Dumont gamblers. Lorena takes his attentions in a more serious spirit than he meant them. When he walks into the Red Horse next day, he is astounded to hear that he and Lorena are to be married right away. He promptly tells her that if he marries anyone it will be a schoolteacher named Sheila Winthrop.

Now Lorena is not the girl to be publicly jilted. She has announced that there will be a wedding, and there will be one. She sticks a gun in Johnny's ribs, covers it with her fur muff, and marches him off to the preacher's. Afterward she gets her revenge by turning him over to the sheriff on a homicide charge that comes up conveniently. Johnny escapes in time to spend the night with his reluctant bride, but is re-arrested next day and goes off to serve six years in jail.

Six years is a long time. Not long enough for Johnny to forget two things, however. One is Lorena, and the other is the murder of his partner. When he comes back to Red Horse Gulch, he is looking for Blackie Schwartz (Sheldon Leonard) who he believes is the murderer. Johnny finds, to his startled terror, that he is the father of a cute little five-year-old named Mary Ann. She is quite a personality and pretty soon he admits that if he wasn't so busy on his man hunt, it would be nice to be a father. Johnny and Lorena are at cross-purposes for a while, but when they finally get together it's worth waiting for.—Univ.

P. S.

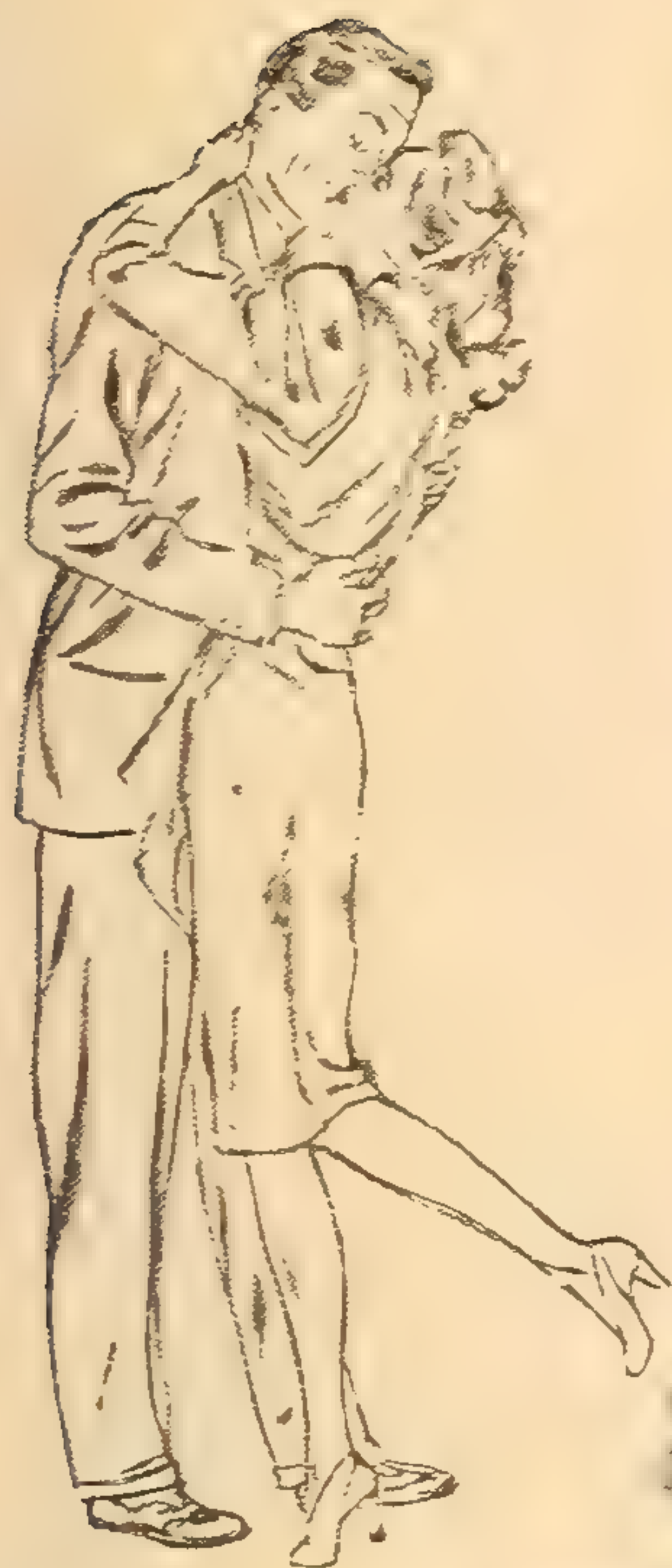
Film marks a return engagement for Rod Cameron and Yvonne DeCarlo who worked together in "Salome, Where She

Danced." . . . Although Yvonne can sing and dance as well as act, her performance is based largely on her dramatic appeal. She does have two songs, however, and performs some very fancy dances. . . . It pays to advertise! When film columnists mentioned the search for a child who looked like Miss DeCarlo, six-year-old Betty Sue Simmons was brought to the studio by her aunt. Formerly a pupil at Cheremoya Street School, Hollywood, Betty Sue makes her first film appearance. . . . Both Cameron and Yvonne have difficult riding assignments and neither uses a double. Cameron's ride down one side of the rushing falls on Little Kern River is the sensation of the picture. Yvonne has a horse of her own (Little King) and secretly yearns to ride in a rodeo. . . . Nickname for Betty Sue on the set is "Bugnose." She doesn't like it, but it is useful to hold in check a possible inflation of ego. . . . The production is filmed in Technicolor, but instead of employing desert reds and yellows which the two producers feel have been overplayed recently, mountain blues and greens are featured. . . . Outdoor scenes were shot in the High Sierras near a lumber camp in Tulare county. The spot has never before been used for movies. . . . To assure a maximum of sunlit days, the company made two trips to the locations in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Despite the advantage of cloudless or nearly cloudless weather, it was sometimes necessary to light the sets with reflectors or big sun arms, particularly when fast action had to be recorded at close range. . . . As an example of a studio prop man's ingenuity—the big saloon is "heated" with an 1890 period coal stove. To make the fire flicker for Technicolor, a pan of water containing a chunk of dry ice (at 110 degrees below zero Fahrenheit) was provided. The light flickered naturally when reflected from the surface of water boiling as the solid carbon dioxide (dry ice) evaporated. . . .

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Mistletoe Bait



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NOTE: In addition to the sets illustrated, there are other Djer-Kiss sets from 5.75 to 1.00. These contain, in various combinations, the articles illustrated as well as Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Djer-Kiss Soap.

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Glow in the dark

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Dainty TEA ROSE CLUSTER
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THE CROSBY QUINTETTE

(Continued from page 67)

into the music business?"

"Yeah—don't learn to play drums. I've lugged those things around until the sight of an animal still wearing its hide gives me an attack of acute weariness. Better take up piano. At least that you won't have to lug around. As for myself, think I'll start singing seriously."

For Christmas, 1944, each of Bing's four sons received a brass unit; one is taking lessons on the trombone, one on the trumpet, and two on sax, so it won't be long until Bing will be able to take his own brass section out on tour. As it is, the boys go along as musical background.

Also at Christmas time, last year, Bing and his quartet were located at the home of a friend whom they were serenading with carols, and was urged to appear at the Canteen. As the boys had leaped out of bed at six that morning to explore their stockings and sundry mysterious boxes under the Christmas tree, Bing thought they might be too tired. "How about it, boys?" he asked.

"Let's go!" yelled Linny, rushing his answer so that no one would think that because he happened to be the youngest member of the choral group he was the least durable. The Crosby men finally rolled home around 2 A.M.

water sprout...

As you probably know, Bing's junior swimming ability was somewhat more than considerable and he hasn't parted company with his porpoise power. One Sunday afternoon, when he was in high school, Bing said to his mother, "Would you like to watch a swimming meet this afternoon?"

"Will I know any of the contestants?" she wanted to know.

"Could be," said her aquatic son.

So she sat there, squinting against the dazzle of summer sunlight on water, and watched Harry L. Jr. win twelve events, twelve medals, and the meet. Each time he won a medal, he trotted over and dropped the beribboned bronze in his mother's lap. "Look out for that for me, huh, Mom?" he said, and tracked away dripping to enter the next event. Some of the medals in Mrs. Crosby's lap caught a few salt water tears to mingle with the fresh water splashing.

A good many years later Bing was working on a picture at Paramount with Dick Arlen who undertook to kid Bing about the crooner's relaxed behavior between takes. "There you sit—getting flabby," chided Dick. "But then, I'll bet you never in your life developed a muscle not needed for snapping a pair of percussion sticks on a drum head. Now, you take my physique, for instance..." and he launched into a humorous account of his erstwhile athletic prowess. He spread it on pretty thick while Bing took it all in, although he appeared to be nodding sleepily.

That night he appeared at his mother's house with an urgent request. "Did you happen to bring my medals down from Spokane with you?"

Like any devoted mother, Mrs. Crosby was able to answer, "Naturally," and to make good her statement by wending her way through old trunks and packing cases filled with the mementos of a family of five boys and two girls, until she had produced every medal Bing had won.

The next morning, Bing arrived on the set swathed in his topcoat buttoned to the neckline. When Mr. Arlen arrived, Bing ostentatiously removed the topcoat, then his sport coat, to reveal a chest covered with a bronze coat of mail. Egad, sir, he

was more resplendent than a pre-war Balkan prince at a royal wedding.

Mr. Arlen rose handsomely to the occasion. "The Champ," he announced, "old Beef, Iron and Wine himself."

One summer afternoon Bing was lounging with friends around his own pool and observed lazily, "Anybody want to bet me that I can't cross the pool in three strokes?"

He had several instant takers among those who had never seen Bing's aquabesity demonstrated. Shedding his robe, he plunged in. And now people won't bet with him any more.

Naturally, when Gary was born, Bing announced, "I'm going to see that I have another swimmer in the family. That young gentleman is going to learn to do everything a real boy should do."

Then Philip and Denny came along to augment the Crosby Athletic Association, followed by Linny. In those days Bing owned a ranch at Del Mar where the kids spent their summers. Linny was only two when Bing made a deal with a chap who was a wintertime school physical education instructor to give his boys the full course in muscle making. Linny, despite his scant years, learned to swim right along with his three senior brothers—and occasionally licked them in races. That the effort expended by the other three contestants was less than maximum has never been proved, of course.

All four of the boys learned to ride that summer and to handle themselves pretty well in the leather glove department.

As you can see, Linny has been hard put to it to keep up, being about four years younger than the twins, who have the advantage of being only a year younger than Gary. But if you think Linny isn't equal to it, you're mistaken. The other three boys had been in school four years before Linny got there, but one night when the brood came home from school, the amazed parents of the quartet were intrigued to see Linny barking orders, then marching his squad up to the front steps.

"Look who got to be senior officer in a hurry," grinned Bing, opening the door.

"He's really got us, Pop," admitted Gary, nodding toward his kid brother's sleeve. Linny was wearing the chevron of a PFC—the first in the family of St. John students. Gary made it two weeks later, but the twins are still bucks.

All four of the boys worked with Bing in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern," but even there rivalry reared its ugly head. Bing was strolling across the lot one day when he met the twins. "Hey, what's the idea?" he wanted to know. "I thought you two were supposed to be on the set this afternoon."

"Not us," said Philip. "They got all they wanted of us in a hurry. Gary and Linny are still working, and if you ask me—Linny's got all the good lines."

gag that became a fable...

It was also Linny who, the first time he saw curvaceous Julie Gibson, who has the role of the boys' nurse in the picture, nudged his brothers and emitted a wolf whistle that would make Errol Flynn look like Casper Milquetoast.

There is a popular fable stating that Bing Crosby is color blind. It was started as a gag by Bob Hope who was attempting to explain Bing's exploded rainbow taste in haberdashery, but someone took it seriously. A reporter one day asked Bing when he had first become aware of his color blindness and Bing, wiping off that grin and planning to tell Bob about it



The Twins Did It! Because materials sent to the men still in the Pacific must be *double* wrapped, more paper is needed. And these heavenly twins have collected it . . . *all . . . day . . . long!*

Now, they drift off to a restful sleep—cushioned on that luxurious *dream*-mattress, Beautyrest, made by Simmons.

You don't see new Beautyrests today, for it just takes more of *everything* to make a Beautyrest. Why, *one* Beautyrest alone takes *50 yds.* of cotton cloth—compared to 10 yds. in the average mattress! Why? Because each of the Beautyrest's 837 coils *must have its own cloth pocket*

—and *that* kind of fabric is still critical—even though the war's over.

If you need a good, new mattress now, however, we suggest you buy any Simmons mattress your dealer may have. For any mattress bearing the Simmons label is a real "buy."

P. S. We can offer, too, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs, at \$39.50.

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Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

afterward, said that he guessed he had always been like that, but that he couldn't remember the onset of the disorder.

All four of the boys have inherited pater's admiration for paint-shop riot color schemes. For Easter this year, Grandmother Crosby gave each of them a kahala shirt. (An Hawaiian garment more dazzling than a flag factory.) The boys instantly shed their normal Sunday garments and buttoned themselves into the haberdashery.

"And now," piped Linny, "let's go over—all five of us—and give Uncle Bob Hope a thrill."

One of the gags that has been greeted by hilarious acclaim in army camps consists of Bing strolling out on the platform wearing every G.I.'s idea of What To Wear Upon Being Discharged, and being followed by four boys in similar dazzling array.

Bing can't always take all of the boys on his excursions, but he usually manages to take at least one. This fact has led to some serious rivalry in the son ranks; there is a running discussion as to which is their father's favorite. One week Bing was set to play an exhibition golf match, a fact well-known and solemnly debated in the Crosby dormitory. Saturday morning at the breakfast table, Bing said to Philip, "How about it? Want to go with me today?"

Phil's face came up over the edge of the table like the July sun blazing out of a cloud bank. "Gosh . . . Gosh—I'll say I do."

On Sunday Gary and Linny visited their Grandparents Crosby and Linny sighed, "I guess Dad likes Phil best. He went to the tournament with Dad yesterday."

"Don't talk nonsense," soothed Grandmother Crosby. "He loves each of you quite as much as the other. There are only four of you, but I had seven children,

and my heart couldn't tell the difference between them."

The following week, Denny was chosen as companion, the next week, Linny, and then Gary. Bing has managed to perfect this rotation system so that no boy is favored two weeks in succession, and no boy misses his proper turn. And that feat requires a prodigious memory—for which Bing is noted.

One of his memory stunts was revealed when he returned to Spokane after having been away for a good many years, walked up to school chums on the street and called them instantly by name.

Several months ago, Bob Burns spent a good deal of time telling Bing about a Burns uncle who was going to visit him. This uncle was something very special, Bob insisted, and spent hours telling anecdotes about him.

At about this time, Bing's Uncle Frank—whom Bing hadn't seen for about fifteen years—arrived in Hollywood for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby decided that it would be fun to take Uncle Frank to a broadcast before he actually renewed acquaintance with his nephew. On the street, just before entering the broadcasting station, the Crosbys met Bob Burns and introduced him to Uncle Frank, revealing their plan.

"I've got an idea," said Bob. "Let's work it this way. . . ."

So, just before the broadcast, Bob strolled up to Bing in the wings and said, "I've been talking about my uncle for weeks, Bing, and now I want you to meet him."

Bing extended his hand and slowly a warm, welcoming smile creased his face. "Bob, this is no uncle of yours. This is my Uncle Frank!" he announced triumphantly.

From the time Bing was big enough to handle a paper route, he earned all his own pocket money and was soon able to buy

most of his clothes. Even though his own boys will one day come into a comfortable sum, Bing has always said that they had to learn the value of money. "They've got to be capable on their own hook; they've got to know the score so that they don't ever have to depend on anyone but themselves for their financial welfare."

So, although the boys are given an allowance, it is paid for services rendered. Each boy is responsible for a certain department in the victory garden, and is paid so much for his produce. There is a fee for cleaning the garage, for stocking the fireplace wood boxes, and for assisting the gardener in transplanting shrubs, clipping hedges, and controlling the grass.

When Gary was discussing his summer vacation he told his mother, "I'd sure like to go to the ranch, but I've got to stick around and earn some money. I've got some things in mind that I want to buy."

The ranch consists of ten thousand magnificent acres in Nevada. Bing bought it originally with the intention of running it as a breeding farm for racing thoroughbreds, but conditions did not appear to be right, so this enterprise is being carried out at the farm of his friend, Lynn Howard.

However, the Nevada property has many important advantages; it is the only spot where Bing can really rest. He can get so far from a telephone that the eagles would have to be wired for sound to reach him. He doesn't have to see people, or give in to the urgings of a generous heart when sweet charity calls.

Best of all, he can spend twenty-four hours a day with his sons; he can swim with them, box with them, ride with them, and harmonize with them until the sage brush swoons. In short, he can be the one thing he likes best to be in all the world: The father of Gary, Philip, Denny, and Linny Crosby.

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DANA ANDREWS

(Continued from page 33)

nothing. To the rearing of her brood of young hellions, she brought a rare combination of patience, humor and tenderness. Crises did arise when she'd have to ask Dad to take over—and others that she felt even Dad couldn't cope with. When Mother'd reached her limit, she'd dump the whole thing in God's lap. "He sent them to me, so He must have known what He was doing. I've tried everything, now it's up to Him—"

facts of life . . .

Just as Wilton and Harlan, the two eldest, were special brothers, so were Dana and Charles, the next two. The older boys educated the younger. When you've got a raft of brothers, you learn self-reliance fast, you learn to give and take, you learn not to sulk or whine or feel sorry for yourself, because all that gets you is the cold shoulder or a kick in the pants. Dana was five and Charles four, when Wilton and Harlan decided they'd been babies long enough.

It was two days before Christmas. "Well, kids," said Wilton, who was eight, "it's time you found out about Santa Claus—"

"What about him?"

"See this closet?" He opened the door. "See those toys? That's what old Santa's supposed to bring down the chimney Christmas Eve. With his ole sleigh and reindeer. Well then, how did they get here? Mother 'n' Dad bought them, that's how—"

"Is Santa Claus sick?"

"No, he's not sick. There never *was* any Santa Claus. That's just stuff for babies—"

Charles broke into a wail—"I'll tell Mother—" but Harlan's hand nailed him down.

"You wanna make her cry?"

Dana was shaken too, but he got the point. Santa Claus was a game grownups play with kids, and their feelings were hurt if you didn't play along. He took Charles's hand. Charles would do whatever he said. "We won't tell," he promised.

It was a household that got along on what the Lord provided, and he didn't provide much cash. The boys were Mother's helpers. They loathed it, but that was all right. They weren't required to like it, just to do it. By turns they made beds, scrubbed floors, baked biscuits, and scrapped like wildcats over whose turn it was. They delivered papers in winter, and in summer hoed weeds from dawn to dusk for fifty cents a day. Dana's one good suit was a hand-me-down from Wilton or Harlan. Birthdays went unheeded except for Mother. Even the birthday child forgot what day it was, till Mother appeared in the doorway with a lighted cake.

But they had the kind of fun which is independent of money. Uvalde, Texas, was set in the midst of cattle country, and all outdoors was their playground. They fished and swam and rode horseback, they went camping for three or four days at a time, unhampered by adults. "Wilton's old enough to take care of himself," Mother'd say serenely, "and smart enough to look after the younger ones."

Lack of funds never interfered with the Christmas spirit. Granted the wherewithal, it's easy to walk into a shop, plunk down your dollars and say, give me this or that—only takes a few minutes. But the Andrews clan spent weeks of affectionate toil on Christmas gifts for one another. Dana and Charles would collaborate on a racing wagon for Harlan, a breadboard for Mother, a tie rack for Dad. The things



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A perfume made of all the things you love . . . adventure, mixed with mystery, a dash of gayety and carefree laughter. Enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

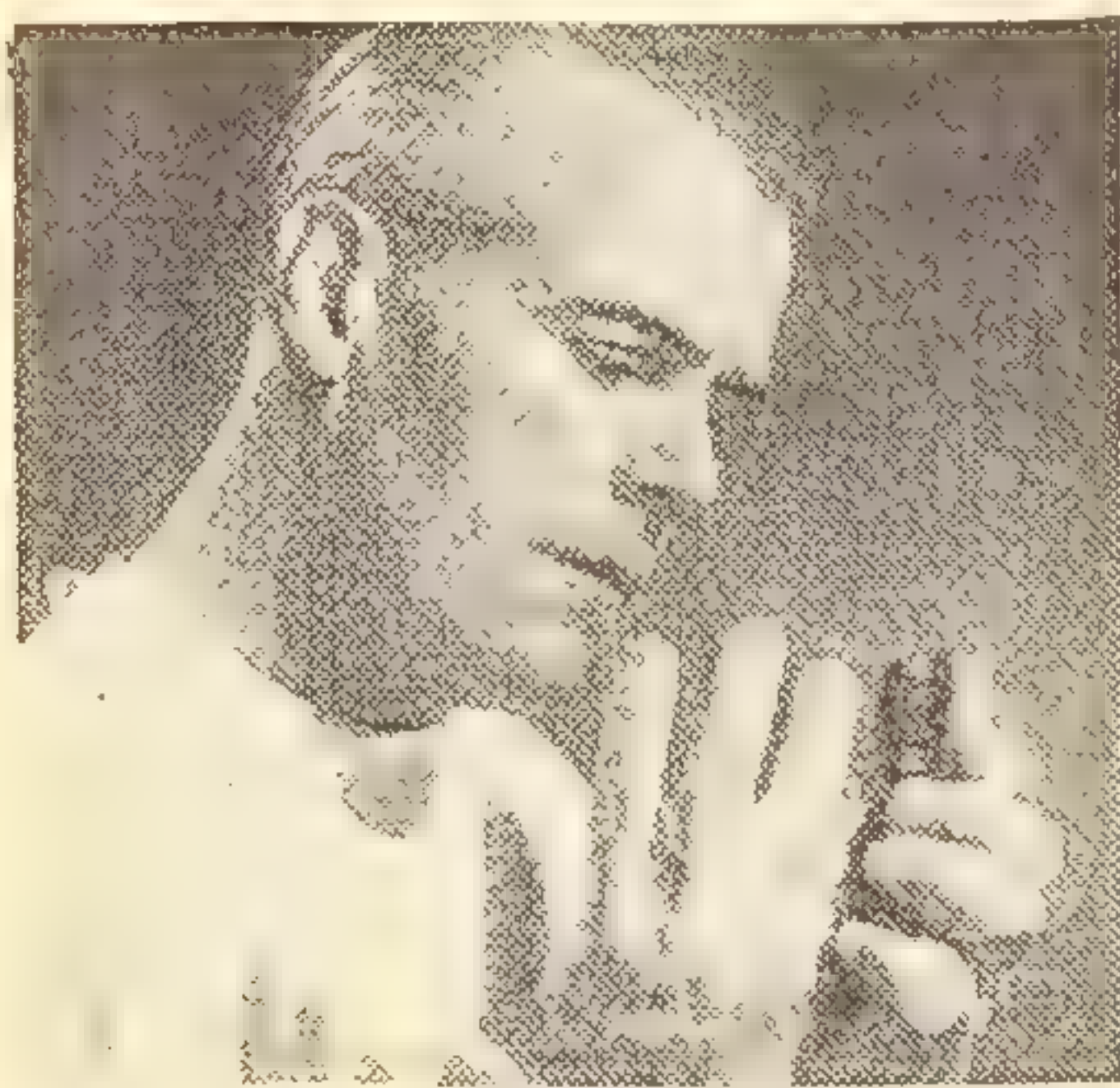
Perfume, \$6.50; \$3.50; \$1.10
(Plus tax)

"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—James Whitcomb Riley

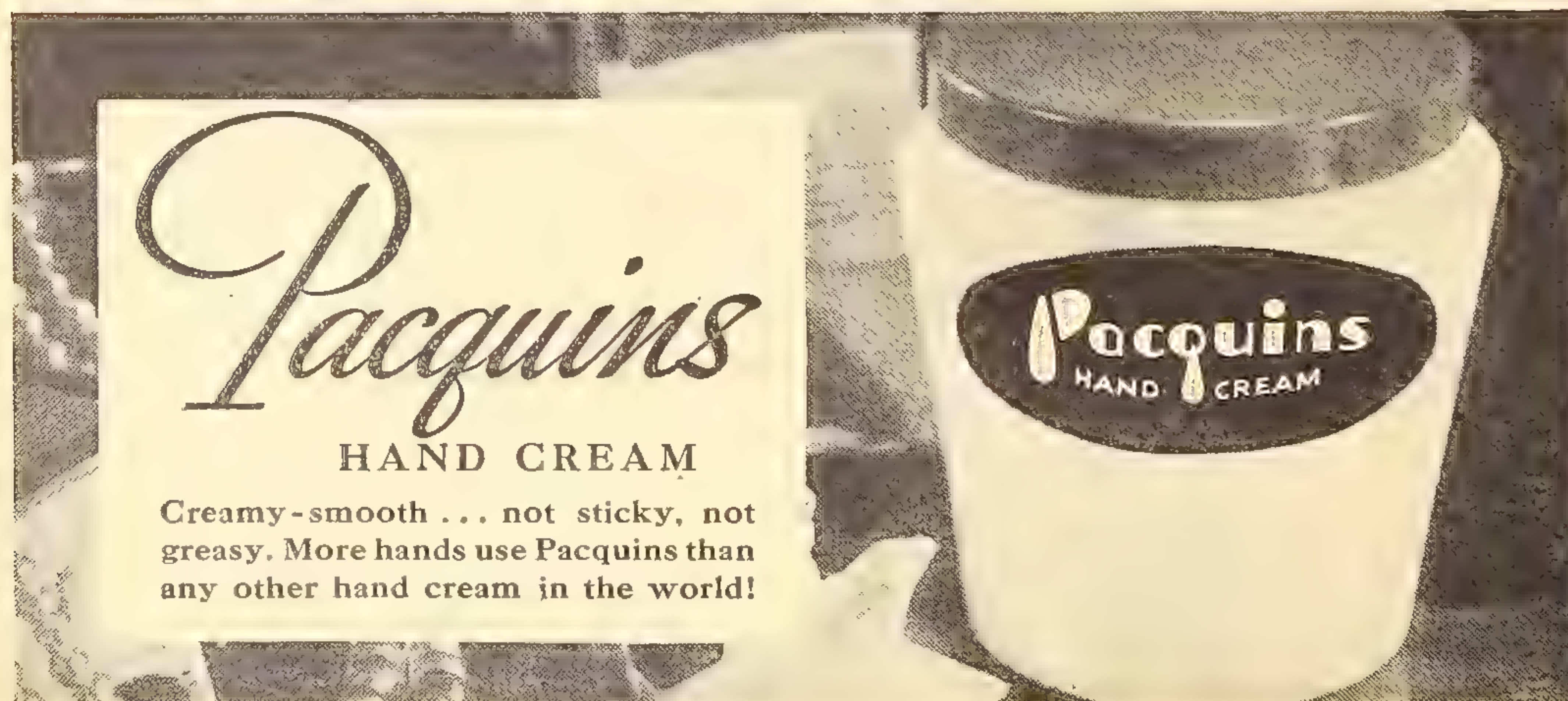


We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet's dream. Rough, red, older-looking than *you* are. So be *sure* to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.



Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about . . . how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here's the secret—it's *super-rich* in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

weren't so pretty, maybe, but the folks must've liked them, because they stuck around for years.

Summer nights they'd gather 'round Mother on the front porch, listening to tales of her father's cotton plantation, which they'd left when Dana was four.

"I was born in Don't Miss," he'd tell his pals waggishly. Don't was the name of the Mississippi town, where Dad had taught school and fallen in love with Anice Speed, one of his pupils. After their marriage, they lived with Grandfather Speed while Dad studied theology at the Seminary. Dana remembered the corncribs where he'd played, and the colored folk with their chuckling laughter and gentle hands, lifting him to their shoulders. Best of all he remembered the smell of the woods—great old oaks dripping with Spanish moss—nothing in Texas smelled like the woods of Mississippi. . . .

Then the winter evenings when Dad sat down at the piano, and they'd sing by the hour. Dad's songs fascinated them. He'd learned them from his grandfather, and they had an eerie quality and no one but Dad ever sang them. At least, Dana never heard them from anyone else till years later on a TC-Fox set, when a big blonde guy named Burl Ives plunked his guitar and broke into one of Dad's songs.

Dana was the family showoff. Of them all, only Dana liked to get up in front of a crowd and recite. At four he appeared on the program of a church entertainment. He and another little boy marched out and spoke the piece in unison:

"When I am grown to be a man,
I'll be a good one if I can,
I will not smoke or drink or chew,
Or other things that bad men do."

His partner walked off. Dana, remembering how Teacher always said, "Now let's do it again and do it better," stayed where he was and proceeded to do it again. This brought down the house and enchanted the artist.

At seven he'd take his school reader home and practise the billygoat story with expression, so when Teacher called on him to read, he could make a stir. That was partly to impress a certain curly-headed girl, partly to sustain his reputation as best-reader-in-the-class. Both objects were accomplished. Curlyhead peeped at him from under her lashes, and Teacher gave him the reading prize.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Many years ago, in a drugstore in Ft. Worth, Texas, a young girl walked in, and I instantly recognized her as the girl who had just won a Charleston contest at the local theater. She was carrying a tiny, dirty kitten, meowing at the top of its voice. She asked for a saucer of milk, and as the boy behind the counter handed it to her, he said, "That'll cost you 5c." She produced the nickel, took the saucer of milk, and then the boy said nastily, "And feed 'em outside!" When she came back to return the saucer after the kitten had been fed, she handed the saucer to the boy—but it dropped to the floor and crashed to smithereens! "That'll cost you 5c," she said smilingly. That was Ginger Rogers' comeback to a snippy soda jerker.

Gladys Tatum
San Francisco, Calif.

At twelve he got wind of a recital that the music teacher was putting on for her pupils. Dana didn't know one key from another, nor did Dad have the money to give him piano lessons. But he had to be in that recital or die.

So he went to the teacher. "If I work for you, will you give me lessons?"

musical mugger . . .

For two months he ran her errands, cleaned up her yard, led her cow to pasture—and learned to play a pretty complicated march, strictly by ear. Came the recital, Dana played his march, made his bow, walked off purring, and the music teacher never set eyes on him again.

He wasn't old enough nor introspective enough to analyze this partiality for the limelight. Any more than he analyzed his passion for movies. It's natural for kids to love movies. But it wasn't natural for one of the Andrews kids to sneak out at night, as Dana did, and sneak in the back door of the picture house to indulge that love.

Now and then Dad would catch him. "All right," he'd say. "I'm taking the boys swimming tomorrow. You went to the movies, the others didn't. So you'd better stay home tomorrow—"

He didn't want to stay home, and certainly he didn't want to be caught again. But the next chance he got, he sneaked out to the movies. Movies with punishment was better than no movies at all.

At 13, he put on his most spectacular performance. He ran away. If Dick Whittington could be thrice mayor of London, Dana Andrews could be something equally startling. It was time he got going. With a sure instinct that this was one venture on which Charles wouldn't collaborate, he packed his grip in the dead of night, slipped out and hopped a freight to San Antonio. . . .

Maybe Dick Whittington didn't leave a mother behind him. Though Dana stuck it out for three days, he spent them drowned in homesickness and tears, weeping for Mother who he knew must be weeping for him. On the third day he rang the doorbell of a friend of Dad's, who seemed pleased but not surprised to see him.

"I've been waiting for you, son." Your father phoned me. Now just come in here and sit down while I call him back—"

Dad's friend put him on the train. All the way home, Dana kept wondering what punishment would be dire enough for this dire misdeed. Pulling in at Uvalde, he caught sight of Dad on the platform. In silence they walked to the car, got in and drove through town.

Finally Dad spoke. "Tell me one thing. Why did you go away? Were you unhappy?"

His voice didn't sound stern at all—only quiet and a little sad—and Dana's heart burst. "I just wanted to make a lot of money, and put you and Mother up in a big house—"

There was another silence, but when Dad spoke again, his voice wasn't sad any more. "I think I can understand that, son. But you do realize that you made a mistake? You won't run off again?"

That was an easy promise to make—even before he saw Mother standing on the porch, tears streaming down her face.

off to huntsville . . .

The following year they moved to Huntsville. In the Andrews family, college was taken for granted. "I don't know how we'll manage it," Dad always said, "but manage it we will—"

So his call to Huntsville—home of Sam Houston College—came like an answer to prayer. Living at home, with your bed and board assured, it was easy for a boy to work his way through.



MISS FORTY-NINER
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selected as Miss Stardust
of 1945, now a Walter
Thornton Pin-Up Girl



BY THE MAKERS OF **Stardust** FASHION-WEAR

"The Lovebug" started it—the senior high school play in which Dana got the lead. Hook, line and sinker, he fell for the praise and applause. Other kids were praised and applauded too, only they didn't seem to take it as hard as Dana. Maybe he was just a conceited dope, but he didn't think so. Dimly he realized that, while the plaudits were sweet, they were just the trimming—decorations on a birthday cake. What really excited him was the acting itself. Moulding lines with his voice, feeling the audience respond—that made him come alive in a way nothing else ever had. His blood pumped faster and his eyes glowed with the memory—golly, people acted for a living, why couldn't he?

Then he'd grin ruefully, thinking of Mother and Dad, who didn't believe in dancing or playing cards. Besides, who ever heard of a Huntsville boy turning actor? When they played the game of "Whatcha gonna be when you grow up?" the answer was always doctor or lawyer, teacher or preacher or business man. Dana could just hear himself say, "Gonna be an actor." Might as well say a bum and be done with it.

Just the same, he joined the dramatic club at college. And a fellow-townsman who didn't know he existed, gave his dream the first touch of reality.

Bills were posted, announcing the coming of the Devereux Players. A wave of excitement swept the town. Dana didn't know why till a pal gave him the lowdown.

"So-and-so's with them—used to be a Huntsville kid—went to New York and now he's a regular actor—"

grabbing the laurel leaf . . .

So-and-so's name was on every tongue, and the tongues clacked with pride in the hometown boy who'd made good. Dana rolled that bit of psychology over in his mind. A few years earlier this fellow had been in the same spot as himself—a Huntsville boy who wanted to be an actor and had certainly gleaned no encouragement from his background. Yet here he was, an actor, and the crowd roared. Dana's spirits rose. What man has done, man can do. . . .

Something happened in his sophomore year that clinched it. Dana'd got himself a job in a movie house—from usher he'd been promoted to ticket seller and sort of assistant manager. Talkies were in, but the owner couldn't afford to lease a machine—

"Let's rig up a turntable and loud-speaker," Dana suggested, "and play records to the screen. It won't be talkies, but it'll be better than nothing—"

Dana was elected to change the records. In order to pick up cues, you had to watch the screen every minute, which meant seeing the picture forty-nine times. The first time, he was a sucker for the story. The second time he caught bits of business he'd missed the first time. Then he began studying the actors. They weren't gods or supermen, they didn't float on air or spout pearls and rubies. They were plain, bony masculine flesh-and-blood people who walked across the screen and tried to act like human beings. Anyone could learn to do that—especially Dana Andrews, because that was the one thing in the world he ached to learn. . . .

Meantime he was majoring in business administration, chiefly to keep away from liberal arts which led to teaching. With teaching he would have no truck. Business method had its practical side. On his way through college he'd incurred some debts. He'd have to work for a while to pay them off and accumulate a nest-egg before hitting the trail. Mother and Dad were a little disappointed that none of the boys showed an inclination to enter the ministry, but the children's lives were their own. As for

Dana, business was an honorable calling. Luckily for their peace of mind, they couldn't see inside his head.

He went to Austin and worked as an accountant. From any viewpoint but his own, a highly successful eighteen months during which he was upped to office manager. Since he couldn't study acting, he took singing lessons. With sound in the movies firmly established, a trained voice might come in handy.

The singing teacher had been in show business. It was to him that Dana laid bare his hopes for the first time. "Do you think I have a chance?"

"A chance?—yes. It'll mean a lot of work, it may take five or ten years, you may never be a star, but you should be able to make a living—"

He might have stayed put longer if the boss hadn't offered to promote him again. The business was being enlarged, he felt Dana was ready for more responsibility, etc., etc. With the benevolence one feels in giving pleasure to a fellowman at no cost to oneself, he outlined the plan. But Dana was staring into an abyss—

It was marked: DANGER. SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN. He saw himself bogged down in better and better jobs, more and more money, lured away from the vision by a swelling bank account. Austin was a nice town—swell people—pretty girls. His imagination leaped ahead like a runaway horse—to himself at forty, with a wife and house, with a car and kids, feet stuck in a rut, eyes turned wistfully now and then toward a gleam that had vanished. It was a very sad picture and it scared him stiff—

He got to his feet. "I'm quitting—"

The boss's jaw dropped. "What's this, a gag?"

"No. I'm leaving town—"

"Aren't you happy with us?"

"It's got nothing to do with you. I'm going to Hollywood. I want to be an actor—"

"My kid went to Hollywood," said the boss unexpectedly. "Stayed two years and worked three weeks. You've got a future here—"

"That's what I don't want. I could be

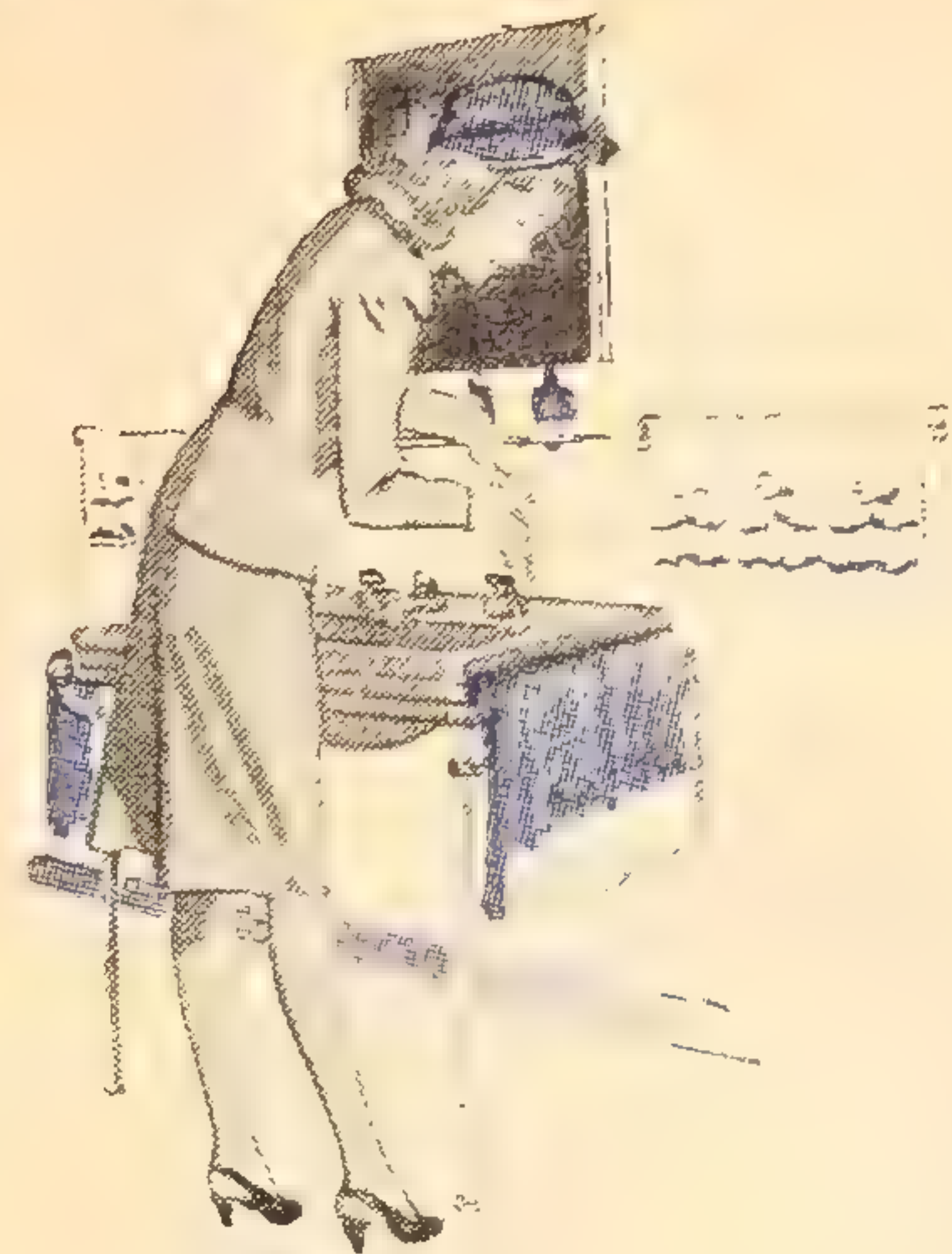
Are you in the know?



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ Her competition
- ☐ Boogie-woogie
- ☐ The Three D's

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—drons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex*. It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!



Which would you use?

- ☐ The guest towels
- ☐ The Turkish towels
- ☐ The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest towels*—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use them*. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ With a shiny nose
- ☐ Without benefit of bangles
- ☐ In winter pastels

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together



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Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented *safety center*, you get *plus* protection with Kotex.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a boy scout, and a group of coast guard men, stationed near our camp, frequently march past here. Once they marched by during regular camp session, when there were about 300 scouts in camp, and for some reason

their chuck wagon was late. Finally it did arrive, and we scouts were given permission to watch them unload and feed the men. Suddenly one alert scout shouted, "Whee! There's Cesar Romero!" And sure enough, there he was, part of the K.P. bunch on the chuck wagon! He was a wonderful sport, gave us all his autograph, talked to us, and said he liked being in the Coast Guard "kitchen department" very much. I don't know whether he meant it or not, but it certainly encouraged us to perform our chores more cheerfully in the future, because we always remembered the thoughtful and gay manner in which he handed out "chow" to his hungry comrades-in-arms.

J. Lenden
Oakland, Calif.

"Stars are whispering this Beauty Secret"



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containing OLIVE OIL
are Simply Grand for
DRY SKIN"

All Hollywood knows how dry skin can threaten beauty. That's why stars are raving about Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. It's a rich, fluffy cream whipped with olive oil that instantly makes dry skin softer, smoother—coaxes away tiny lines—brings rosy freshness! To velveteze hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Get both glorious creams at your 10¢ store.

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the biggest business man in the world and I still wouldn't like it—"

After a while the boss shrugged and gave up.

He reached Huntsville with a ten dollar bill in his pocket, having spent the rest on a bangup party for his pals. A clean sweep, he reasoned, a gay goodbye to Austin, and a fresh start. On the road to high adventure, what price a few bucks one way or the other?

The folks were delighted to see him. "Vacation?" asked Mother.

"Nope." Might as well come straight out with it. "I'm hitchhiking to Hollywood. To be an actor—"

What cushioned the shock was that they didn't really believe him. Dana had always been the restless one, who sparkled and pawed the earth at the thought of change. Now he'd had enough of Austin and was pushing on. If it suited him to say he was going to be an actor, you couldn't stop him. You couldn't stop him from saying he was going to be a circus horse either. That didn't mean he was going to be one or the other.

Mother may have thought it a pity that he'd quit his good job, but she didn't say so. And whatever the wrench of parting, she wouldn't have lifted a finger to keep him. He was a man grown. . . .

Only Dad gave any indication of taking him seriously, and that in a kind of left-handed way. "If you ever do get to be an actor, son—and I hope you won't—you don't have to act like I hear lots of them do—you can still be a good boy—"

Mother spoke up then. "They're probably much maligned. I shouldn't wonder if most of them are good boys—" Which sounded so like her that it raised a shout from the children, and made everyone feel much better about the whole thing.

Harlan went to the highway with him to see him off. "Take care of yourself, kid."

Dana's heart turned over. Even saying goodbye to Mother hadn't done this to him. He'd been braced for the tears in her eyes. But here was his big brother, trying to pretend he wasn't coughing a lump out of his throat.

A car stopped, and Harlan hoisted the suitcase in. Dana craned his neck backward, waving till distance swallowed his brother up, then fixed his eyes on the road ahead. Not so good, being left behind. "I'm the lucky one," he thought. "I'm the one that's going—"

At El Paso he got a break. The man who picked him up was going all the way to Los Angeles.

There was something strange and impressive about him. He talked in clipped sentences. Three fingers were missing from his right hand, yet he said he played the violin. . . .

"You live in Los Angeles?"

"No, my home's in Texas. But I want to be an actor—"

"Tough racket. Here's some advice. They'll tell you it can't be done. Pay no attention. Depends on your own backbone. You want it enough, you can do it. Got any dough?"

"Started with a tenspot, but most of it's gone—"

"That ring you're wearing. I'll let you have ten for that. Here's my name and address. When you get work, you can have the ring back for ten—"

They drove all night, stopping off a couple of times to eat. When his new friend said, "Let's have a hamburger," it sounded like an invitation. He seemed to have plenty of money. It never occurred to Dana to pay.

They had another hamburger at El Centro. "Here's where I drop you," said the guy.

"But I thought—aren't you going on to Los Angeles?"

A MESSAGE FROM Fannie Hurst

With our armies of occupation now concentrated on farthest flung fronts, the long and merciful arm of the National War Fund is more drastically needed than ever!

Our boys are not only thousands of literal miles from home, but they are soul, mind, spirit and heart, miles from home, surrounded by peoples and ways of life strange and remote to them.

Our "GI Joe," from Great Falls, Montana, or Fancy Prairie, Illinois, needs, as he has never before needed in his life, heart-warming evidence that he has not been forgotten now that the war is over. He wants the close-to-home services that the National War Fund agencies can supply.

If he has felt the need of them in the European areas, and he has, think how much more distant, bewildered and homesick he must feel in the Far East, where peoples and habits are more sharply differentiated than in

Europe's occupation zones.

Joe stands personally in need of the major services and the tremendous trifles that the National War Fund agencies can supply. But even more, he also needs the peace of mind which it can give him by making it easier for the loved ones he has left behind. The knowledge that his wife, children or parents can turn to community war fund services, brings him a sense of security. Likewise, beaten men and women laboring beneath the oppression of our enemies come under the vast coverage that the community war fund umbrella spreads over direct and indirect war victims.

In fact, it is interne, red cap, wheel chair, sister of mercy, ambulance, night light, shoulder to lean on, to a world inching its way back to normalcy.

We need the National War Fund and its affiliated community war funds every day in every way.

Fannie Hurst

Night must fall . . . and
you'll dream of nocturnal fashions
deftly made of Beau Spun,
a new principle in spinning cotton
and rayon so typical of the
quality standards represented by the mark
of BEAUNIT FABRICS . . .
a guide that
will serve you increasingly
in the future.

SLEEP

MY PRETTY ONE



WRITE FOR BOOKLET — "Beauty
Secrets of the Models", by C. Matthew
Dessner . . . crammed full of facts that
every girl should know; it's FREE!

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC., DEPT. D, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

"I am, but not you. I gave you ten bucks to eat. Did you pick up the check? No. Did you even offer to pick up the check? No. I'm good and sore. Not on account of the dough. Look here—" He took off his boot. It held ten thousand-dollar bills. "The dough's nothing. But you wouldn't pay your way. That gets my goat. I like fellas that pay their way—"

He got into the car and drove off, leaving a pretty abashed fella behind him. Not till a year later was Dana able to scrape ten spare dollars together, and go hunting for Paul Fruchet at the address on the card. But they'd never heard of him.

Dana'd like to find him. The ring's no longer important. But he'd like to apologize to Mr. Fruchet with the best dinner in town.

The family knew some people in Van Nuys, who were swell to him. They helped him find a job—driving a school bus at ten dollars a week—and a place that gave him room and board for eighteen a month. Now all he had to do was tackle the studios.

If you wanted a job in Austin, you went in and asked for it. Why should Hollywood be different? Dana bought a guide book, located the studios and started his rounds. "I'm an actor," he'd tell the gate cop. "Where do I go for work?"

"Casting office."

There a girl sat at a desk. Dana fumbled with his hat brim. "Any chance for a job in pictures?"

"What experience've you had?"

"College plays—"

"Leave your name and phone number. If something turns up, we'll call you."

He was green, but not dumb. It took one round to make him realize that they'd call him when hell froze over. There must be some other angle. Experience. With-

out experience, you couldn't get a job. Without a job, you couldn't get experience. Or could you? Amateur dramatics maybe.

He beat it over to the Van Nuys High School, discovered they had night classes in acting, and enrolled.

There was a girl in the class named Janet Murray. What he noticed about her first were the clear brown eyes. One night he asked if he could see her home, and they told each other the story of their lives.

Janet didn't want to be an actress, she'd just joined the class for fun. Her job was in the newspaper field, she'd taken a master's degree at Northwestern in journalism. Lived in Van Nuys with her parents and sister. "I'd like you to meet them some time," she said.

Before long he was calling Janet's mother Aggie, as all her friends did. The Murrays thought it was silly for Dana to be driving a bus—and would have thought so even if it hadn't become obvious that he and Janet were crazy about each other. By now the depression was in full swing, and jobs weren't easy. But thanks to Dana's training and the Murray connections, he was hired as bookkeeper by a big service station at \$100 a month.

Well, that was riches. "What are we waiting for?" he asked Janet.

"I wouldn't know—"

So there was a quiet wedding in the Murray home.

Janet thought Dana's voice was wonderful. She thought he ought to concentrate on singing. A teacher in Van Nuys confirmed her opinion. If Dana worked hard enough, he could do musical comedy.

"Why musical comedy?" asked Janet calmly. "Why not the Metropolitan?"

At first Dana put that down to a wife's partiality. But she talked him into going

to see old Bragiotti, father of the pianis and long established as a teacher of operatic voices.

"You have the equipment," old Bragiotti said. "It's a matter of training. And work and work and work—"

"And money," added Dana. "Which we don't have much of—"

"I'll give you a special rate. One lesson a week. Five dollars a lesson. . . ."

Twenty dollars is a large slice out of a hundred. "We can manage," Janet insisted. "You've got to do it—"

They'd rented the upper floor of a duplex, and moved in with a bed and several chairs. "We'll buy the rest of it piece by piece," Janet said. "That way, you get to know your furniture—"

But when the Bragiotti lessons had been arranged, she came to Dana with her eyes alight. "Darling, there's one thing we've got to have now. A combination radio record player and recording machine—"

She had it all worked out. They'd been planning to buy a dining room set or rugs. Those things could wait. But they needed the music machine in their business. "Maybe at first glance it seems kind of silly, but take the long view, and it's an investment, that's all, and we'll get it back. Besides, look at the money we'll save staying home from movies because we'll be making records—"

For months their living room held nothing but the big combination machine. They read plays together, made records and played them back. Dana'd come home from Bragiotti's and sing to the machine, and they'd compare the platter with the last one to see if he'd improved. According to Janet, he always had.

They didn't have money for parties or glad rags. Or for anything much beyond shelter and food. But they had each other, and the future, and they were happy.

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for **PHILIP MORRIS** . . . but

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IS WORTH A POUND
OF CURE**

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically
proved far less irritating to
the nose and throat

When smokers changed to **PHILIP MORRIS**,
substantially every case of irritation of
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definitely improved.

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leading medical journal.

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FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

Dana's boss, Mr. Wardlaw, owned the service station alone, but in certain other ventures had a partner named Twomey. Twomey was a man who liked to set people up in business. Instead of stocks or real estate, he invested in human beings, and walked the world with an eye peeled for prospects. He'd meet up with a barber head and shoulders above other barbers—or a keen young pharmacist, fresh out of USC.

"How'd you like your own shop?" he'd ask him. "I'll furnish the money, you run it. When I've drawn out a legitimate profit, the place is yours—"

Three unrelated events brought Dana to his attention. Bing Crosby became a sensation, the late Pauline Frederick made a remark, and Dana pumped gas into Mrs. Twomey's car while one of the regulars was out to lunch.

"Such a nice-looking chap," she told her husband. "Ambitious, too. He came up from Texas to get into pictures, and now he's studying opera with Braggiotti—"

Pauline Frederick was a friend of the Twomeys. They dropped in to see her and the talk veered to Bing Crosby. "Right now," she said, "this town's got a hundred Crosbys who'll die on the vine. Kids loaded with talent flock here from all over the country to crash pictures. And wind up eating their hearts out at gas stations because they can't get a hearing—"

Next day Mr. Twomey showed up at Wardlaw's. From an office he heard the punch of an adding machine and a voice raised in song. But first he had a few words with Dana's boss. "If you think he's a good risk," Mr. Wardlaw chuckled, "it's okay with me. In fact, you can cut me in on the deal—"

Dana looked up from the adding machine. He knew Mr. Twomey from having seen him around. That gentleman came straight to the point.

"I understand from my wife that you've got a voice, and I'm here to make you a proposition, strictly business. I've done the same with other young folk who had no capital. Set 'em up, take my profit, and then they're free. You're taking singing lessons. With a wife to support and the money you earn here, it can't be easy. I'll pay for the lessons—"

Here Dana found his voice. "What's the deal?"

"First, forget opera. Sing popular music. This fella Crosby's making a lot of dough. Maybe you could do the same—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



This incident took place at Court Square in Springfield, Mass. Charles Laughton was selling bonds, and I say "selling" and not "trying to sell," because they "sold!" Mr. Laughton did the trick when he

stood up and said, with great dignity and restraint, "I am not here to do my little piece and try to sell you a bond. I think it's a disgrace that the American people have to feel they must get a return of interest on money loaned to the government, must be teased into buying a bond." Well, the result was that tears welled up into our eyes, and a very shame-faced audience bought their bonds hoping for peace with their consciences as well as peace for their country.

Leona De Wolf
Springfield, Mass.

New!...

the "Embracelet" that says,

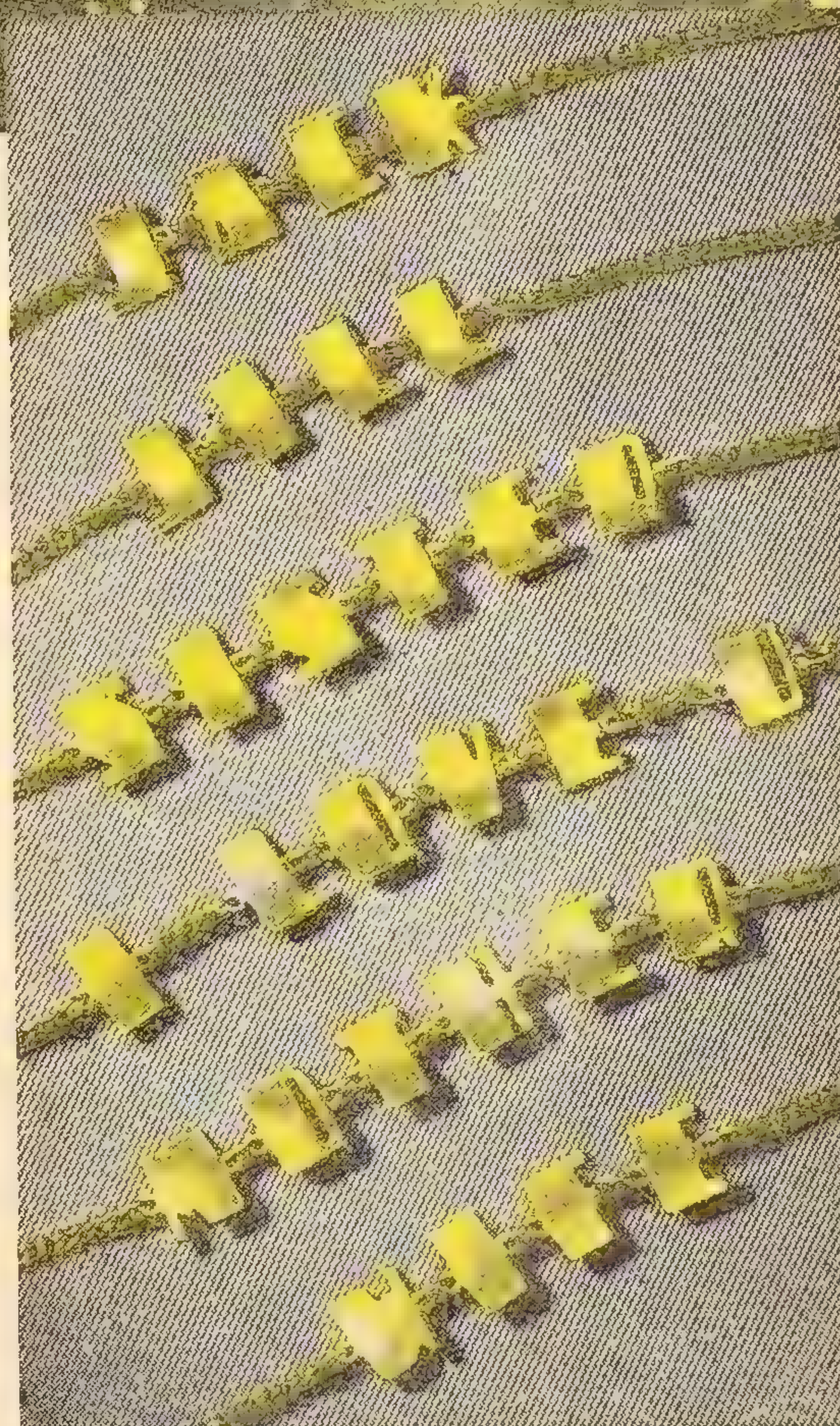
"I love you!"



Instead of tying a string around her *finger* so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her *wrist* — a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries *your* name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with *her* name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet" — hand-finished by New York artisans — priced to give Cupid a helping hand — and so new it's actually making fashion news!

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30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names \$10.50 — each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, Px's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.



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WARREN FABRICS CO., Inc.
WEST WARREN, MASS.

"Thanks, but the answer's no. I want to sing at the Met—"

Mr. Twomey rose. "Okay. If you change your mind, let me know—"

David was an incubator baby. He weighed four pounds, and the sight of him broke Janet's heart. "I always wanted my baby to be so pretty, and he looks so sad—"

skinny little fella . . .

Even when they got him home, he was still scrawny. "My poor little sparrow without any feathers," Janet called him. But the sparrow filled out and turned fat and sassy and laughed up at his mother out of brown eyes like her own—

"You sure had me fooled for a while," she told him. "How did I know you'd turn out to be just the baby I wanted—?"

A baby makes a difference in many ways, not the least of them being the budget. Three couldn't live as cheaply as two. So when Mr. Twomey came round once again, Dana was in a much more receptive mood. "Changed your mind, young man?"

"Well, I'd still like to sing at the Met but—what's the deal again?"

"I'll pay for your lessons, and we'll work out the rest of it later—"

"I don't want to go into debt—"

"There'll be no debt unless you make good. If and when you do earn money singing, you can pay me back. If not, I mark it off as a bad investment. But first I want to take you to another singing teacher—"

This one proved as encouraging as the others. Also, she saw no reason why Dana shouldn't study opera and learn some light music, too. So he and Twomey struck their bargain on that compromise—a gentleman's agreement—and no contract was ever signed.

Meantime, with some others, Dana and Janet had organized a Little Theater group in the valley. Its two most faithful patrons were Twomey and Aggie. Whoever else didn't come, they always showed up and applauded.

"I don't know much about acting," Twomey'd say, "but they tell me you're good—"

Aggie said: "I'm proud of you, Dana. Who's this Gable they're making a fuss about, anyway?"

Just before bedtime one Saturday night, Janet was seized with a violent chill. The doctor came, made his examination painstakingly and motioned Dana into the kitchen.

"It's pneumonia and it's bad—"

The look on his face was more terrifying than the words. Through lips suddenly stiff, Dana asked: "How bad?"

"A 50-50 chance. We'll do everything we can, but I wanted you to know—"

She was too sick to be moved. The doctor phoned for a nurse. Aggie arrived. Dana was sent out for a hospital bed and an oxygen tent. The night wasn't real. This wasn't happening. You couldn't be well one minute, and the next— He pushed the next away. One minute at a time was all he could take—

blithe spirit . . .

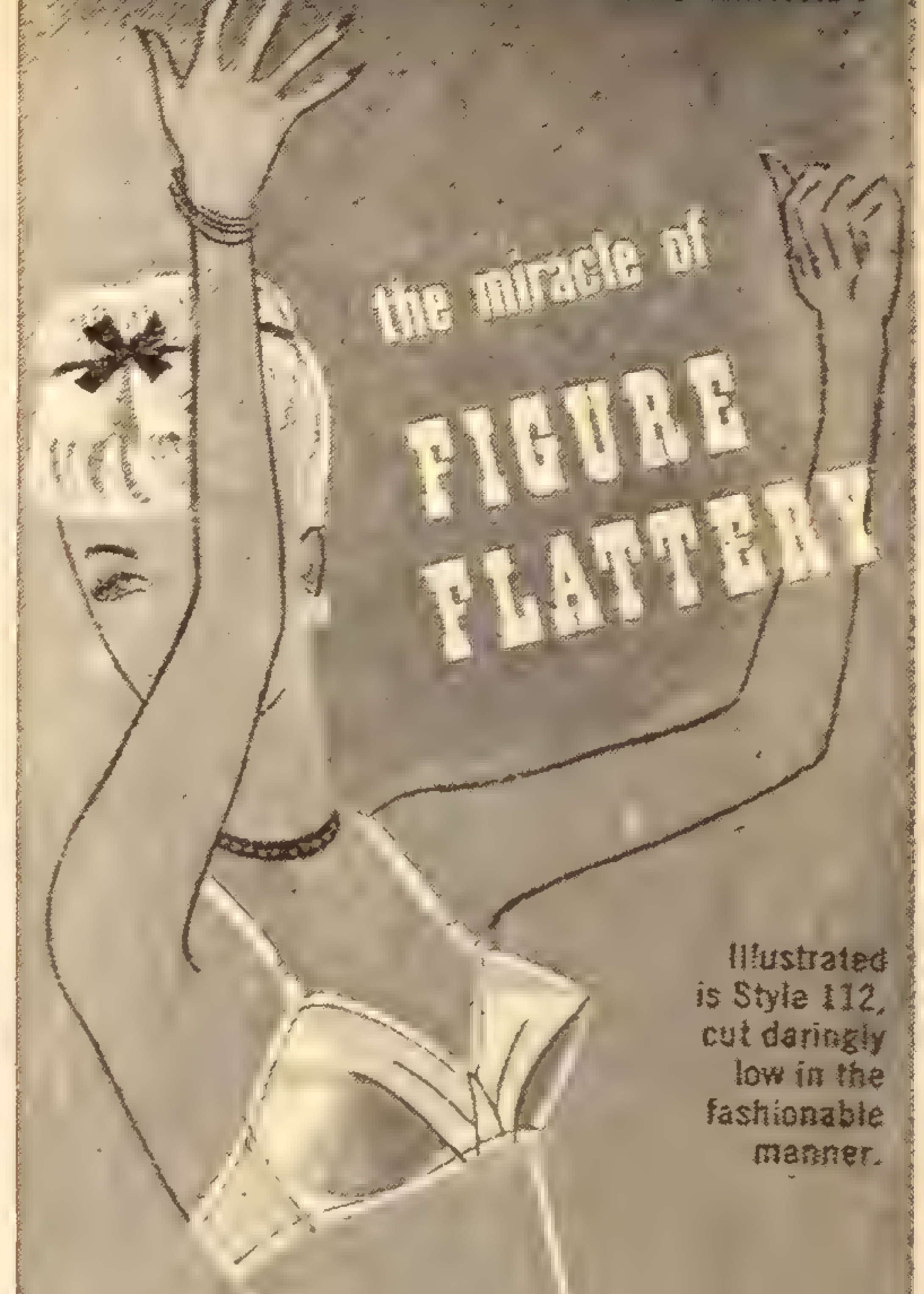
On Sunday the blackness receded a little. Except that her eyes were too bright, Janet seemed herself. Still sunny and gay. The doctor had said to put something warm on her, so they slipped Dana's sleeveless sweater over her head. She thought that was very funny—

"The latest in bedjackets. Couldn't we at least run a little pink ribbon through it?"

But the next day she couldn't kid any more— On Tuesday she died.

(Dana Andrew's life story will be concluded in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

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ON THE TOWN

(Continued from page 48)

forgotten you stacked up like this. Pulse-quickening as a Sinatra slide note, feminine as lipstick on a cigarette, this hunk of drama is of midnight black rayon crepe, completely unrelieved except for the gleam of a bare white shoulder, the gleam of a gold kid belt. The covered shoulder extends into a scarf that can be brought over the bare shoulder and anchored by the belt. Either way, it's a lush, lush thing. The skirt is draped with a deep slash in front. Stark, simple, breathtaking, here is sophistication in perfect taste. Wear it with no jewelry at all or with plain gold jewelry. No flowers in the hair. No color at all.

The short of it: For a not-quite-so-formal, though no less fabulous spree, we give you this sparkling dream child with its marvelous lines, its unmistakable chic. The scooped-out neckline, the Van Johnson shoulders do beautiful things for you, and the bow-tied belt talks up your tiny waistline like nothing in this world. Watch the sequins catch the glow of candlelight, bring out the gleam in his eye. This is a love of a dress. Nope, understatement. It's a swoon of a dress, and it comes in black, for sheer glamor; blue, for femininity; fuchsia, for chic. And doesn't Columbia's Evelyn Keyes (who's appearing in "The Renegade") look too, too in it?

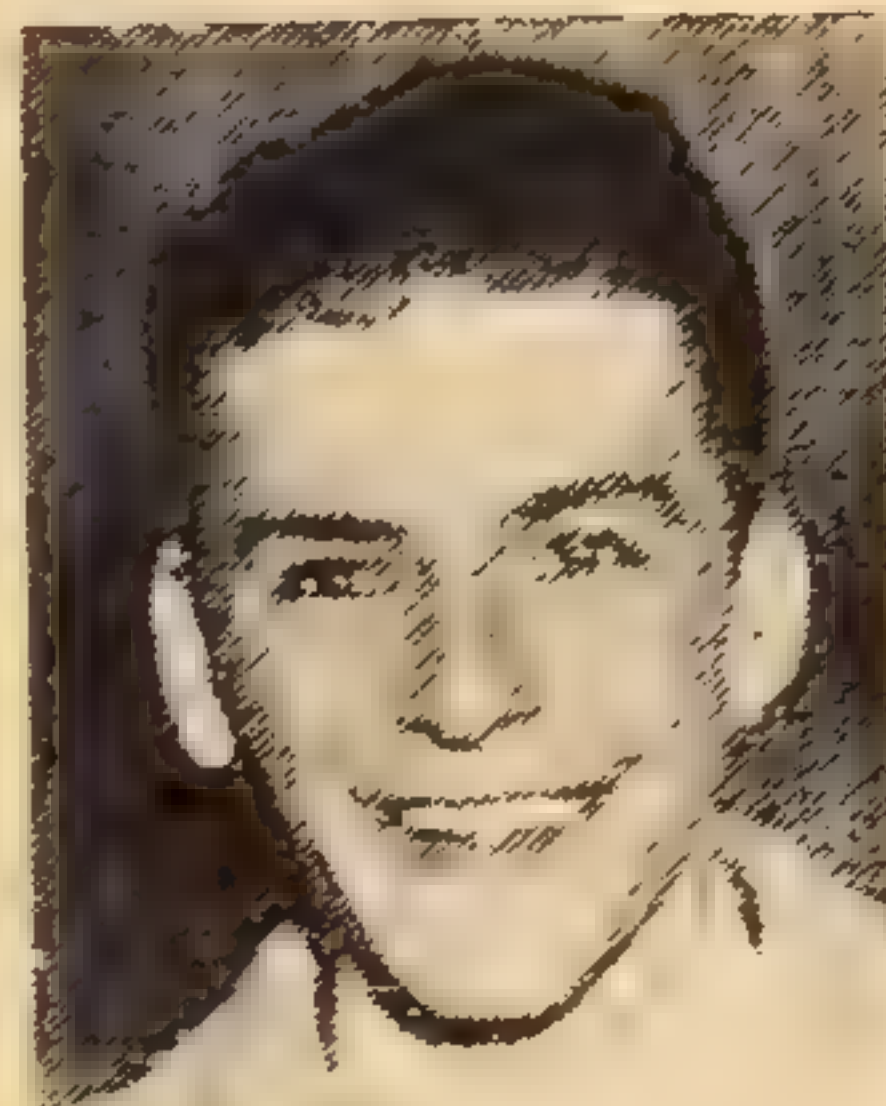
Table for Two: Magnificent mufti, this, for your khaki-weary guy. It's an inspired two-piece dress of sequin-embroidered Paisley scarves, and in the firelight you'll be a column of flame, and at least as dangerous. This gorgeous Jekyll-Hyde goes chastely to family dinners, the bodice hooked to the wonderful peg-top skirt; goes daringly to the Big Town, completely bare of midriff. There's a deep-slit neckline, a deep slit skirt, both of which are News. Team the skirt with other blouses if you like, but you'll always come back to its soul-mate. For our dough or his, it's the most terrific dress in years.

These Miss America Dance Frocks are on sale at some store near you, and if you'll dash us off a note, we'll be glad to tell you where; sizes, colors—all the data you want.

Thank you for all your elegant letters, and thanks for liking our fashions. Query us on any and all fashion problems addressed to:

Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



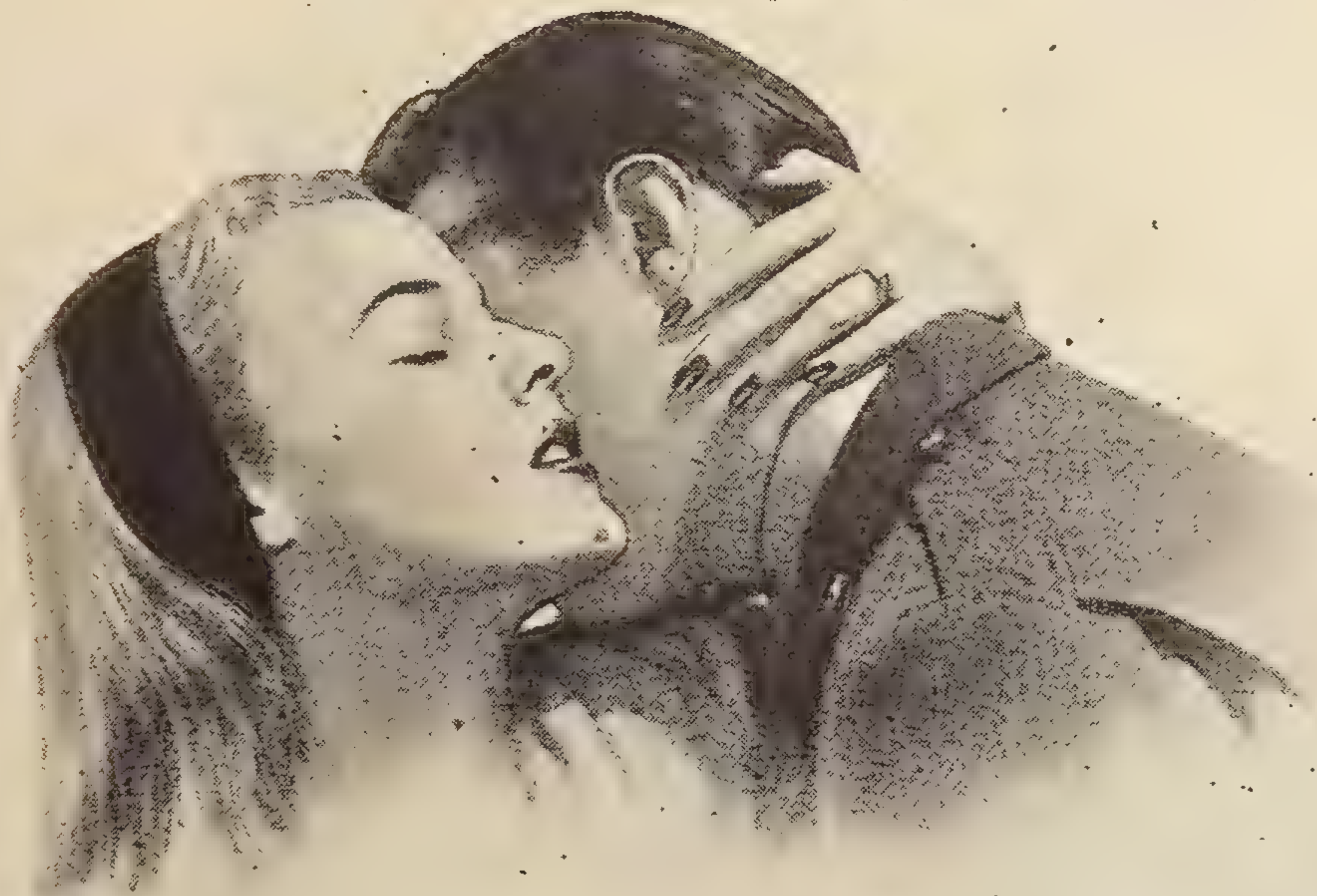
While waiting for an autograph from Frank Sinatra, I saw some excited girls knock over a bottle of ink someone was holding for him. It spilled all over his jacket. We all held our breaths expecting Frank to be at least a little annoyed, but instead he said, "Oh well, don't mind that. Maybe the stain can be removed, and even if it can't, what the heck." Then he turned to the girl holding the ink and said, "I can always buy a new coat, but you can't buy this." And he pointed to all his adoring fans clustered about him. Sort of shows what an extra-special guy he is!

Ellen Sachs
Jamaica, N. Y.

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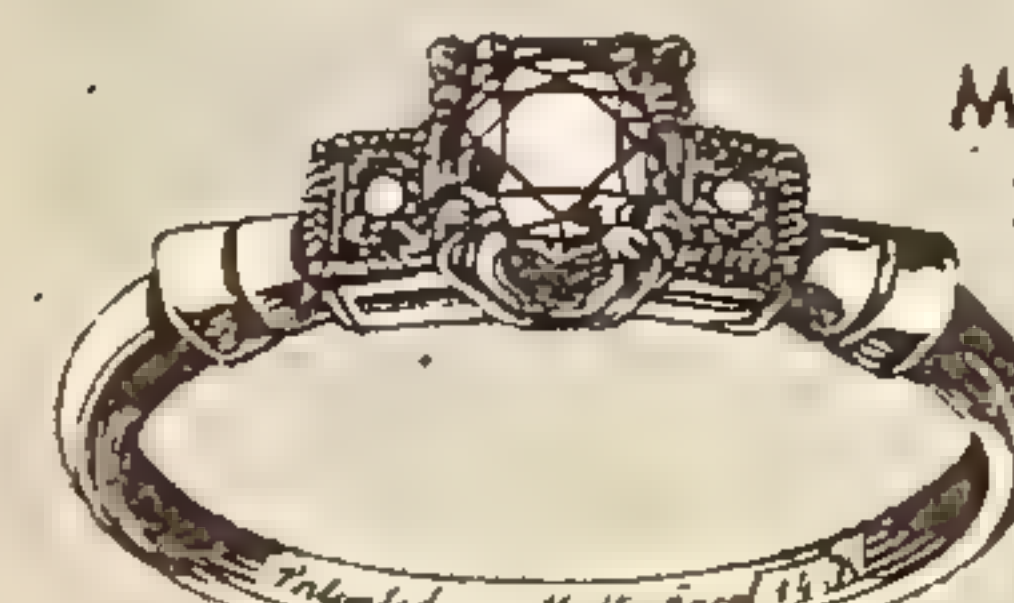
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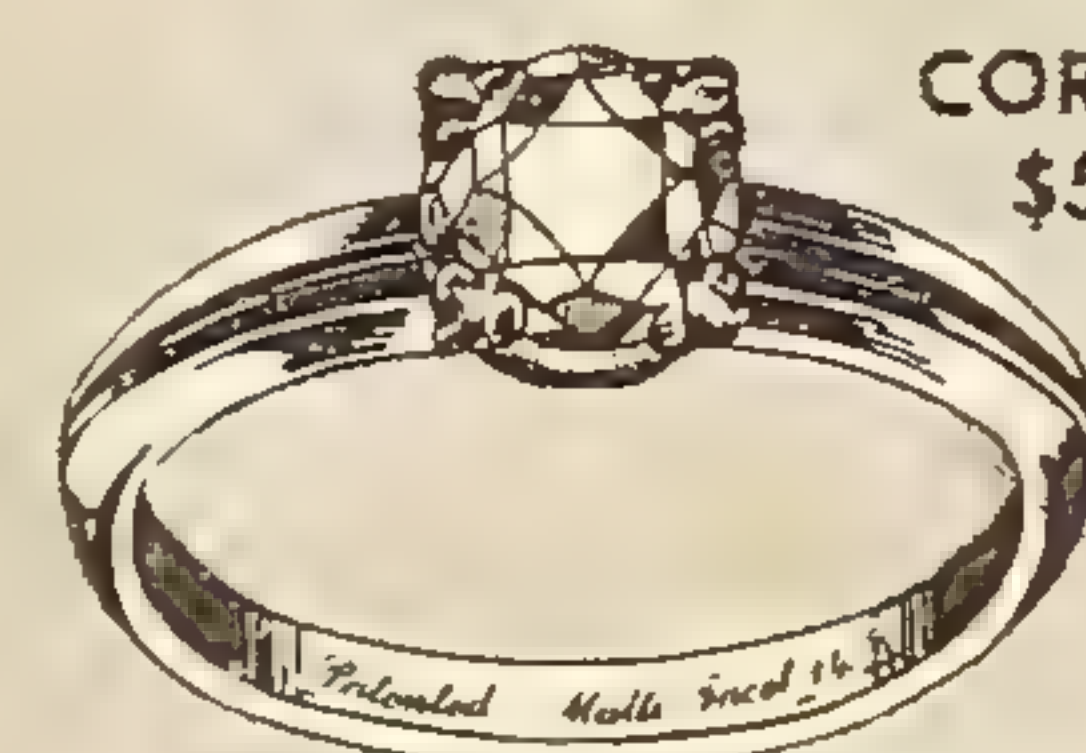
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☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
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Leading 10c stores carry Stadium Girl Lipstick. . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup. . . Stadium Girl Rouge. . . Stadium Girl Compacts.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

Wish I could have taken you along with me to Henry Willson's party. Every young star in town was present. I looked around and started to feel my age.

Over in a corner, busily talking, were Gloria De Haven and pretty little Mrs. Jim Brown, both of whom will have their babies around the same time. John Payne came and talked to me and said, "That's all Gloria talks about. I think she is just finding out the war is over."

Alan Ladd and his Sue came in and had some of the birthday cake. It was Henry's birthday but no one knew it until the cake came on.

I met for the first time, Joan Tetzl, and you boys and girls are going to see her soon in "Duel In The Sun." I am anxious to get your reaction to her—she's so young, pretty and attractive I think she is going far.

June Allyson and Dick Powell were on hand (it was about a week before their marriage). June showed me her engagement ring very proudly. Dick designed it and she wants the world to know it's very special—a huge star sapphire with two gold bars set with diamonds.

Dana Andrews told me that he had solved his entire family's vacation problems when he was signed for the lead in the Western movie, "Canyon Passage." The company was to go on a month's location trip—so he was going to pack Mrs. A. and the kids into a trailer and take them along on the jaunt.

Van Johnson is a wit as well as the idol of the Bobby-Babes. Down at Bebe Daniels' beach house, on a recent Sunday, the gang had been discussing a very unpopular charac-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Mickey Rooney is frustrated! What happened was this: A number of movie stars arrived in San Francisco to lend glamor to the President's Birthday Ball. They paraded up Market Street in open cars while huge crowds stared, cheered, and admired. Mickey was sitting in a back seat, receiving his full quota of attention. At this point, one of the escorting motorcycle policemen, arriving late, zoomed up into position. This speed attracted Mickey so much that he immediately turned from performer to spectator. The cop, having a human share of ham, basked in the light of his famed audience and put on quite a show. The stunts intrigued The Vitamin so much that there was danger of his falling out of the car and making that pug nose even more so. At the end of the parade, Mickey turned to the cop and said wistfully, "Gosh! that was great! Gee! What a life you've got!"

Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, Calif.

ter in Hollywood. Someone said:

"He's his own worst enemy!"

"Not while I'm around," quipped Van.

The poor guy had come down to the beach for a day of rest and quiet. Did he get it? Within ten minutes of his arrival the word was out that Van was present and not only was the fence around Bebe's house jammed with onlookers—but a huge mob gathered on the Palisades about a hundred-and-fifty feet above. So Van had them yelling at him from the ground to the sky.

When we finally found a quiet spot we had a little talk about his health which I had heard isn't so good.

"I'm all right, Louella," he told me. "I tire easily and I get backaches and bad headaches when I get overheated. But the doctors tell me that these will disappear when Nature gets a chance to complete healing the scar tissue over my brain." I'm glad he is all right and that there is nothing to those stories that he might have to give up his screen work for six months to a year.

The Stork has certainly been the busy bird around Universal. The two box office queens of the Valley lot—Deanna Durbin and Maria Montez—are both on the Long Legged visitor's list for next Spring.

The very formal Jamaican Negro butler now working for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall has their friends in stitches. If you call either of the newlyweds, and they are not at home, a very British-accented voice from the other end of the 'phone informs you:

"Madame and Monsieur are not at home!"
Monsieur Bogey! That's a new one!

I came right out and asked Jeanne Crain which one of her suitors, Lon McCallister or Paul Brooks, had the inside track to her heart.

"If you mean speaking matrimonially," she replied, "I can say I'm not marrying either boy—although I'm fond of both of them."

Jeanne had dropped over to my house for a little talk and I thought she was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen. She still wears her hair, which is dark and curly, in a long bob and says she just doesn't like the new top-knot hairdos no matter if the fashion magazines do recommend them. She was wearing a blue suit with a lovely piece of costume jewelry—moonstones and brilliants.

"I feel I have more in common with Lon than with any boy I have ever met," she said. "We love to read and have long talks and go to the movies together. I think I can best describe it by saying we are comfortable together."

"With Paul, I like to go dancing—because, well, he is a wonderful dancer," she laughed. "But I'm only 20 years old—and I won't marry anyone for five years or more."

Purely Personal:

Carole Landis announces more "engagements" than any other player. Unless, maybe, Betty Hutton.

Gracie Allen wore the cutest dress of the month—a plain white shirtmaker with the names of herself, her husband, George

Stop!
DON'T CUT CUTICLE
New Safer Way Keeps Cuticle Trim Without Cutting

It's often painful, even dangerous to cut cuticle. Be smart! Take a tip from professional manicurists. Use Trimal like they do—with a manicure stick wrapped in cotton. Watch dead cuticle soften—wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted. Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (stick and cotton included) at drug, department or 10c stores. Trimal Laboratories, Los Angeles.

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NEGLECTED CUTICLE

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The girl who gets the rave notices *never* annoys others by "hairfussing"! She's sure of a smooth, "in-place" coiffure — thanks to Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*! They keep any hair style secure with exclusive spring-tooth action that grips firmly yet gently!

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Burns, her two children, Ronnie and Sandra, the family dog, and a couple of her closest friends, embroidered in red letters on the skirt and bodice.

Sonja Henie owns the largest diamond clips in Hollywood.

Jinx Falkenburg gets more publicity, and makes fewer movies, than any other player.

Peter Lawford is giving Vic Mature a run for his old honors of taking out a different girl every night.

Wish somebody would trim Ginger Rogers' hair a bit.

Lana Turner's new short bob is the cutest hair cut in town.

Susanna Foster won't wear orchids because they die on her immediately.

Dixie Crosby is the star's wife with the cutest figure—and the mother of four sons, too! She looks sixteen years old playing with the kids on the beach.

I certainly caught up with the serious side of Frank Sinatra the day we lunched at Lucey's. Just a few days before I had seen his "short," "The House I Live In," in which he sings and makes an inspired plea for religious tolerance among children.

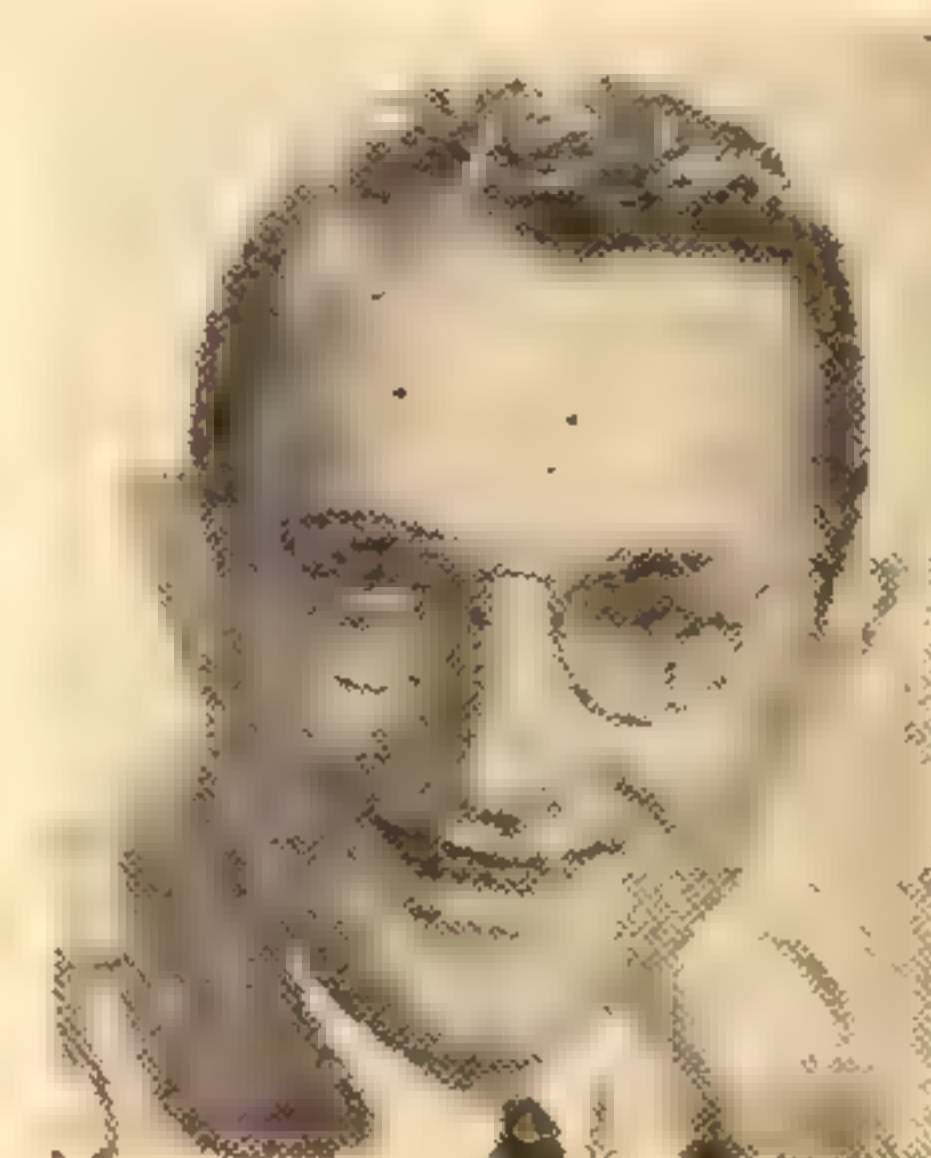
"I'll never forget how it hurt when the kids called me 'Dago' when I was a boy. It's a scar that lasted a long time and which I have never quite forgotten. It isn't the kids' fault—it's their parents' They would never learn to make racial and religious discriminations if they didn't hear the epithets hurled around at home."

Frankie, himself, has done a wonderful thing, I think. He has had a medal made up showing a St. Christopher on one side and a Star of David on the other which he has given to his friends and also to many boys overseas.

Of course, the swooners swooned around our table—but Frankie has learned to take that in stride. I asked him if he ran into much personal trouble with the Bobby Sockers—femme version.

"I am sometimes surprised at their language," he admitted. "Most of the girls are

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While in Cleveland on a stage tour, Tommy Dorsey stepped outside the theater for a breath of air. A gust of wind yanked off his hat, flipped it high overhead, and finally chucked it under the wheels of a cruising taxi.

As the grumbling maestro retrieved his hat, the cabbie leaned out of the window. "Hey," he hollered, "aren't you T. Dorsey? Well, listen, my kid's hobby is autographs. How 'bout a signature?" Dorsey glared at his crushed fedora and then at the cabbie. Then the sentimental gentleman obliged, giving the cabbie a surprise, as well. I bet that cabbie's kid cherishes that autographed hat the rest of his life!

Russell L. Faist, Sp 2/c
U. S. Maritime Service

sweet kids—but others say things they shouldn't." He told me he planned to make another corrective educational film as soon as he finishes his M-G-M movie.

Something tells me it may be on the subject of clean speech.

Everyone feels deeply for Lynn Bari and her husband Sid Luft, who lost their baby at birth.

The infant girl had an enlarged heart and lived only a few minutes.

The people who helped Cornel Wilde along the way when he "didn't have a tambourine to beg with," can never say fame went to his head or that he doesn't remember "when."

He has paid back every single debt he acquired on his way to stardom.

The "biggest amount was \$1,200 loaned to him by his wife's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Heinzen of Boston. "At the time they gave it to me that money looked like \$100,000," Cornel says.

Then he paid a hotel bill of \$245 to the manager of the St. James in New York. "That was an awful lot of free rent to trust an actor for," he laughs.

\$180 went to a dentist who had fixed up his teeth and the rest were \$25 and \$50 loans made to him by other actors.

"I kept their names and the exact amount down in a little book," he explains, "But I think it must have been a surprise—to the actors, anyway—to get anything back!"

What a ranch Dorothy Lamour and her husband, John Howard, bought themselves down near Riverside!

It's 741 acres with a herd of cattle roaming over the place, ten horses in the stables, 200 chickens and three houses. The main farm house is a low rambling affair, very rustic outside but ultra-modern on the inside. Two adobe guest houses are California landmarks. They are over 115 years old.

The Howards move in after the baby is born. Hope they invite me down. I love roughing it—de luxe.

I'm glad Gail Russell is coming out of it. Paramount's "Hedy Lamarr" is far too pretty a girl to act and look as unhappy as she did a few months ago.

She was brooding about her health and an unhappy romance—but I understand that is all over now—and colder than an igloo in Alaska. High time, I say—for it was a romance that could never have brought her joy.

She should begin to get a few laughs from here on in. Her next movie is the femme lead opposite Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and it's hopeless when you can't laugh with Hope.

Two good reasons for NOT becoming an actress:

Diana Lynn, who almost drowned as a child and has had the most violent fear of water ever since, has to take swimming lessons for "The Bride Wore Boots"—and she's almost bedded with fright.

The roller coaster is the big fear "complex" in Jeanne Crain's life and she had to ride

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

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makes skin
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Give your skin this refreshing beauty "pick-up"!

When your skin is coarsened by curling, dead skin cells that "snag" your make-up—slather a luxurious fluffy white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—all except your eyes.

Leave this fragrant Mask on for one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action goes to work—loosens and dissolves particles of roughness and imbedded dirt! After 60 seconds, tissue off clean.

Right away, your complexion looks clearer... fresher! Feels smoother! And your make-up goes on evenly. Clings!

Grand powder base...

Use your Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Not greasy! Not drying! "It holds make-up beautifully," says Mrs. du Pont.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

"Don't tell me
how you feel—
I know!"



Taking pity on yourself "these days"? Sitting it out just because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

You don't have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

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CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am in a convalescent home for crippled girls and boys, and my favorite star is Victor Mature. Recently I went to a theater on Broadway and saw Mr. Mature in person. I waited backstage for hours afterwards, hop-

ing to have him sign the cast on my leg. Finally he came out and said he couldn't sign any more autographs. I couldn't help crying with disappointment, and when he saw that, he came over and asked me what was the matter. I told him how long I'd been waiting, and right in front of all the others he bent down and signed the cast on my leg and wished I'd be well soon. With that encouragement, I guess I'll just have to!

Pearl Friedman
Valhalla, N. Y.

it 16 times in "State Fair." She "frowed up" after each ride!

* * *

Maybe it's the new feeling of relaxation in the air now the war is over—but the two Drama Queens, Bette Davis and Greer Garson, have certainly been letting their coiffures down and having fun.

At a recent party, Greer surprised the natives completely by taking a harmonica out of her swank evening bag and performing.

PERPLEXED POP

(Continued from page 55)

it wasn't like being outdoors, and besides, every comfort was provided. One took off one's wet clothes at once even if the scene had to be shot over again. . . . "You boys mustn't worry about me. But if Mommy says you'll catch cold if you play in water, you'd better pay attention."

Michael fixed his male parent with an accusing eye. "All the same, when Bobby and I were in the picture show and we saw you and yelled at you, and we said, 'Hello, Daddy,' well I think you should have waved back at us," he said levelly.

Bob swallowed hard. "Look, boys, that wasn't really I. I mean, it was only a picture of me . . ."

"And Van Johnson had his leg cut off!" groaned Michael. The boys know Van Johnson well, and like him. They were very much upset over his accident in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

So Bob went into detail. He explained exactly how the illusion of a legless Van Johnson was achieved and why it was necessary for actors to create certain impressions. His sons listened carefully. At the end of the recital, Bobby said in his gentle voice, "I still think you should have waved back when we waved at you."

Bob gave up. It was apparent, he decided, that his sons were still too young to understand the technical aspects of motion picture making.

As soon as he could change the subject, he asked what the boys wanted to do to celebrate that Sunday (the day Bob always spends with his sons). "We want to go to the zoo," announced Bobby. Bobby is the sedate, gentle malleable son; Michael, a year younger, is the wild man.

As for Bette—she stayed up all night at the Hollywood Canteen the afternoon and evening of V-J Day and the boys went crazy when Bette worked with a local cafe comedy team and took two pies in her face—real pies; one custard and one berry! She was covered with goo from her head to her heels—but did she care? After the first pie was thrown, Bette said, "Now let's have the Technicolor one, boys!"

Also, la Davis got herself all rigged up as a cowgirl for the Canteen Workers picnic a few days later out near Griffith Park. It was a real old-fashioned affair with hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade.

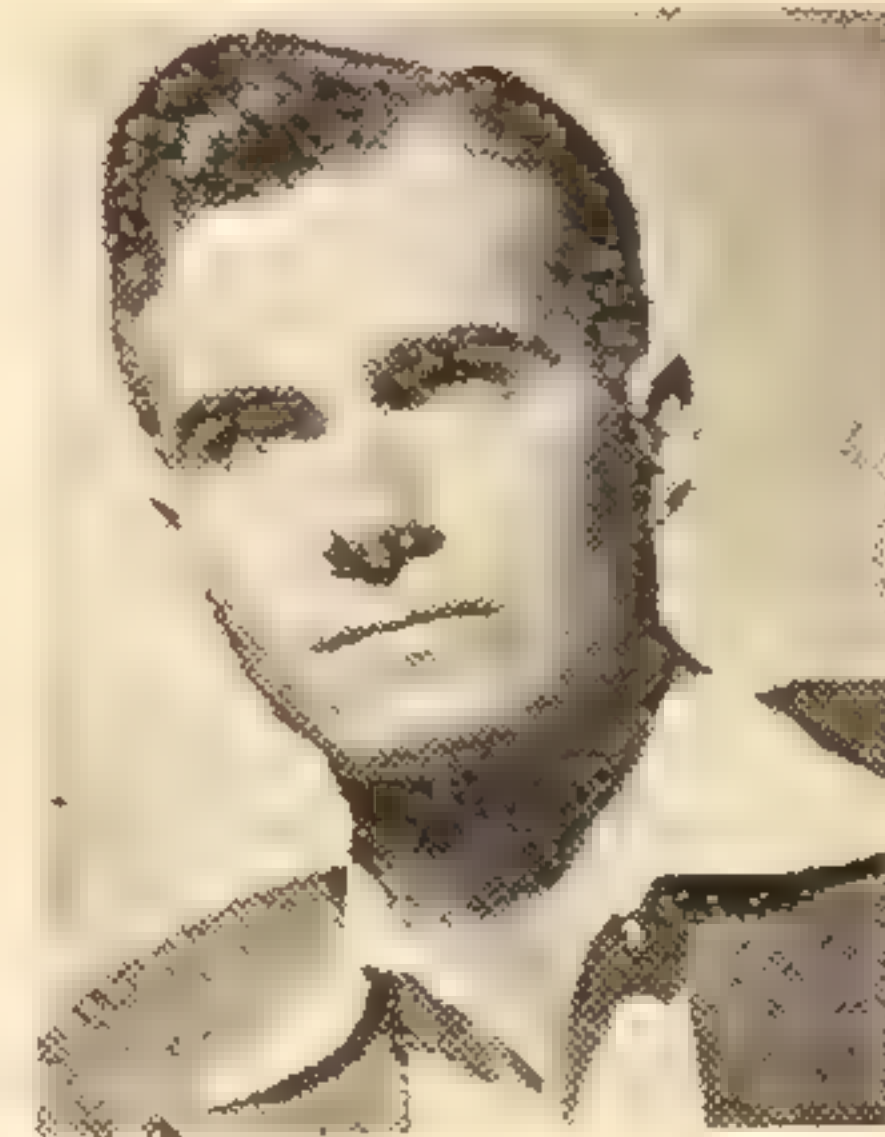
President Davis surprised the 3,000 who attended by doing some very fancy tricks with a rope. Now—you guessed it—she says she wants to do a Western.

* * *

Just before I sign off for this month I want to tell you boys and girls who have written me so many letters how much I enjoy hearing from you. I appreciate knowing what stars you want to hear about and what type of news letter most appeals to each of you readers of our "Good News" department.

I am trying to answer as many letters as possible. But I am sure you will agree with me that our boys overseas come first. To them go a report of Hollywood happenings and so on. So many of them see MODERN SCREEN. They quote from it and that makes me very happy. Many of them have read "The Gay Illiterate." One soldier found nine pages torn out and wrote and asked for a complete volume. (P.S. He got it.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Helmut Dantine was appearing at the Strand Theater, my friend and I went backstage and presented him with a pretty tie. When he accepted it, he said, "Oh, a present for me? Thank you very much." We put

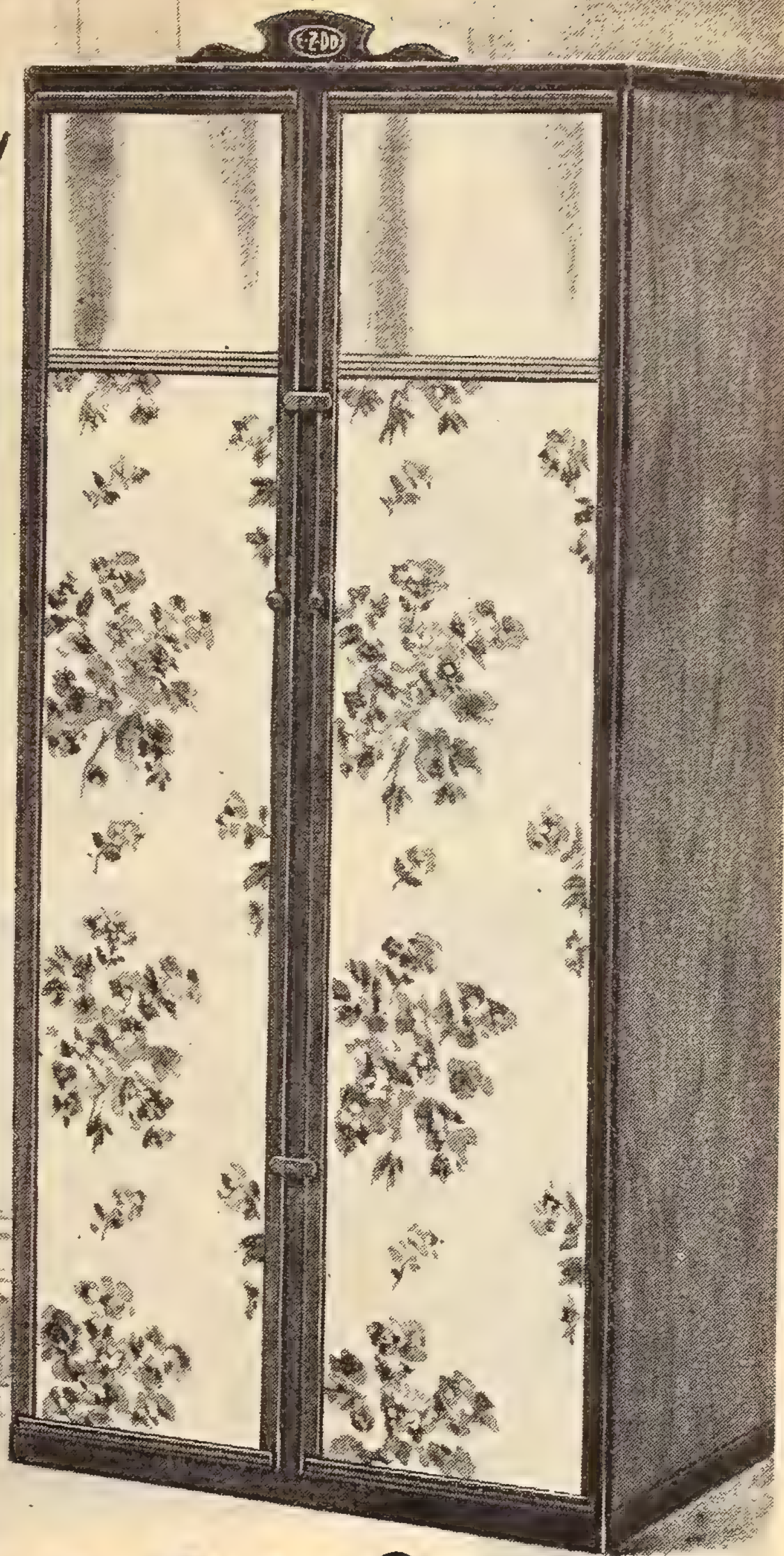
a note in the box, asking him to wear the tie at his next show. We got seats down front, and sure enough, he wore it for the performance. After the show was over, I walked to the stage and said, "Thank you so much for wearing our tie," thinking he'd just smile and say, "It's nothing." I was so delighted to have him take my hand (and my heart!) and say warmly, "It's a beautiful tie, and I shall always wear it."

Gilda Suris
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dorothy Lamour

STARS

in Paramount's Star-studded, laugh-studded
Paramount Production . . . "Duffy's Tavern"



E-Z-DO STARS

in homes of Hollywood Stars

**E-Z-DO SPACEMAKERS ADD CLOSET SPACE . . . GIVE EXTRA
DRAWER SPACE . . . LEND REFRESHING COLOR TO EVERY ROOM**



America's Largest Makers of Wardrobes,
Storage Chests, Closet Accessories

Take a tip from America's Glamour Girls — whose homes always look so immaculate, so inviting. Star E-Z-DO's Matched Hollywood-Pattern Spacemakers in your own home. They're the brilliant floral-patterned wardrobes, chests and closet accessories that spice every room with color, keep clothes and things on hand, yet out of sight.

Shining example: "Hollywood Princess" wardrobe closet (shown above) that holds up to 25 garments, boasts hat and shoe shelves, two eye-level mirrors. And soon E-Z-DO will bring you shoe cabinets, shoe racks, window cornices, glove boxes, hat boxes, screens and 100-and-1 other wonderful home and closet accessories.

E-Z-DO, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Good taste, that's what we call it—this Orange Blossom Cake and hot tea, fragrant as the roses that beautify the table set for dessert.



Even very shy guests lose their inhibitions when it's a question of helping themselves to this delicately tart, beautifully spiced Cranberry Mince Pie. Easy to make and you'll love trimming it!

■ Van Johnson's boyish smile gets very sad on the rare occasions when he has to eat alone because he simply hates solitary meals! Cheer up, girls! Notice we said "rare occasions" because he gets all kinds of invitations from friends with kitchens. It's a pleasure to slave over a hot stove for Van because he's sure to enjoy his food and never fails to tell the cook she is a pearl among women!

When Van had a house (he's living in a hotel now) the only thing he was ever known to prepare was coffee by the potful. But, if he ever learns to cook he'll doubtless specialize in pork chops and apple sauce, roast beef or steak and potatoes, pie and ice cream. Those are his favorite foods.

Other little Van-ities: If you should suddenly hear that Van is coming to your home, hide your cook book full of fancy recipes, omit those lingerie ruffles on the lamb chops and make him gather his own food from a buffet table. Long, sit-down dinner parties make him nervous. For Van's sake we're going all out for buffet meals this issue.

When the time comes that you find yourself scheduled to bring 12 or 15 people together for a meal at your home, make it a gay, informal buffet supper. Set your table as beautifully as possible with your nicest things, not forgetting candles, flowers or any such little decorations. The table can be set hours before. Place a stack of

Hollywood's Perfect Guest



Wouldn't you know that Van Johnson doesn't like fancy cooking?

**We mean Van Johnson,
who never forgets to compliment the cook!**

dinner plates at one end and napkins and silver at the other end, the last things to be picked up by the guest. The food itself, with serving silver handy, is placed in between at serving time.

Provide small tables if convenient, although a well-planned buffet meal can be eaten from a plate held on the lap. A knife, for instance, shouldn't be necessary. Two courses are plenty—main course and dessert. Plan on one hot dish—a casserole combination of various vegetables and diced meat or flaked fish. (Since oysters R in season we'll give you a recipe for scalloped oysters.) Green salad, hot rolls or muffins, relish assortment, dessert and a beverage complete the meal.

By Nancy Wood

CRANBERRY MINCE PIE

- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup citrus marmalade
- 2 cups fresh cranberries
- 1 9-oz. package dehydrated mince meat
- 1/2 cup broken walnut meats
- Pastry for 9-inch pie shell

Boil water, sugar and marmalade together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open. Stir in mince meat broken in pieces, and continue cooking over low heat for 5 minutes or until mince meat is softened and filling well blended. Let mixture cool before adding nut meats. Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry and pour in filling; sprinkle a few additional nut meats over top if desired. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 30 minutes. When pie is cool, use pastry tube or cookie press to arrange Cream Cheese Hard Sauce, crisscross fashion, over top. To make hard sauce, cream together 1 3-ounce package cream cheese softened at room temperature, 1 cup confectioners' sugar and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Chill before placing in pastry tube.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

- 4 cups fine soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper and paprika
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 pint oysters, drained
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese, optional
- 1/3 cup oyster liquor
- 1/2 cup top milk

Combine bread crumbs, salt, pepper and paprika. Add melted butter, tossing lightly to mix well. Sprinkle 1/3 of crumbs over bottom of greased baking dish. Arrange half the oysters on crumbs. Sprinkle with half the grated cheese. Sprinkle second third of crumbs over oysters. Add remaining oysters. Mix oyster liquor and milk and pour over oysters. Top with remaining crumbs and grated cheese and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 30 minutes. Serves 6.

ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add grated orange rind. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks. Stir quickly but completely into batter. Bake in greased 8x8x2 inch square pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes or until done. Spread with orange frosting.



All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be 'all is forgiven'!

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good house-keeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

The Beverly Hills fire department is made up of a fine body of men. They let both boys sit behind the huge steering wheels of the hook and ladder section, the chemical wagon, and the chief's red coupé. Each holding a boy, two cooperative firemen slid the poles, and both Bob and Michael were allowed to wear an outsize hat during the tour.

When they were back in their own car, Bobby voiced the small boy's ultimate compliment. "Gosh, Daddy, if you weren't a picture man, I'd like to have you drive a fire engine."

"I'd still rather have him be a pilot," said Michael, sticking to his original story. "Was it hard to fly that big plane, Daddy? The one Van Johnson flew when he got his leg cut off, Daddy?"

"Now . . . we're going to the zoo," said the representative of the older generation.

After doing justice to the monkeys, the lions, the China pheasants and the peacocks, the male family Walker went to call on friends. Actually, Bob thought a few moments in the presence of adults while his sons played in the back yard with the children of his host, would be refreshing for everyone concerned. Not until he arose to go—after a pleasant forty minute chat—did he discover what was going on in the junior division. Both his sons, and the son and daughter of his host, were hopping around on one leg. The other was neatly trussed up behind. "Look at us," yelled Bobby, "we're playing Van Johnson."

Playing Van Johnson is very strenuous business (actually or make-believe) so the boys announced, the instant they were back in the car, their readiness for dinner. Bob has a favorite restaurant in Beverly Hills where he likes to take his sons; the waiter understands a perplexed pop.

The instant the boys are seated, they

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During a golf match (for the bond drive) between Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, Bing accidentally hit his ball into the bushes. A little boy, about 8 years old, kicked it out so that Bing could hit the ball better, and so that he wouldn't be penalized for being out of bounds. When Bing came to find his ball for the next round, a man beside him said, "This little boy kicked your ball in for you, Bing." Bing looked down at the small boy, very pleased, and said, "You're my pal, son; I'll do anything for you!" And he gave the boy his autograph, shook hands with him, and later sent him his very popular recording of "Ave Maria."

Mary Maier
Santa Barbara, Calif.

announce the dish of their choice: Ice cream and cake. "Yes, sir," says the waiter with proper deference, "chocolate ice cream. And with it we are serving chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans and whole wheat bread."

three of a kind . . .

This particular Sunday, Bob arranged the large napkins around a pair of protesting necks. "I'm big," insisted Bobby. "I don't have to have a bib like a baby. I want to be like you, Daddy."

Monkey-sees, monkey-does Michael

never misses a trick. "Me, too, Daddy."

"All right. All right. All three of us will wear our napkins around our necks," said Bob. He knotted his own napkin just beneath his chin, thinking that with his slim red face above the linen he probably looked like a Christmas candle flaming above a snowy tablecloth. Both boys were docile; they allowed themselves to be bibbed.

Surreptitiously, as soon as Bobby and Michael were engrossed in groceries, Bob loosened his napkin and allowed it to slip to his lap. He began to enjoy his dinner. Beaming at his brood a few moments later, he noticed that each sprout had quietly lowered his own napkin to lap position.

This explains why Bobby was decorated with chicken gravy at the close of the meal, whereas Michael's shirt reflected his admiration for chocolate ice cream.

After dinner the three satiated gentlemen drove to Bob's house and settled, a cozy trio, in Bob's big chair behind a book, "The Little Prince," by Antoine de St. Exupéry. Much of the text is over the heads of the two boys if one considers the actual words, but in a good story, a story by one of the timeless tellers of tales, there is a music, a rhythm that penetrates the spirit. Though the meaning of the words may escape the young mind, Bob is convinced that the melody enters in and remains. So, each Sunday, he reads some honest work of literature to the boys.

That the phraseology is not lost was proved one night when Bob returned his sons to Jennifer Jones. He kissed them good-night. He said eagerly, "Well . . . didn't we have fun today?"

Michael heaved a profoundly ecstatic sigh. "Oh, Daddy, I am extremely happy," thereby provoking an unsteady smile on his father's devoted face.

WARREN'S
Fruit Cocktail
CHEWING GUM

WARREN'S
Mint Cocktail
CHEWING GUM

The "Cocktail" Flavorites

IN NEW POSTWAR WRAPPERS

The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN'S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN'S Mint Cocktail—they may look different.

But they're the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN'S chewing gums have become so popular, we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It's a WARREN'S idea:

Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are "Better Together!"

★ In a recent consumer survey conducted by an independent research organization, WARREN'S Chewing Gum was voted better than a 10-to-1 favorite.



Bowman Gum, Inc., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

father works with his hands, the other whose father works with his head, you'll date the latter every time. You wouldn't be caught *dead* with this guy or that girl. Why? Because he or she is colored or Jewish or Catholic, or just plain "foreign." Oh, kids, shame on you. Dislikes founded on circumstances that are beyond anyone's control are about as stupid, as downright cruel, as anything we know.

In your zealotry now to right your wrongs, avoid at all costs patronizing or deliberately cultivating these groups. Your approach will have to be beautifully casual. Some chit-chat during swimming class, a not-too-elaborate compliment after a spectacular class recitation. Gradually, you may find yourself liking the little Polish girl whose unpronounceable last name once made her poison to your select gang. You may find yourself dating the shy, attractive guy you blackballed not so long ago for having a dad who's a truck driver.

If you're a member of a minority group, accept these first awkward advances. Not gratefully or avidly, as some of you lonely ones might be tempted to, but easily and without embarrassment. And don't expect all the moves to be one-sided. Be friendly, and—if it kills you—unembittered. Have as few axes to grind as possible. Don't be stooges, but don't be deliberately argumentative. Also, look beyond your own little group to other minorities. Do your part in destroying other barriers.

Obviously, no one can possibly like everybody. There are dull people and crude people. People who are more intolerant than you. People whose senses of values are different from yours. Such as these won't be for you, but you will be rejecting them as individuals, not as members of a race or religion or nationality. Do you realize what an enormous difference there is between these two philosophies of friendship? One is the philosophy of Democracy; the other of Fascism.

Study hard: As an intelligent world citizen, it's your job to know as much about politics as you can absorb. Know which Congressmen are isolationists, which are internationalists. Learn about unions, so that the CIO and AFL are more than just alphabet soup to you. Get both sides of every question by reading newspapers and weeklies of opposing viewpoints. Perhaps your history or current events teacher could preside over a weekly forum in which problems of government, international policy, etc., were thrashed out. Read books about Japan, about China, about Russia—and again, get every angle. Feel a sense of responsibility for the world of tomorrow. Granted, you are young, most of you still have no voice in the government—but you will have. And it will be the best type government if you know whom and what you're voting for.

Forgive us for invading your coke-and-jive world this month with all this long-hair talk. But all of this was screaming to be said, and we thought you guys could take it. Oh, we know you. You'll mutter "That's a lot of bilge" (you *know* that's the way you talk). And then you'll roll up your sleeves and work like mad for all the things we're plugging. Sure, we know you, and we kind of like you. We think the new world is in good hands.

But if you find that your heart is interfering with your head, if you've got woes or aches, write me, won't you? I think maybe I can help, I have, lots of times. Just drop me a line: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



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You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use

F r e s h

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the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢



(MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it ... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap ... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse ... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today ... in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

Say
SANAPAK
and be
SAFE!

New-Design Sanitary Napkin Ends 2 Difficult Problems

What do you want most on those "difficult" days of the month? You want comfort, of course—and protection!

New-Design SANAPAKS are cotton-faced for extra comfort. They are made with three "pink layers" for extra protection. They have flat tapered ends! Yet SANAPAKS cost no more than ordinary napkins. Get a package today!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

of a slush fund—for clothes, fun, the enormous trivia of an all-around college career. Don't be discouraged: There are ways and means for anyone as eager to go as you.

I'm not even plain looking, so the usual beauty advice isn't for me. Please, what chance for happiness has an honest-to-goodness ugly duckling?

B. C., Crawfordsville, Indiana.

No girl, no matter what kind of a face she has, need be an eyesore. Our teeth, our skin, our hair—all of these can be improved upon. Our figures can be virtually remodeled. Birthmarks can be hidden with a certain cream. Deformities can be camouflaged by the clothes we wear. We won't kid you into thinking that no matter what kind of a start you've got, you can be Lauren Bacall, but you can be attractive if you want to enough. Plastic surgery is no longer reserved for the fabulously rich. The war has trained thousands of doctors in this field, and their services will be within your reach before long. An orthodontist can straighten your teeth if that's your problem. Work out payment plans with the doctors. Offer to do office work in partial payment. Get a long term bank loan if necessary. But don't despair. Something can be done if you really work on it.

I have heard that men like ego inflating, yet every time I give 'em "Gee, you're wonderful," they give me the fish-eye. How come?

L. K., Clay, Arkansas.

Do you lay it on with a long-handled spoon? Could it possibly sound ersatz, the way you say it? We—ell, take it easy. And try actions as well as words. "Bud, be an angel and help me fix my bike,"—or lug all these bundles home, or wash the dog. Being asked to help is a pretty subtle form of flattery, and while he's doing same, let him know you think he's a dandy bike fixer or whatever. More flattery via actions: Let him take care of you a bit. "Bud, there's a scarey dog on our block," "Bud, there's a fresh guy—." The variations on this are endless and he'll be girding on his armor in no time at all. He'll love it and you.

I am scared to death of boys and of the sleek, smooth, popular girls at school. I am liked by my own little crowd of unspectacular females, but I think I could get on with the guys and the slick chicks if I weren't so scared. Can you help me?

H. B., St. Louis, Mo.

You can help yourself, H. B. You've got yourself an inferiority complex over something; now what is it? Your clothes? Your looks? Your line? Polish up that minus quantity and then launch your campaign. Ease yourself out of that group of seeming sad sacks and lone wolf it for a while. Speak to the kids you're so afraid of. They'll talk back! Remember that your shyness may be troublesome as a toothache, but it's just as invisible. No one needs know about it but you. So put on a gay front. Go where the smoothies go. Do what they do. Alone at first. After a while, with the crowd. Wait 'n see!

A married man in our office occasionally asks me out to dinner. Up to now I've declined, but I can't really see what harm there'd be.

K. S., Lansing, Michigan.

It just isn't good business, K. S. Why even give yourself a chance to be attracted to a man who's all sewn up? Not only that, someone might see you and tell his wife. It could be very messy. If you're wise, you'll keep right on saying no.

MY FRIEND, VAN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 35)

friend, but that's got nothing to do with it. As he explains it: "Some men are born with signatures, some achieve signatures, and some have signatures thrust upon 'em. Mine are thrust—"

When either has a broadcast to do, the other goes along. "Only it doesn't balance," says Keenan. "At Van's broadcasts, they'll all over him. At my broadcasts, they'll all over him—"

When they're through with Van, they cast speculative eyes at Keenan. "Who's he?"

"Van Johnson's best friend—"

"Well, I might as well get him, too—" Since "Without Love" and "The Clock," they know who he is. But the bobby-ckers still call him Keenan-Wynn-Van-Johnson's-best-friend. The boys'll pull up outside a restaurant, and the kids'll start ambering all over the car—

"I saved you the front page, Mr. Johnson.—Me too, Mr. Johnson. Will you sign the front page—?"

Just a friend of yours . . ."

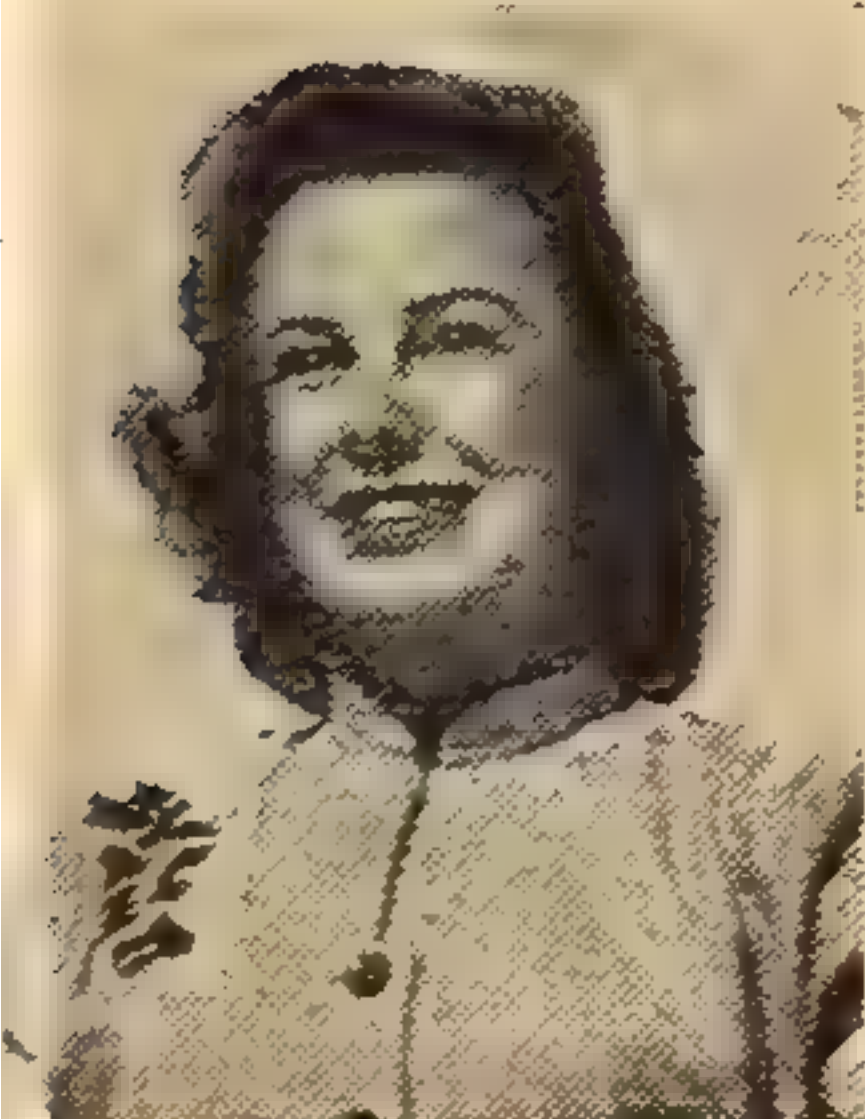
Van signs. Keenan picks up a magazine. On the Johnson-Johnson chorus is spoken with murmurs of "Van Johnson's best friend." Van grins, prepared to relish that's coming. Keenan reads till a book closes between his eyes and the page—

"Please can I have your autograph, Mr. Wynn?" He turns to the page after Van's. Oh no, Mr. Wynn, you sign in the middle—"

"In the middle huh? With the rest of the walk-ons, huh?—Honey, I've got news for you. I do' wanna be in your book—" Van kicks him in the shins, but the kid doesn't need Van's help. She beams trustily at Keenan. "I read all about your accident, Mr. Wynn. Gee, I'm glad you're better—"

Feeling like a louse, he leafs the book. It's Johnson and Sinatra, Perry Como

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last Christmas my friend and I went to the Capitol Theater in New York. The stage show was headed by Lou Holtz, who not only amused us with his clever comedy, but also introduced a couple of new starlets who

were just beginning their movie careers. The first girl was a tiny, slender blonde, who wore a black velvet jumper with a white satin blouse. She was a bit nervous, so to put her at her ease, Mr. Holtz started to tease her. He soon had her so convulsed with laughter that she couldn't talk. My friend thought she lacked the necessary poise and sophistication, and wouldn't get very far, but I was captivated by her charm and naturalness, which are rare qualities. Then she sang, "What Do You Think I Am, Just A Baby?" and won me over completely. I bet my friend that we would shortly see her name in lights . . . and a few months later that very same theater had on its marquee the name "June Allyson!"

Lorraine Reich
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dearly-desired Kisses



Q. How do some girls attract kisses?

A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.

Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing

2. for Softening

3. for a Foundation

4. as a Night Cream

Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.



**JERGENS
FACE CREAM**

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

**It's so easy
to tell FIBS!**

*...FIBS are
quilted—have
rounded ends!*



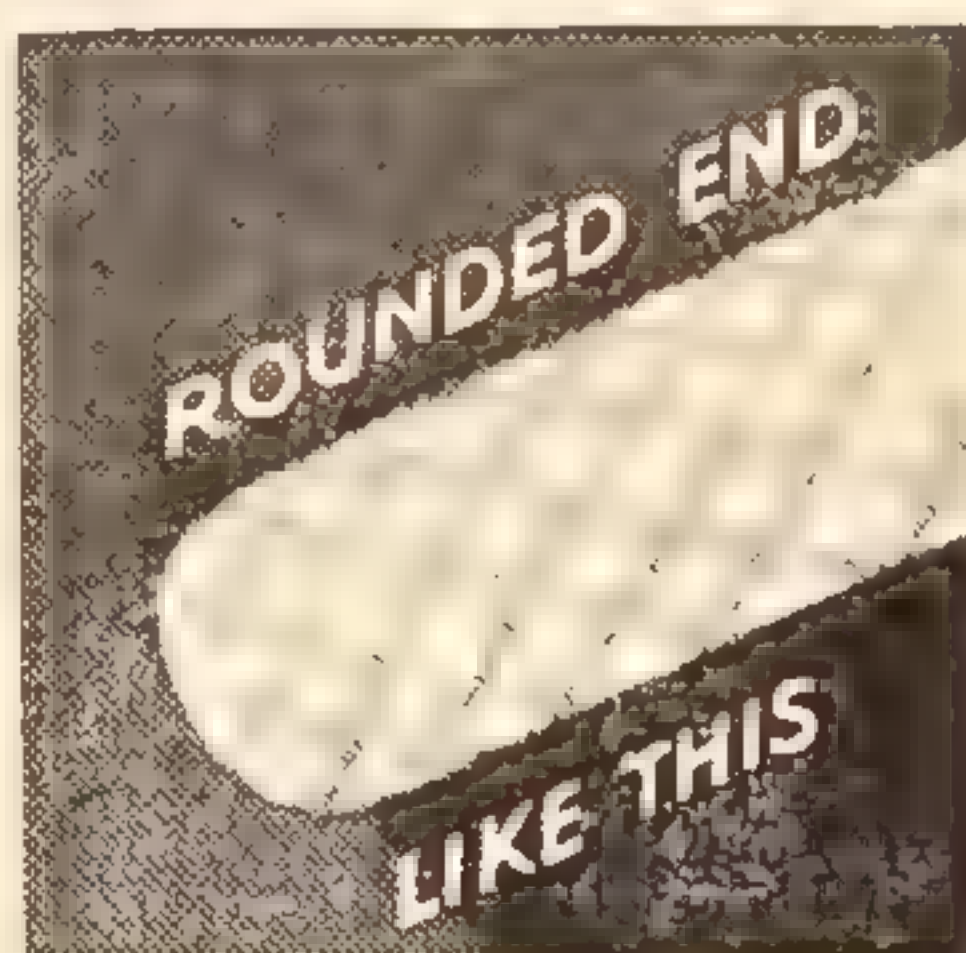
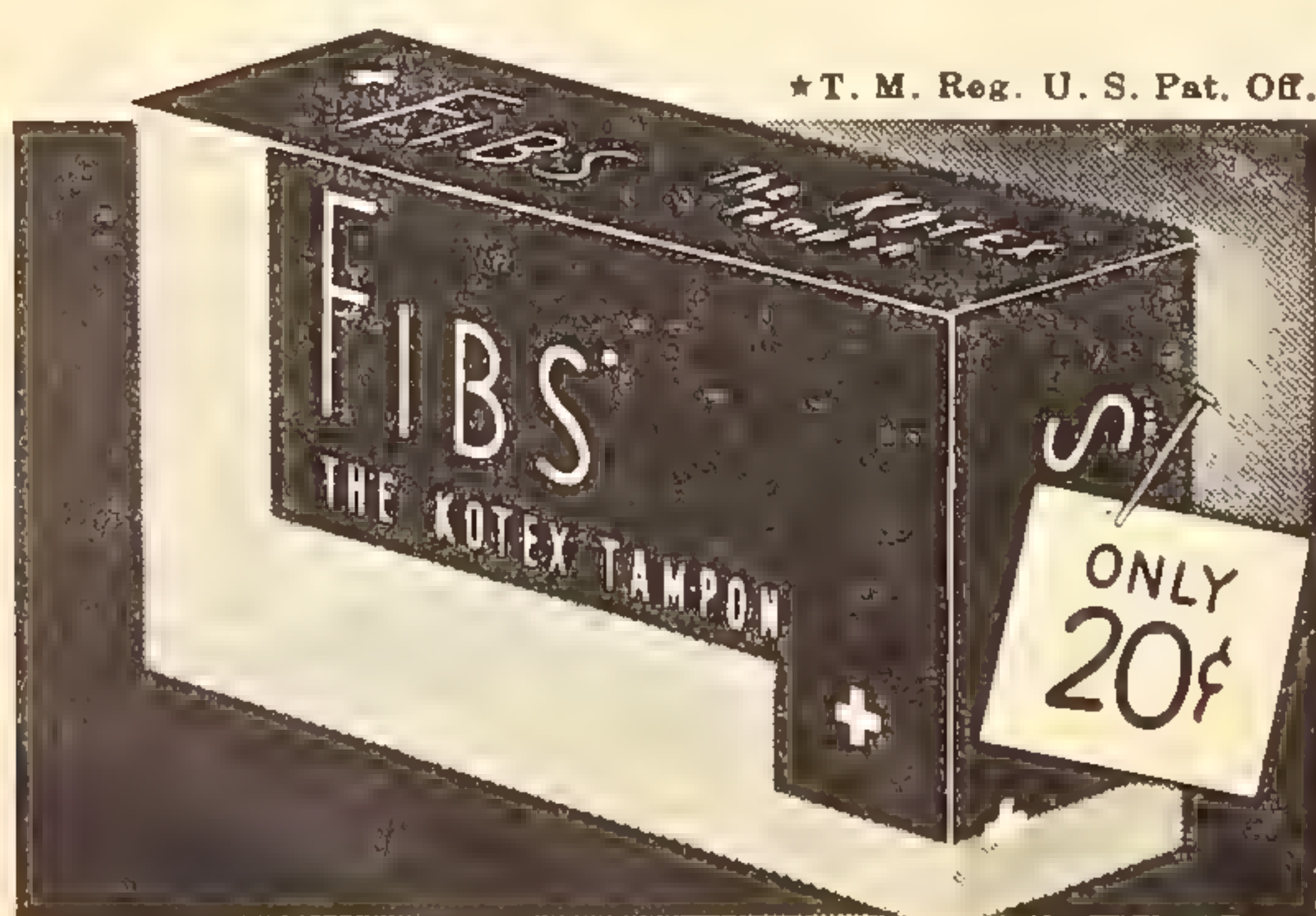
Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

**Next time you buy tampons
be sure to ask for FIBS*!**



and Andy Russell, till he gets to Walter Huston and Fredric March and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the middle. Then his eyes pop. He stick the page under Van's nose—

"To Carol," it says. "When you grow up tall and beautiful, come back and see me. John Barrymore."

Van's voice is hushed. "Golly; I never knew he signed things—"

"Young lady," says Keenan, "do you realize what you've got here?"

"What?—Oh—Mr. Barrymore. Gee, he was funny, wasn't he?—What a funny old guy—You can sign on the back of him if you want—"

Van's afraid to meet Keenan's eyes. On the back of Mr. Barrymore, Keenan writes: "To Carol. With reverence. From Van Johnson's best friend."

greasepaint baby . . .

For the prologue to this friendship, go back to 1940 in New York. Van was in "Too Many Girls," produced by George Abbott. Keenan was about to be starred in Abbott's "Whitehaired Boy." They reached the stage by totally different routes. Van was the one who'd pushed his way in from outside, the smalltown kid to whom greasepaint spelled glamor. As Ed Wynn's son, Keenan took greasepaint for granted. While Van wallowed in movies—the only contact he had with his dream-world—Keenan grew up among people whose very names would have struck Van dumb. To Keenan, they were just people, and the theater was something his father worked in. His own passion was for racing-cars, boats and planes. Not till he'd reached his twenties did the stage-bug bite him.

By 1940, Van had grabbed himself a toehold on Broadway, and among the younger set Keenan Wynn was a legend. His gaiety, talent and friendliness, the way he told stories, the things he knew about the theater—!

Van was going with Judy Abbott, then, first in a long line of Johnson heroines, and Judy was going to Boston with the show, "White-haired Boy." "I'll see you off," said Van. "I wanna meet this guy—"

About two minutes before train time, a small twister spun down the platform and dissolved into Evie, a couple of redcaps, and Keenan in a trench coat. "Hi, Keenan," called Judy, as Evie dealt with the redcaps. "I'd like you to meet Van Johnson—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About five years ago, a local boy was playing a vaudeville house in his home town, Paterson, N.J. Few people had heard of him at the time, including myself. I was a newsboy who every night went backstage to sell my papers to the stage hands and occasionally to the actors. This particular evening one of the actors asked for two papers. Instead of giving me the dime they cost, he accidentally gave me a penny. I expressed myself in the vernacular of the newsboy by asking, "What are you supposed to be, a comedian?"

Needless to say, Lou Costello is one of the country's finest along those lines.

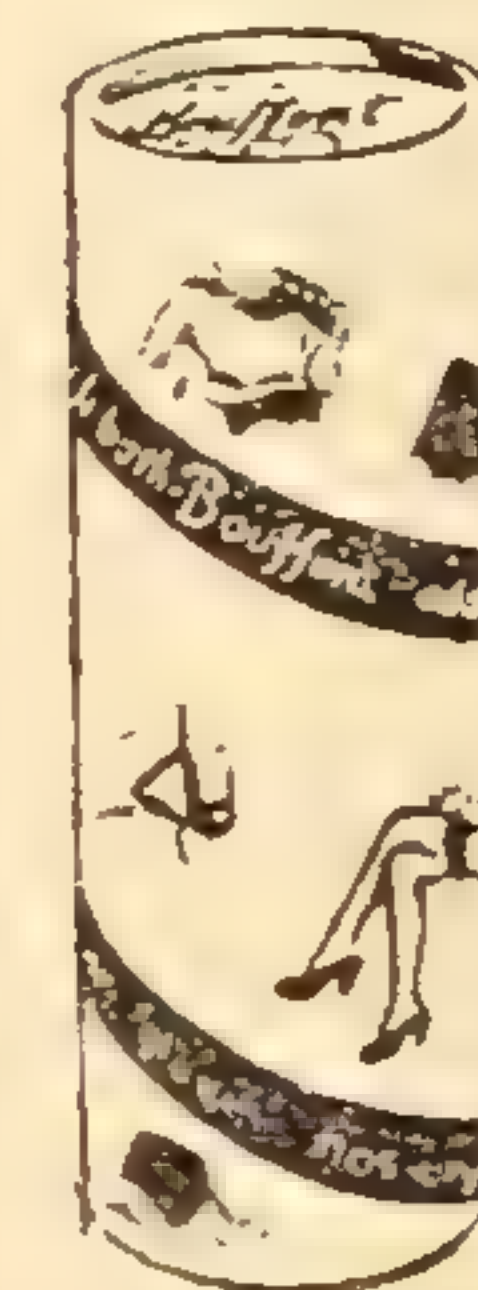


Ross S. Wharton
A/C, AC
Big Spring, Texas

**WASH
HOSIERY,
LINGERIE
IN A JIFFY**

bouffont

Fifteen to twenty economical washings for hosiery, lingerie, sweaters, all fine fabrics. Softens water, penetrates thoroughly, floats out soil, leaving garments fresh, clean, delicately scented. At department stores and beauty shops.



FREE—Complimentary packet to do 12 pairs hose. Send postcard request to Dept. MS-11, The Williams Co., Kokomo, Ind.

*Shampoo
without Water*

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And there was this big redheaded lunk, kind of bashful, but with a grin like the sun coming out.

"Golly, hello, Mr. Wynn, how are you—?"

"Van's in 'Too Many Girls,'" volunteered Judy.

Keenan thought, "Have I got that far that they're calling me mister?"—but fell right into character as a patriarch, dropped his voice a couple of octaves, cleared his throat a few times, and boomed: "Really, m'boy? Pleasure to meet you—"

With that Van blushed, got very helpful, picked up bags, hauled them into the train, scooted around fixing things and barely made it off in time. Last thing they saw from the window was his grin, shining up the platform.

moral supporters . . .

Two years later Keenan was in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. Like all lost New Yorkers set down in the movie jungle, he sniffed around for a fellow-Gothamite, heard that Gene Kelly was making a picture, and charged out to Gene's set. The first pumpings and thumpings out of the way, he looked around and caught sight of a redheaded character in cowboy boots and tweeds. "Say, I know that guy. Who is he?"

"Van Johnson—"

"From New York?" Just then the red-head broke into a grin, and the scene in Keenan's mind's eye dissolved to a Grand Central Station platform. Oh, *that* one! "Hello, Mr. Johnson, how are you?" yelled Keenan.

So they all went to lunch together and practically broke themselves up with these sharp New York cuts. And that for a while, was that.

Keenan's first part was in "Somewhere I'll Find You." With thirty-nine others, he stood in a slit trench, shaking like jello. The guy crouched next to him shook even worse—his helmet was bobbing up and down. Keenan picked up the helmet and discovered Van underneath. They held each other up—

"I'm gonna be lousy," groaned Van.

"You'll be okay—hey, what is this any—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was the third inauguration of President Roosevelt. Crowds lined the street down which the inaugural parade would pass. The street was roped off and crowds strained against the ropes, heads leaned forward to peer up the street down which the beloved President would soon ride in his open car.

Distantly, the muffled drums could be heard—the parade was coming. But directly in front of us walked three men, two of average height, one towering over the others. They were all dressed in Prince Alberts, striped trousers, and top hats. The tallest of the men was Raymond Massey, trying to make his way to the White House for the reception, and choosing the empty parade street, as it was impossible to make his way through the crowds in any other way.

There was a small boy of ten or eleven years standing beside me. Spying Massey, he suddenly said, "Gee, Roosevelt and Lincoln, too!"

Kay Thornton
Abilene, Texas.

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gives us these
twin blessings!"



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how? You've been in a picture, why don't you calm me down?"

They took turns at it, and became comrades-in-arms. "What're you doing tonight?" asked Keenan.

"Nothing special—"

"Come on home to dinner—"

"Gee, I'd like to but—are you sure it's all right?—I mean—it says in the book you should always phone your wife in advance—"

"My wife never read the book—"

home is the heart . . .

So Van went to dinner and—in a manner of speaking—he's never really left. Sure, he has his own place, but the Wynns are his family and their house is his second home. An only child, brought up in a motherless household, he'd always hankered for the give-and-take of an intimate family life. And you didn't have to draw diagrams for Evie, who knew loneliness when she saw it. That first night Keenan found Van in the kitchen, gravely washing dishes.

"Come on out of there. You don't have to sing for your supper—"

"Leave me alone. I want to do the dishes—"

Evie flapped a towel. "Don't interfere with the help—" Catching the signal in her eye, Keenan shut up.

Next day, Van was out in the yard, cutting roses, mending a gate, making friends with Neddy. Before long he was criticizing the furniture. If they get a piece he doesn't like, he'll go out and buy another. "Look, Van," Keenan says, "I just bought this thing. I hope you don't mind—"

Van ponderingly taps a judicious nail against his teeth. "I'll have to think about it—"

The basis of the friendship—like that of any good relationship—is complete freedom. Nobody makes demands or stands on ceremony. If Van's there for dinner, he's there—if not, not, and no questions asked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I saw it happen—
at a celebration being held in Laredo, Texas, in February of 1943.

Gene Autry was to ride his famous horse in the parade and the whole population of Laredo was waiting anxiously to see



their favorite cowboy. Finally the parade came by. I failed to get a good snapshot of Gene Autry, so I ran with a gang of small children to the block where the parade broke up. An army jeep was waiting to take Gene back to the field while crowds of boys and girls "fenced him in." I pushed up close for a good front view snap when a girl of about twelve years pushed an autograph book in front of Mr. Autry and asked him to sign. He looked right into her eyes and grabbed her hand with both of his and said, "Honey, if I start that I'm sunk; let's just shake hands." She blushed and smiled while he shook her hand.

And I knew that Gene Autry was still that little girl's favorite movie star—for he had given her an even more personal autograph than she had asked for.

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If the Wynns plan to eat out, they'll say: "You coming?" Or Van'll call up. "We're running a picture at the studio tonight. Let's eat early—"

Not long ago the four of them, including Neddy, spent two weeks at Arrowhead in a housekeeping cottage. Van got up in the morning and squeezed oranges, Keenan set the table, Evie cooked the eggs, Keenan cleared—he's the weak sister on KP—Van washed, Evie dried. Before they left, Van cleaned the house as it never was cleaned before, with Keenan an admiring audience of one. He wouldn't even get up to fetch a dustpan. "I'd love to, Van, but an artist's work is his own—"

Every now and then Van decides to cut down on the calories, and that'll be the night they've got *baba au rhum* for dessert. Van eyes it longingly. "Guess I'll have an apple—"

"The star's on a diet," snorts Evie and gets him an apple. Keenan licks his chops over every separate crumb of the *baba au rhum*. Next day Van appears with a pair of alligator shoes for Evie—on his own coupon yet. That's his way of saying, "Excuse me for being a star—"

Because Keenan's wild for motorbikes, Van bought one too, and loathed every-minute he was on it. Any garment either owns and the other takes a fancy to, he swipes. That's why they're always trying to reform each other's clothes habits. Van wears white shirts and black knitted ties. Keenan wears blue shirts and many-colored ties. Van wears cuffless pants—

"A guy named sloppy Joe," sneers Keenan.

"At least I can call my pants my own—"

Or Van starts it. "Why don't you wear white shirts and look neat?"

"Aha. His laundry's late again— By the way, I tried on your new coat and it hangs on me—"

"Well, remind me to have my shoulders sliced down—"

Eavesdrop on them, and they'll be doing one of two things—heckling each other or talking shop. Anything's good for a rib. For instance, Van's wild about horses and dogs. He'll be driving along and jam! go the brakes. "Ow! Lookit the horse!"

"So what? So it's got four legs—"

Van smiles at the horse. "Golly, he's beautiful—"

When the vegetables come on at dinner that night, Keenan leaps to his feet. "Ow! Lookit the string bean!"

Van examines it and shakes his head. "No legs—"

Evie thinks they're both crazy.

learning from the master . . .

Keenan went to China for three months to entertain the troops, and brought back a lot of stuff that looked great in China, but not so good when he got it home. His wife and friend rode him for weeks. "Where can I bury this?" Evie would inquire.

"Back in Newark," said Van, "where it came from in the first place."

Then what does he do but traipse to Mexico and come back with even worse junk. "Serapis, huh?" gloated Keenan. "Whadda we do, drape the piano in 'em? Took us twenty-five years to get rid of the Spanish shawl—"

On the other hand, they'll spend hours in earnest pow-wows on the subject of acting. To both, it's an endlessly exciting theme. In Van's eyes—and he's not the only one—no young character actor today can beat Keenan for talent and versatility. His respect and admiration for Keenan's professional qualities have nothing to do with their friendship. Keenan's the authority, and Van gratefully absorbs all he has to offer. Yet even Keenan can be wrong.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Life for mothers is not too easy at best. Anything that lightens the job is good for both mother and baby. That is one reason, I'm sure, that has contributed to the amazing increase in the use of prepared baby foods.

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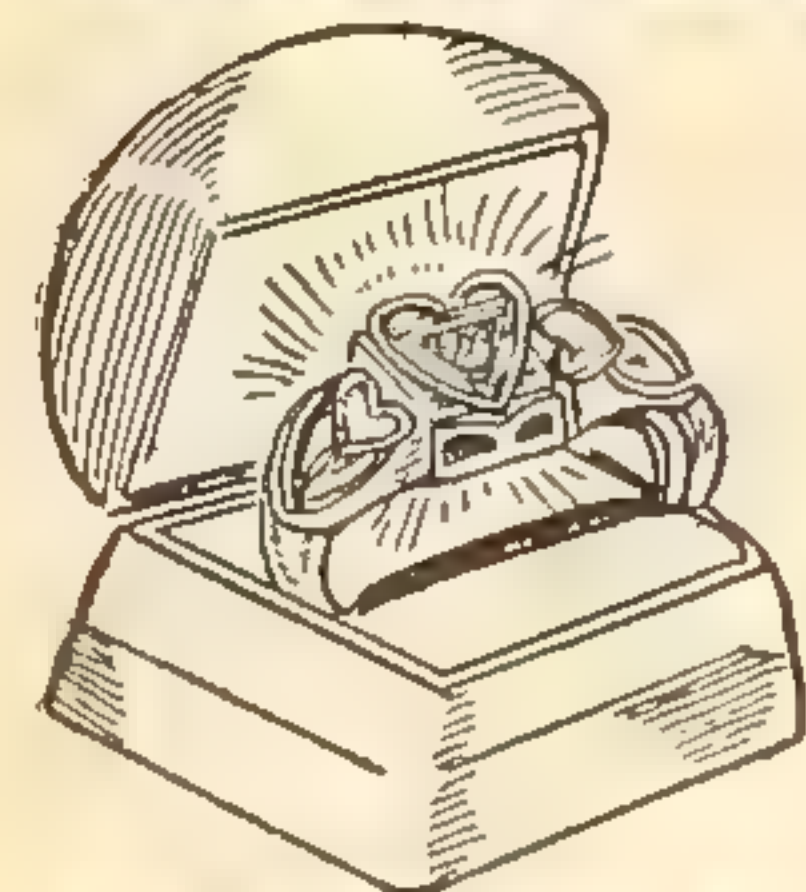
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One night Van fairly exploded into the house. "Got a chance to play '30 Seconds over Tokyo'—"

You've gathered by now that they're honest with each other. Brutally honest, when it comes to their work. "Are you kidding?" asked Keenan.

"You don't think I can do it—"

"I think you'd stink. You're definitely not ready for something like that. It should be a guy like Bob Young—a seasoned actor—"

a guy can be wrong . . .

Van was given no choice, so whether he'd have turned it down on Keenan's say-so is an academic question. After the preview, Keenan groaned, rocked his head in his hands. "Boy, did I call a wrong number!"

Naturally, Van was pleased, though he never says much and especially not about his work, anyhow. Only now, when Keenan says, "You don't want to do that," Van murmurs absently, "Just a second, just a second, just a second—"

"Okay, I get it, you don't have to count up to thirty—"

The first picture they played in together was "Between Two Women." Keenan was against it. "Oh, come on," Van nagged. "I have to be in it." When they saw it together at the studio, Keenan shuddered convulsively. "I couldn't have unlearned that much about acting in a month—"

Still he insisted on seeing it again in a theater. "What for?" Van demanded, knowing his customer.

"Never mind what for. I gave that thing the ten best days of my life. Now I'm gonna get 'em back—"

Under Keenan's influence, Van's less shy than he used to be. Which is lucky for him. Because, with his first appearance on the screen, Keenan gave a shrill whistle, then piped loud and clear: "Why, Van Johnson! Fancy meeting you here!" And when his own phiz flashed on, he rose, clapped, announced, "That's me, you know," and bowed graciously right and left.

They were working in another picture together when Keenan and his motorbike crashed . . .

death takes a holiday . . .

By an almost eerie duplication of circumstance, each of these two has looked death in the face twice—once for himself, once for his friend. They don't talk about it, their friendship isn't expressed in senti-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



That young singer, Gloria Jean, appeared in Boston, Mass., at the R.K.O. theater last December. Since it was very near Christmas, Miss Jean told the audience she would sing Christmas hymns.

After finishing "Silent Night," "The First Noel," and "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," Gloria Jean announced that seeing that a number of young children were present, she would sing a song especially for them.

The young star started to sing "Santa Claus is Coming To Town." She wasn't half way through with the song when a child of about ten turned to its mother and cried, "Mummy, does she still believe in Santa Claus?"

Louise Joyal
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mental terms. But that shared experience, throwing life and its values into proportion, has done more than years of everyday living to cement the bond between them. Under all the surface foolery, consciousness of what they so nearly lost flows like a deep tide.

Every family has its stock of private jokes that mean nothing to anyone but themselves. Having raced for years, Keenan knows he's a good driver. Evie's a good driver too—of the back-seat brand. "Keep to the right," she'll yell.

And Keenan would come back with his tired old crack: "Been driving thirty years and never had an accident, CRASH!"

The night they were going to M-G-M to run a picture, all three sat together in front, Van driving. What brought it up, nobody remembers, but as they crossed the track, Keenan went into his spiel. On the word CRASH! the other car hit them. (Footnote: The quip's been laid on the shelf for all time.)

The next few seconds burned themselves on Keenan's memory in a series of flashes. Van standing up, battling desperately with the wheel in a vain effort to keep the car from turning over. Himself pulling Evie's head against his chest, trying to keep cool with visions of the tank exploding, calling to Van to turn off the switch. The car upside down, Van pinched between windshield and sidewalk, still fumbling for the ignition, poor kid, and turning on the windshield wipers instead.

Keenan got Evie out and laid her on the grass, mechanically turned off the switch and windshield wipers, and followed the blood to where Van had crawled. He lay flat on the pavement, his head on the curbstone. One look was enough to freeze Keenan where he stood. "Ten minutes." The words clicked themselves off in his brain. "Ten minutes, and that'll be it—"

frozen terror . . .

People were gathering, but he saw only Betty Asher who worked at M-G-M. She raced off for Whitey Hendry, head studio cop. Keenan went over to Evie. "My back hurts," she said. "I can't seem to move it—"

"See if you can move your feet—" She could. "Then you're all right, honey. Just lie perfectly still—"

He returned to Van, who was still conscious, who lay there and looked at the stars out of one eye while blood oozed from the other side of his head. Suddenly Keenan knew what the kid was thinking. That his face was all cut up, that there was one eye he couldn't see out of—and right in the middle of "A Guy Named Joe," his first big break. Keenan knew he was thinking: "God in heaven, my phiz!"

He knelt down. "Your face is fine," he whispered in Van's ear. "You don't have to worry about your face at all. It's just a little cut on the head—"

Van looked up at him out of the good eye. The look was plain as words. "You're a lying soandso," it said, "but thanks."

Keenan felt that he had himself under

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Answers to MONIKERS IN MASQUERADE

(Continued from page 84)

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control. His mind functioned clearly. Till Whitey and the ambulance came, his job was to move between wife and friend with reassurance and comfort. He kept a mental door pressed hard against his emotions, and he was only dimly aware of the pushing crowd.

Till an unbelievable thing happened. As he bent over Van, a woman came up. "The kind of busy little ghoul," he said later in a bitter one-line description, "who holds her children up at lynchings." She looked Van over, prodded him with her foot, and said: "He's dead—"

emotional release . . .

Keenan straightened. All his pent up anguish broke in a flood of blistering language over the lady, and we don't mean lady. He spoke not loud, but with a leashed intensity, and every picturesque word hit its mark. Under his blazing eyes, the crowd drew back. He saw gas running out of the overturned tank, and a man leaning cosily against it, smoking—taking in the show from a ringside seat, as it were. Keenan walked steadily over and quietly smashed the cigar from his mouth.

But they weren't all like that. Two wonderful women who lived in the corner house came out with blankets and pillows. One was a nurse. She made Evie more comfortable. She said not to move Van. They both stood by till the ambulance clanged up.

Whitey had phoned Dr. William Branch to meet them at the hospital. By the time they got there, Keenan thought Van was dead. A nurse came to him in the waiting room. Evie wasn't badly hurt. Glass in her back and shock, but she could go home in a couple of days. Dr. Branch was operating on Van.

Eternities passed, and Dr. Branch finally came in. He shot Keenan a quick look, and took a little square box from his pocket. "See what somebody gave me—" It held a pair of cuff links. What the hell did Keenan care about his cuff links? Why the hell didn't he say something about Van—?

Dr. Branch answered the unspoken question. "Thought I'd give you a minute to get a grip on yourself. You know you brought a dead man in here, don't you?" Keenan eyed him dumbly. "There are six quarts of blood in the human body. If you lose more than two, you generally die.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Joan Crawford was working
on location at Pis-
mo Beach some time
ago, I was to inter-
view her.

I had a very pleas-
ant interview and
came to the conclu-
sion that Joan was
not only a very
wonderful actress

but a very grand and lovable woman
offstage too. She laughed and talked
with everyone and signed autographs
by the thousands.

While going to the set one morning
she noticed a little girl going to school—
carrying a violin with papers wrapped
around it. She stopped and picked
the girl up and asked her name, etc.,
and found out that the little girl
couldn't afford a case. As soon as she
got back to Hollywood she sent her
a beautiful hand-made violin case.

Jacqueline Bethune
Los Angeles, Calif.



Your friend lost three . . . but he's got more guts than the average. He may pull through. It'll be a week or so before we're sure—"

"Can I see him?" croaked Keenan.

"They're giving him a transfusion. Then you can go in. But don't stay more than a minute—"

Keenan approached the bandaged face on the pillow. "Well, kid, I'll see you tomorrow and bring you some stuff down—" The uncovered eye looked up, but he couldn't read it. He didn't even know whether Van had heard.

On the way down next morning he remembered that Van was bugs on toilet water, so he stopped off at Saks and bought the biggest bottle he could find. For one minute the nurse had left her patient unguarded, and that was the minute of Keenan's arrival. "Walk in breezy," he'd been telling himself. "Act like nothing's happened." He dropped his load on the chair, banged his bottle on the table, filled the room with all kinds of hearty sounds—and met Van's eye. This time there was no mistaking its indignant message—

"Pipe down, willya? What's all the racket about? Doncha know I'm in bad shape, ya big baboon?"

thank god, he'll live . . .

Keenan subsided, but with an effort. That look had rolled a weight off his heart. He wanted to turn double backflips and yell his lungs out. The doctor had said a week, but somehow he knew right then that Van would get well.

And of course he did, though it was a slow process. A month at the hospital, eight weeks at the Wynns. In bed at first, then under a shade-tree in the garden, with Neddy stealing out to see how his "best friend" felt.

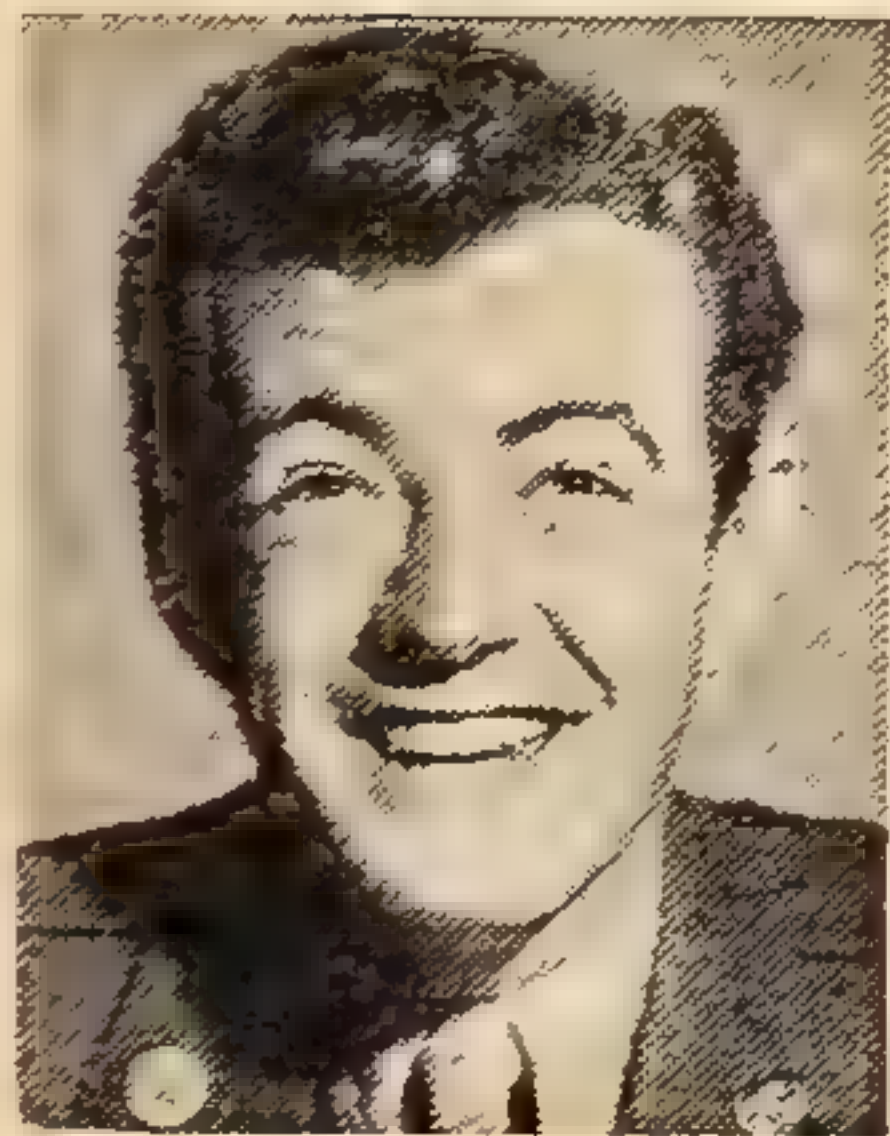
"Home," grinned Van, "is where, when you come, they can't kick you out—"

"Right," agreed Keenan, who for once had no comeback.

Last April a second son was born to the Wynns. Evie was due home from the hospital. Keenan and Van had the day off from the studio. After breakfasting with a friend, they left to put a few finishing touches to the nursery. Keenan was on his motorbike, Van followed in the car.

As Keenan bowled along Sunset, a woman made a U-turn without giving the signal. The bike hit the side of her car. By the time Van got there, Connie Moore, whose house was close by, had phoned for an ambulance and taken over. He stood

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Waiting on a block long line at the Capitol Theatre a short while ago, I admired a stunning picture of one of my favorite actors. He was making a personal appearance at the theater that day and, four hour wait

or not, my friends and I were intent on remaining. To occupy our time we discussed his probable wardrobe for that afternoon. We agreed on almost everything but whether or not he would wear his dark-rimmed glasses. Just as I was insisting that he would, I felt a slight tap on the shoulder and as I turned, there stood Bob Walker assuring me that he would.

Anna Bunatta
New York, N. Y.

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No wonder Gay-Red is the "hit-color" of Hollywood. It gives me a lift. Just putting Gay-Red on my lips puts me in a "party mood".

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

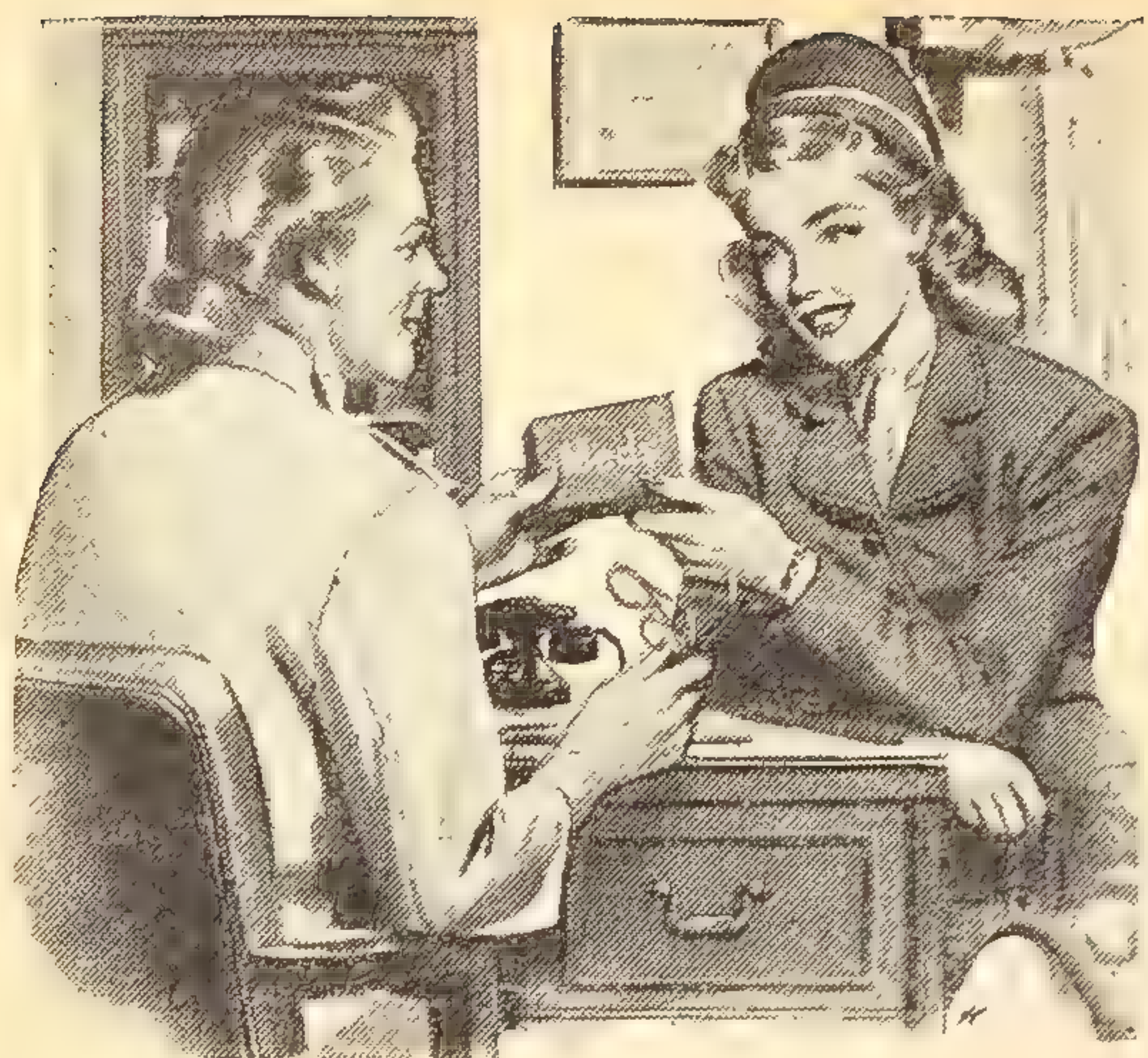
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looking down at Keenan's shattered face, as one night Keenan had looked down at his. For a moment, his head reeled. For a moment Keenan was himself, and he was Keenan, kneeling down, white and strained, whispering: "Your face is fine. You don't have to worry about your face at all—"

But Van couldn't do even that much for his friend. Keenan was past hearing or caring.

Connie went to the house to wait for Evie. The ambulance carrying Keenan and Van to the hospital passed the one that was taking Evie home.

At the hospital they said "He may live out the night. Better send for his father—"

All night you could have seen Van pacing the hall, but he wasn't really there. He was inside that quiet room with Keenan, leaning over the bed, pleading, urging, praying, straining every nerve in an agony to make him live. In the morning he called Evie. Connie had told her it was just a little bump. For five minutes he sat there, building up an edifice of dove-tailed lies and when he got through, the sweat was rolling off him.

Then he phoned the studio. They'd simply have to call off the picture for a couple of days. He was staying put. Not till Keenan's father arrived did he feel able to go back to work. When he saw Ed Wynn in Keenan's room, just sitting motionless and watching, watching, watching, never moving his eyes from his son, sort of helping him breathe, Van knew that the job had been taken over by an expert.

that man's here again . . .

From the set he phoned a dozen times a day, and every night he rushed to the hospital. On the eighth day after the accident Keenan opened his eyes, and saw himself in the mirror facing his bed. "They're nuts," he thought. "Always over-doing things. Who's gonna believe a makeup like that?"

Slowly, then, he began to take in his surroundings. Except that his mind was a blank as to what had brought him here, it functioned all right. This was a hospital room. Then something must have happened to his face. He looked at it again. "Oh well," he decided, "I always did want to be a producer—"

On the phone they told Van that Keenan was conscious. That evening he waited a minute outside the door before pushing it in. With his broken jaw, Keenan couldn't say a word, couldn't even grin. Their eyes met. "Cute lid Lily Dache cooked up for you there," said Van.

Only once did he put the thing into words.

Every minute not given to work or sleep, he'd spent at the hospital. If Keenan felt chipper, he'd joke and tell stories. If not, he'd hang around outside. Smoking endless cigarettes, pacing restlessly up and down. When the day came, it was Van who drove Keenan home. But he wouldn't go in—

"No, no, I'll be seeing you," he said, and drove off.

Though he phoned frequently, they didn't see him again for two weeks.

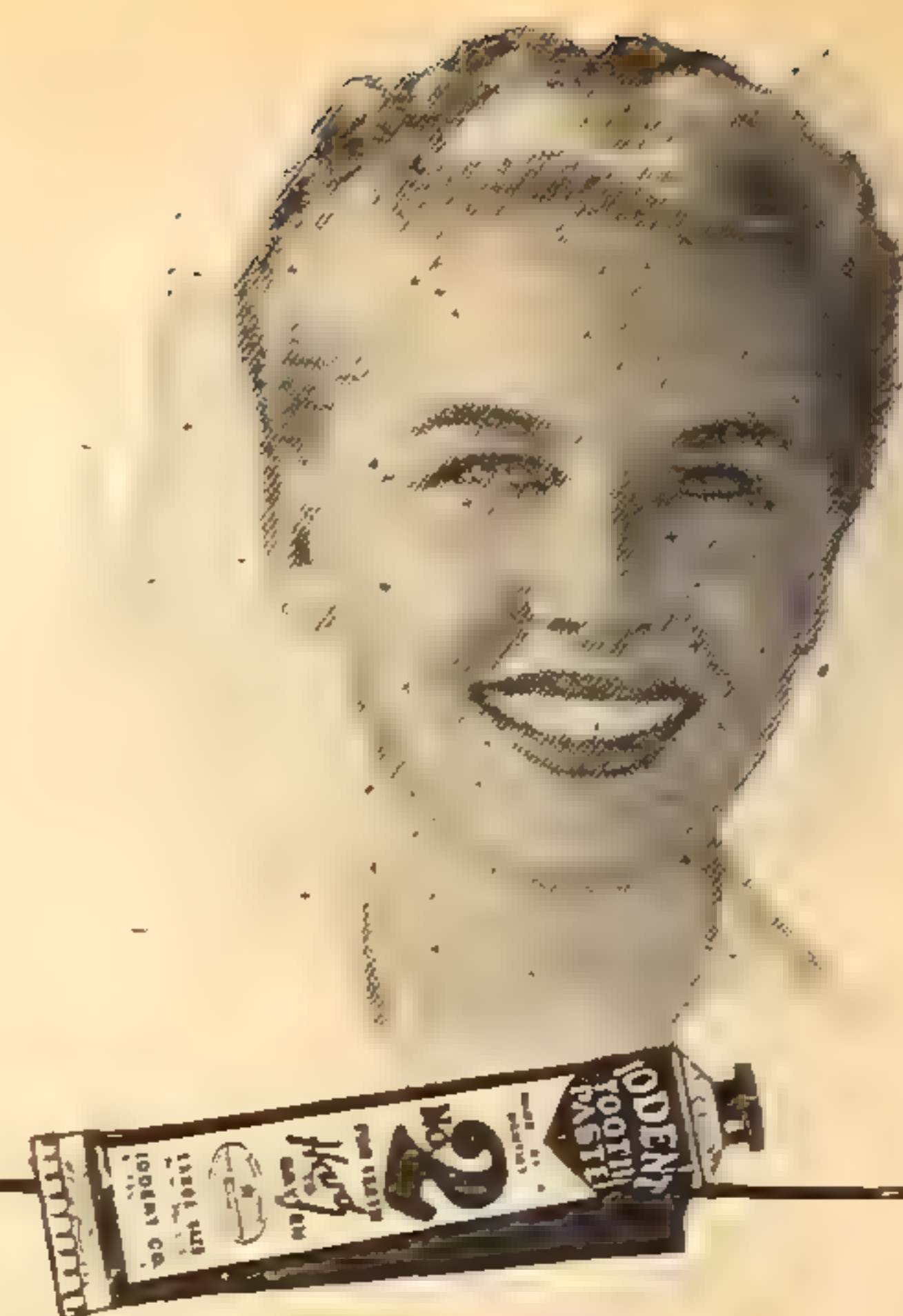
"What was all that about?" Keenan asked when he finally showed up.

"You wanna know something? I'll never have a friend like you again. It's too exhausting. I damn near died—"

Then he went out and came back, hauling a lamp he'd had made from a 5-gallon copper whale-oil container. "For the piano. Time you got rid of that other piece of junk—"

"Evie," bawled Keenan, "that man's here again—"

The boys were back in the groove.



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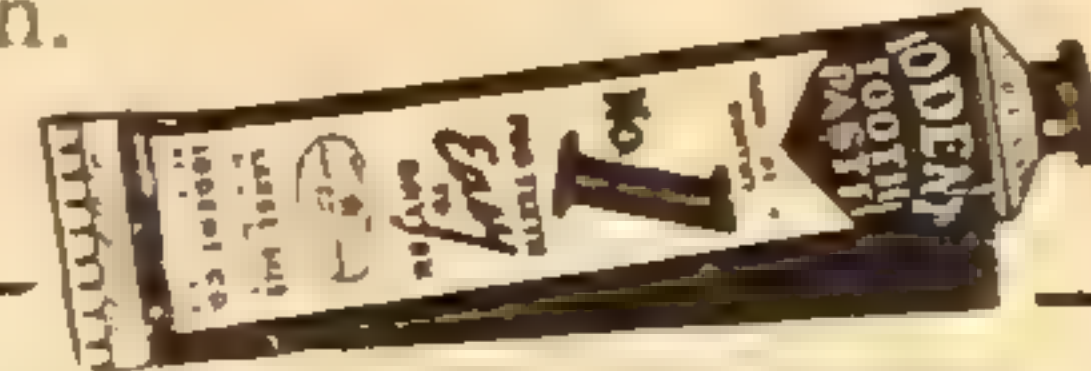
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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

garden and Tommy Dorsey as all-American trombonist.

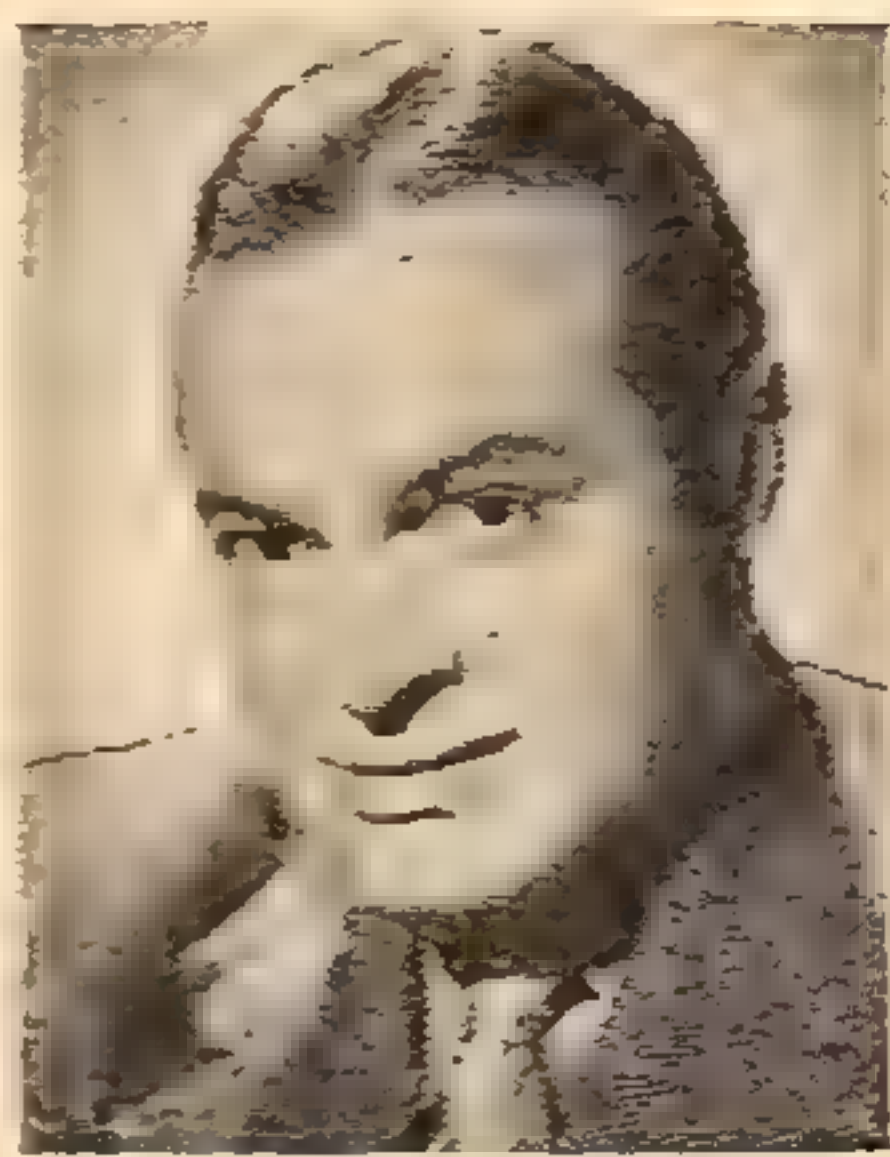
JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)—When Lee had to make this record, he was stuck for a girl singer, and Helen Ward who, like Lee, is a graduate of the Benny Goodman outfit, happened to be up at the Musicraft office when he was bewailing his fate. "Where'm I going to get a wonderful, sweet, sensational, little—" So Helen stepped up and offered to help out on the session. She's listed on the label as Vera Lane.

DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia)—Frankie enjoyed working with The Charioteers so much on this platter that he wants to do an album of spirituals with them. Mannie Sachs, over at Columbia, had the idea of combining these voices on record, although the fellows had sung together before, on the radio. The Charioteers started out at Wilberforce University, in 1930. Their first big hit was their recording of "So Long." Then they played in "Hellzapoppin'", on Broadway, for four years. These might have broken lesser men completely. But The Charioteers, like Columbus, sailed on and on and on. They did some records with Mildred Bailey. (Remember the one of Mildred's old theme songs, "Hold On"?) They made a movie with Carole Landis (called "Road Show"). And they were on the Kraft program for four years. If it comes back in the Fall, they come with it. But you know—every year, Bing says he's finished with the heat-up radio business, and every year he comes back merrily. "Who, me? I love radio." So it's hard to tell about the Kraft show. Its status is definitely indefinite. The Charioteers personnel consists of: Wilfred Williams and Edward Jackson, tenors; Ira Williams, baritone; Howard Daniel, bass; James Sherman, piano. In addition to them,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Although I now have a fine batch of signatures, my collection of movie stars' autographs almost met with disaster before it started. Armed with a fountain pen and a brand new autograph album, I had caught Bob Hope just as he was boarding a westbound train for Hollywood. The train was already moving as I passed him the album and pen, and I ran alongside. I tripped over a bag on the train platform and by the time I had gotten to my feet the train had gained speed and Bob Hope, my autograph album, and my pen were gone. I had almost forgotten about the incident when a week later the mailman delivered a small package with a Hollywood postmark. Not only had Bob Hope sent back my fountain pen and my autograph album, but the autograph album which had been blank when I handed it to him was now filled with movie stars' autographs.

Arthur Haglund, Ensign USMS
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Ann Dvorak

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on these records with Frankie, Red Nichols played trumpet, Nick Fatool, the former B. G. drummer, did his bit with other west coast jazzmen.

FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)—Here's the solo record debut of the girl I've been plugging in this department. "Fifteen Years" on one side, and "Tired" on the other. She talks part of the lyric on "Tired," and she is sensationally good. Former Fashions in Music maestro, Mitchell Ayres—now Columbia recording director—leads the band.

HO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)—I went to see Betty Jane Bonney about two records she did for Victor. Both swell. "How Little We Know" (accompanied only by a trio) and "They Can't Take That Away From Me." She's a pretty brunette, and a very thrilled one, since this is her first shot at being a featured singer, though she's had band jobs before. Now a hit, she was telling me what a kick she gets from her fan mail. "Some of them say I should stick to the trio, and forget about the orchestra, and some of them say they don't like the small combination at all. I should use the orchestra, by all means." I asked Betty Jane about her ambitions. Definitely not Hollywood, it turned out. She'd rather have a radio show. She likes television, has done quite a lot of work with it at NBC. Mostly dramatic, strangely enough. Since television hasn't signed with the Musicians' Union, it's not allowed to use any live music, so even if a song does come up on a show, Betty Jane is

Skolsky's

TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• One of my favorite characters is Gregory Ratoff, and he is also a favorite with the nation, for whenever "Information Please" wants to make certain of a few laughs, they invite Gregory to be a guest. Of the various Ratoff yarns, my choice goes to the story of his discussion with his writer, Lou Breslow, about Darryl Zanuck.

"I know there are people who aren't faithful to Darryl," said Ratoff, "but me, I know that I owe everything to Zanuck. If it wasn't for him, I would be a bum. He gave me the chance to become a director when no one would give me a job. I owe everything to Zanuck. The food I'm eating, the clothes I'm wearing, the chair I'm sitting in."

"It's very nice to hear such appreciation," said Breslow, "but I don't believe you would have been a bum. If Zanuck hadn't given you your opportunity to become a director, I think you would have become an agent."

Ratoff smiled. "That's correct. I would have been an agent. The best and biggest agent in town. I'd have my own business and I'd have made over a million dollars. What did I need Zanuck for?"



Trudy Marshall

vibrant, young player in "THE DOLLY SISTERS," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "MY CANARY STARTS MY DAY ON A CHEERFUL NOTE...KEEPS ME LIGHT-HEARTED!"

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merely allowed to stand up there and twist her mouth into the appropriate shapes, while a record of her voice is played off-stage. Sort of like keeping Gunder Haag standing at the starting line while somebody runs off a moving picture of him for the people in the grandstand. "Television workers put up with terrific heat," Betty Jane said. "Much worse than the Hollywood Klieg lights. And the makeup has to be very dark." She says, too, that Jo Stafford is her favorite singer. Jo seems to be the vocalists' vocalist. She's even Billie Holiday's choice! Most of them think Jo sings with a lot of heart. Getting back to Betty Jane, her "Ho-Hum," which heads this little piece, is due out shortly. It's got a Russell Case background, and Miss Bonney at her best.

IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and the Merry Macs. (Decca)—Thought perhaps you'd like a few facts about the Merry Macs. They're currently on the Hall of Fame show (Paul Whiteman, Georgia Gibbs). Only Judd and Ted McMichael remain of the original group. They've adopted Lynn Allen as a brother in place of young Joe McMichael who was killed in action last year. Virginia Rees, with them now, is the fifth feminine member so far. Every time a good one comes along, she either marries or gets a Hollywood contract! Virginia's already had her taste of movies. She's voice-doubled for Lana Turner and Lucille Ball. Every time they open their mouths, the sound tracks put Virginia in 'em, so to speak. To sing, of course. On this record, the Macs and Judy Garland are accompanied by Lynn Murray's orchestra. It's a good job.

TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)—This is the tune based on the Chopin Polonaise. (The one Cornel Wilde composed in "A Song To Remember.") The record should be big, because people are suddenly very Chopin-Wilde conscious. The orchestra backing up Perry Como is that of Russell Case. Always a big name with musicians, Russell has given that up to be a conductor. He has big plans, may turn out to be the Dave Rose of 1946. We had lunch together, just before he left for the Coast to do some arranging and conducting for Dinah Shore. "You can no longer assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child," he said, talking of the trend in radio music. (Note to people who assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child: Cut it out!) "People like Dave Rose and Axel Stordahl (Frankie's manager)," he went on, "are pioneering—stirring pub-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My father was driving by the Savoy Plaza when he got a flat tire, and had to pull over to the curb in front of a taxi. The cab driver started yelling and shouting, at which point the hotel doorman opened the cab door



and a lovely young girl stepped out. To cheer her, my father said, "Tough luck. Must be a jinx." "What did you say?" the girl asked. "It's a jinx," repeated my father. "How did you know my name?" asked the amazed girl. She was none other than Jinx Falkenburg!

Bert Weiner
Bronx, New York

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lic interest in more intelligent radio fare." They've really got a good case lined up. And speaking of good Cases—Russell was discovered in Davenport, Iowa, by veteran sax man Frankie Trumbauer. Frankie brought him to New York, where he got a job with Benny Goodman's first band at Billy Rose's Music Hall. After that, he worked with Hal Kemp for a while. Since, he's done radio jobs with Kostelanetz, Whiteman, Rubinoﬀ—everybody. He's been the busiest man in the business, playing trumpet twenty-three hours a day. You can see his name on the labels of all recent records by Como, Betty Jane Bonney and others.

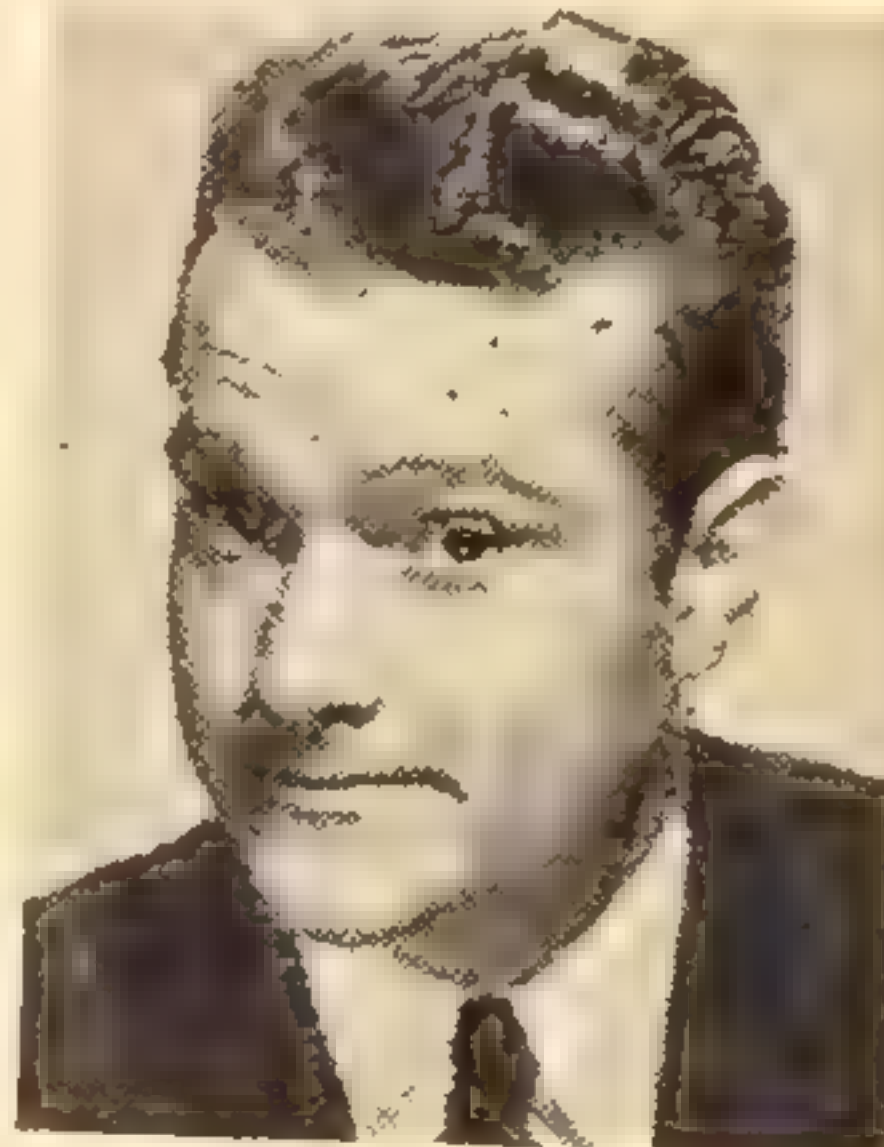
Hot . . .

TAPS MILLER—Count Basie—(Columbia)—An instrumental jump tune named for a friend of Count Basie's—a tap dancer who just returned from entertaining troops in the CBI theater. Incidentally, the Count's "One O'Clock Jump" was featured at a jam session by an all-Negro USO unit which General Eisenhower picked to entertain Marshal Zhukov and other high Red Army officials. There's even been talk of having the State Department arrange for Basie to do a good-will tour of the Soviet Union. He may be the first Count in Russia since the Revolution!

LONESOME LOVER BLUES—Billy Eckstine (National)—Up until recently, Billy Eckstine's been known strictly as a vocalist—a rave one. This record has him soloing on valve trombone, though, as well as taking a vocal in his fine, sleepy voice. It's nice, too. I don't think any other bandleader plays valve trombone; it's a very difficult instrument. Billy himself got so nervous when the session began, he had to be strongly urged to go ahead. Platter also features Dexter Gordon on tenor sax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I knew his face looked familiar the moment we started talking, but it wasn't until our conversation neared an end that I fully realized who he was.



The Fifth Avenue bus was crowded, and an Army Private and I were sharing the same strap. It was only a few weeks after my release from the Army, and my discharge button caught the eye of the soldier standing beside me.

"What outfit were you with?" he asked. I replied, and we began chatting back and forth as two Army men will. I wondered why the people around us became so interested in our conversation, until a buzz travelled through the bus as word that a movie star was aboard passed on.

I became so engrossed in our conversation that I almost passed my stop, and as I quickly began edging my way through the crowd toward the door the soldier called out "Oh by the way, my name's Red Skelton." I absent mindedly called back "Mine is Jerry Chertoff." As I stepped off the bus I stopped dead in my tracks with the sudden realization of whom I had been talking with, but when I turned around the bus was pulling out of sight, and I hadn't even an autograph to show for the encounter.

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COQUETTE ("Chicken Croquette")—Spirits of Rhythm (Black and White)—A parody on an old Irving Berlin song, and I have to admit I wrote it myself, and accompanied the Spirits of Rhythm at the piano. The Spirits feature Teddy Bunn, vocal and guitar; Leo Watson, scat vocal; Ulysses Livingstone, guitar; Georgie Vann, drums; Red Callender, bass. Leo Watson is probably the most colorful of the bunch. Fortunately. More colorful than Leo, it isn't safe to be. He's a completely mad guy, with a wild and wonderful talent. He coined the word zoot, and once he was removed bodily from a night club when he refused to stop in the middle of what he considered to be a splendid drum solo by himself. The fact that it had been going on for more than an hour seemed unimportant, when he had the beat going so good. You shouldn't miss this Leo. There'll never be another.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)—Re-issue of a record Tommy made in 1938, featuring Howard Smith on piano. Label is fascinating because so many of the boys have since become band-leaders themselves. Charlie Spivak, for one. Trumpet Lee Castaldo (now known as Lee Castle) and trombone Moe Zudekoff (now known as Buddy Morrow) for two more. If you go around asking what's in a name, you're likely to find out.

YOU CAME ALONG FROM OUT OF NOWHERE—Don Byas (Jamboree)—This is my personal favorite of all the records on this tune. It features Don Byas' all-star quintet, with Don himself playing splendid tenor sax; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Denzil Best, drums; Eddie Safranski, bass; and Basie alumnus Sgt. Buck Clayton, trumpet.

I SURRENDER, DEAR—Charlie Ventura (Sunset)—Another tenor sax record featuring Gene Krupa's swell Charlie Ventura. Krupa told me that when the band goes overseas in October, Charlie (who can't go because he didn't pass the physical) may start a band of his own. Gene also told me how happy he was to have Anita O'Day back with the gang.

A SUITE IN FOUR COMFORTABLE QUARTERS—Burley-Feather (Continental)—Subtitle to this is: Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath. Part one is the Bedroom Blues; part two, the Living Room Romp. Dan Burley and I wrote it, and we play piano on it, with Tiny Grimes on guitar; Morey Feld, drums; Jack Lesberg, bass. Dan's a journalist, principally, and a pianist on the side. He's theatrical and sports editor of the New York Amsterdam News—a big Harlem weekly paper. He's the world's foremost authority on jive talk, too. He put out Dan Burley's Original Handbook of Harlem Jive, and it's one of the most amusing things I ever read. If you want to know where to get it, drop me a line. In addition to all that, he spent five years playing for rent parties in Chicago, along with such characters as Pinetop Smith and Albert Ammons—"for all you could eat and drink plus all you could get out of the kitty." He plays good boogie-woogie piano. Tiny Grimes was formerly with the Art Tatum trio; Morey Feld is Benny Goodman's drummer. By the way, my playing on this ought to prove any similarity between me and Eddy Duchin is purely fictitious, despite Al's editorial note in the September issue. After all, an editor's only a writer gone berserk, and he *did* have to fill his column.

Albums . . .

SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)—Here's some sentimental stuff,

Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!



You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'"

"I looked in the mirror—at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd *get* one!"

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to *me*. I look and feel like a person re-born. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's never too late? Imagine *me*—a pin-up girl!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for

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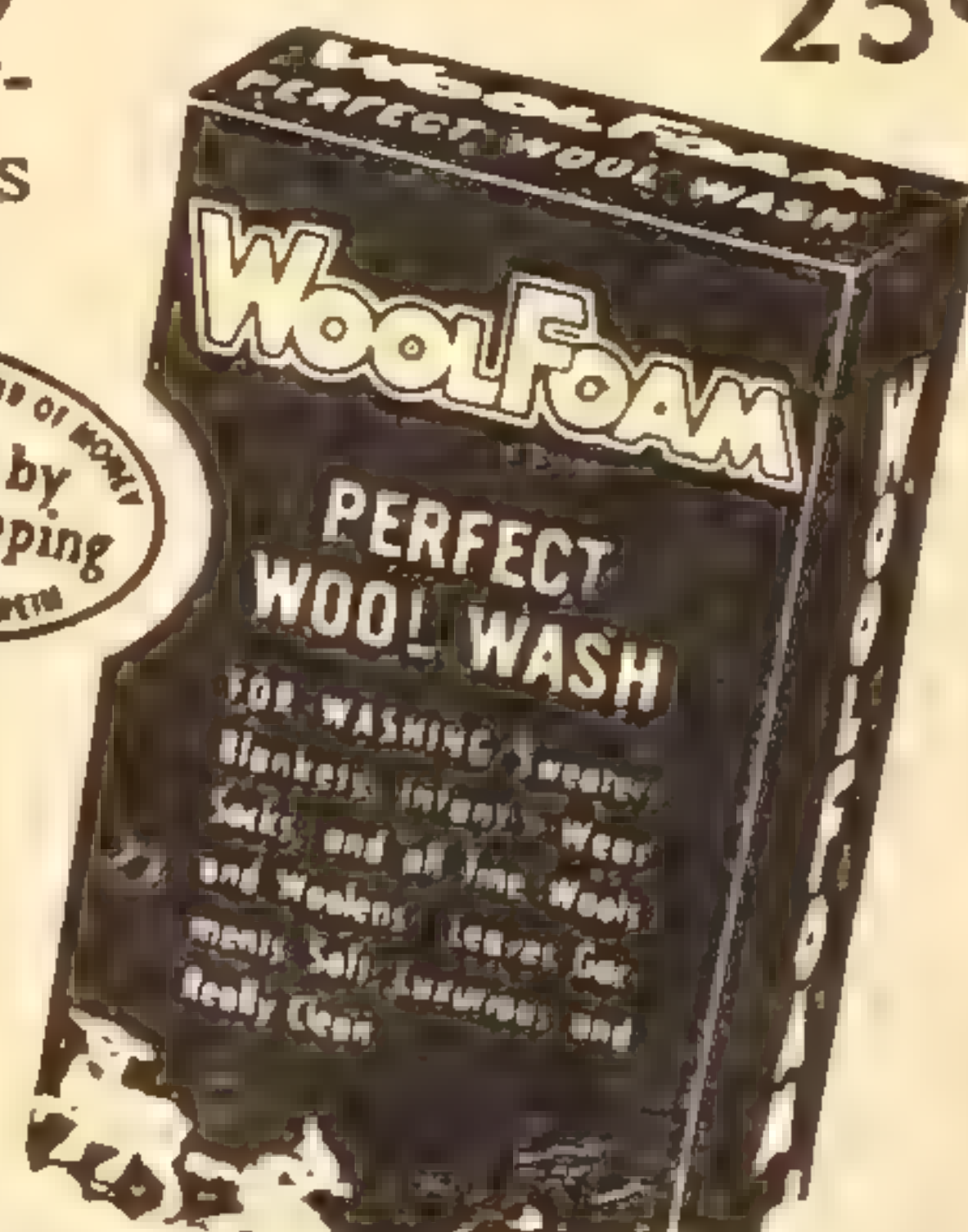
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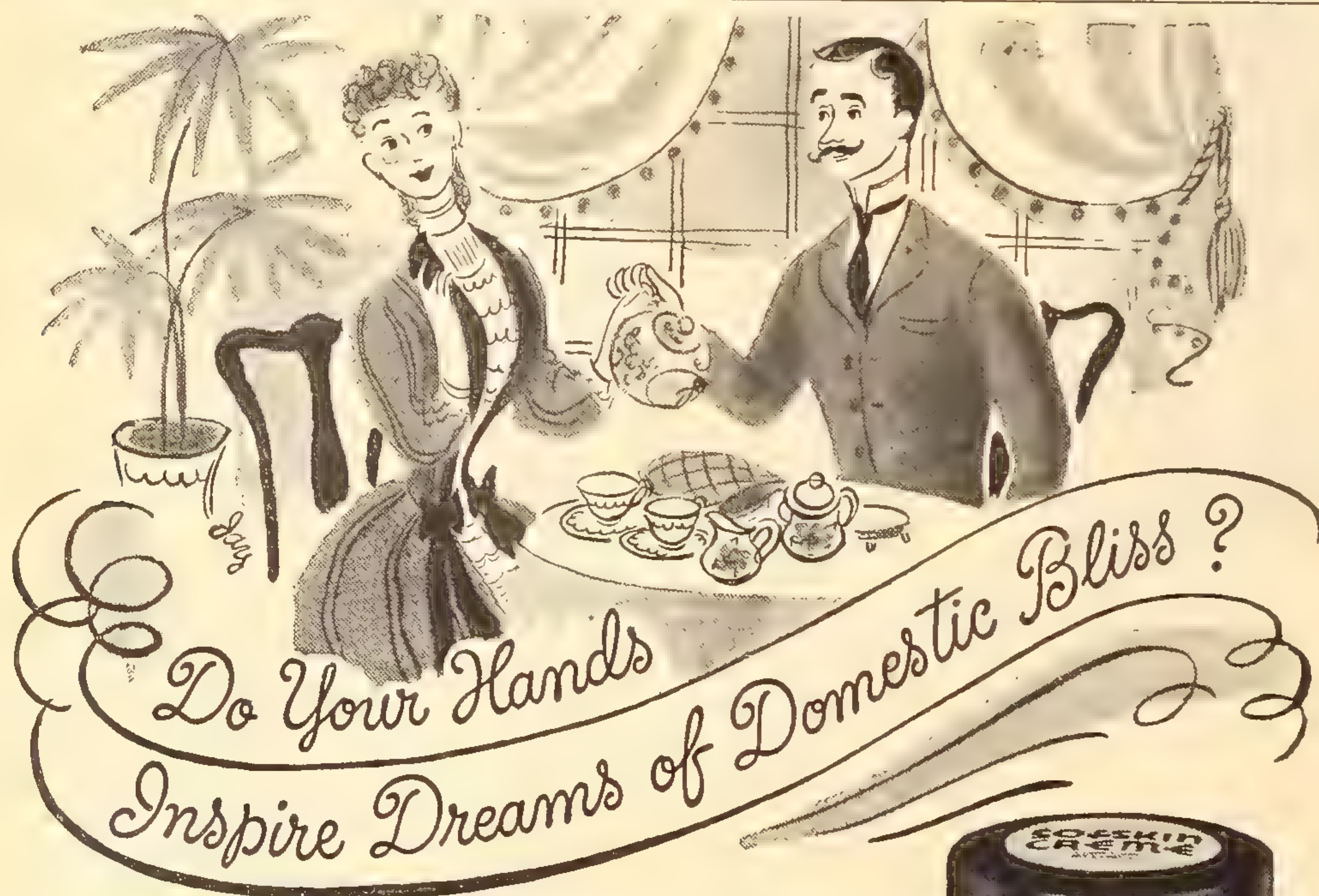
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accompanied by Bob Stanley's orchestra and featuring such numbers as "Oh, Promise Me," "I Love You, Truly" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." This album reminds me of a funny thing that happened when my WMCA show, Platter-brains, had a quiz format. I played a record one night, and asked my guest artists to identify the vocalist. "Kate Smith," one of them said, and two thought it was Lulu Bates. It was really Frankie Connors. He's an Irish tenor, so it serves him right. If you like this type of singing, here's your dish.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Bing Crosby and Andrews Sisters (Decca), Gene Krupa (Columbia)

DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia)

FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

HO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)

IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and The Merry Macs (Decca)

JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)

LILY BELLE—Pied Pipers and Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol), Freddy Martin (Victor)

LOVE LETTERS—Dick Haymes (Decca)

TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Taps Miller (Columbia)

DON BYAS—From Out Of Nowhere (Jamboree)

KING COLE TRIO—I'm A Shy Guy (Capitol)

TOMMY DORSEY—That's It (Victor)

TOMMY DORSEY—Boogie Woogie (Victor)

BILLY ECKSTINE—Lonesome Lover Blues (National)

WOODY HERMAN—Northwest Passage (Columbia)

OSCAR MOORE—Fugue in C Major (Atlas)

SPIRITS OF RHYTHM—Coquette ("Chicken Croquette") (Black and White)

CHARLIE VENTURO—I Surrender, Dear (Sunset)

BEST ALBUMS

BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Freddy Slack (Capitol)

CAROUSEL—featuring members of original cast (Decca)

KOSTELANETZ CONDUCTS—an album of popular tunes (Columbia)

ROSENKAVALIER (Richard Strauss)—Eugene Goossens and Cincinnati Symphony (Victor)

DINAH SHORE—Gershwin Show Hits (Victor)

CHARLIE SPIVAK—Porgy and Bess (Victor)

SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)

STEPHEN FOSTER FAVORITES—Sammy Kaye (Victor)

STRICTLY G.I. SONGS—Sgt. Hy Zaret (Asch)

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—Helen Traubel—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)

THE WILDE WOMEN

(Continued from page 51)

"I hope the agent said that you're through at Warners," said Pat briskly, "because if you are, you'll be able to make a deal somewhere else where you'll be given parts that you can get your teeth into."

They looked at each other and slowly drew together, clinging to one another. "It's all right," said Pat. "It's really all right."

"Only because I had the luck to marry you," said her husband. They were quiet for a few moments. Outside, the rain came down in the Niagara of an angry California winter; inside, the roof was beginning to leak in a dozen places. There was a wide pan under one of the central lighting fixtures into which the drops pinged steadily.

Finally, Cornel said, "Well, shall we go anyway?" They had planned to spend the holidays in Palm Springs, even though they were almost broke. For that reason, Pat had done no marketing, had bought no Christmas tree.

"Let's go," said Pat, wagging a determined head. "Let's go—regardless! Almost anything will be better than mildewing here for a week."

there's always new york . . .

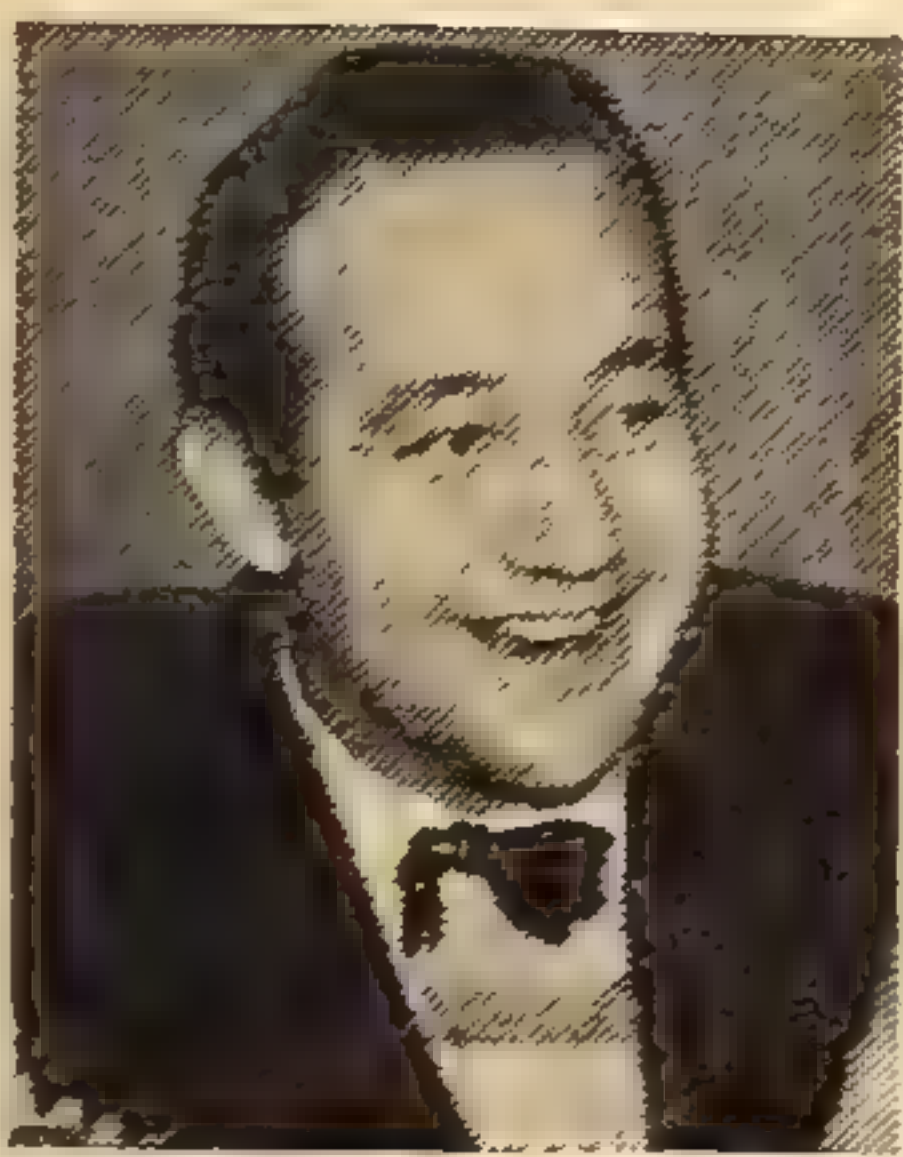
So they hopped into their weary car and trundled down the highway. The top of their car leaked, but not badly, and anything was better than remaining during the holidays in that house for which they had never cared. Its only advantage had been the cheap rent.

Pat asked suddenly, "How long will we be able to get by . . . of course, you'll get another contract at once. But just in case we have to hold out for a little better deal, or in case TWO studios dicker for your time . . . how much do we have?"

"About three weeks' worth," said Cornel grimly. He added, "Don't you worry. Somehow . . . well, we can always go back to New York . . ."

"We've been through worse," said Pat.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We were riding through New Haven, Conn., one summer day and as we approached the Yale University buildings, which at that time were housing servicemen of the Army Air Corps, I noticed the men marching for retreat services on the New Haven Green. It looked very impressive and I wanted to get a closer view. We left the car and walked closer, glancing casually at the people who were beginning to assemble. In doing so, my eyes came to rest on the face of a serviceman who was standing nearby. He looked vaguely familiar. I lightly touched the sleeve of the soldier standing next to me and asked: "Say, isn't that a movie star over there?" Turning, he answered laughingly, "That big ham—sure, it's my pal, Broderick Crawford." . . . There I was gazing into the twinkling eyes of Tony Martin, who had been one of my favorites for years. He spoke to us a while longer and then left to meet Brod. Really, he was so nice!

Boni Barbara
Fresno, Calif.



OOH! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was furious at Tom for the way he'd been treating her. But *she* was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become *neglectful*! Her doctor

straightened her out: "It's foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

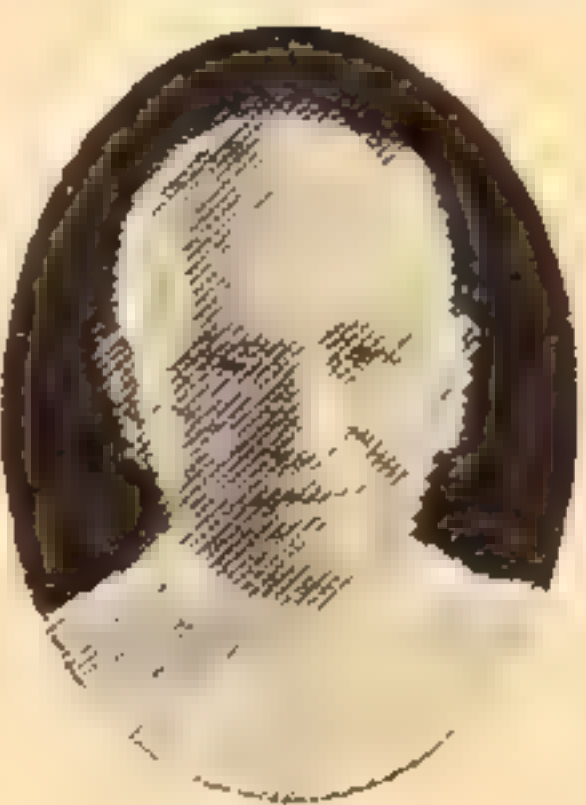


AH! DOMESTIC BLISS!

Heavenly is the word for Sue and Tom's home life now! Wise Sue immediately took her doctor's advice. Always, she uses Lysol for douching... knows for herself how *thoroughly* this

proved germ-killer cleanses, yet how gently! Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "What's more," says Sue, "it's *easy* to use—*economical*, too!"

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



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For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
Disinfectant

always!

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Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed

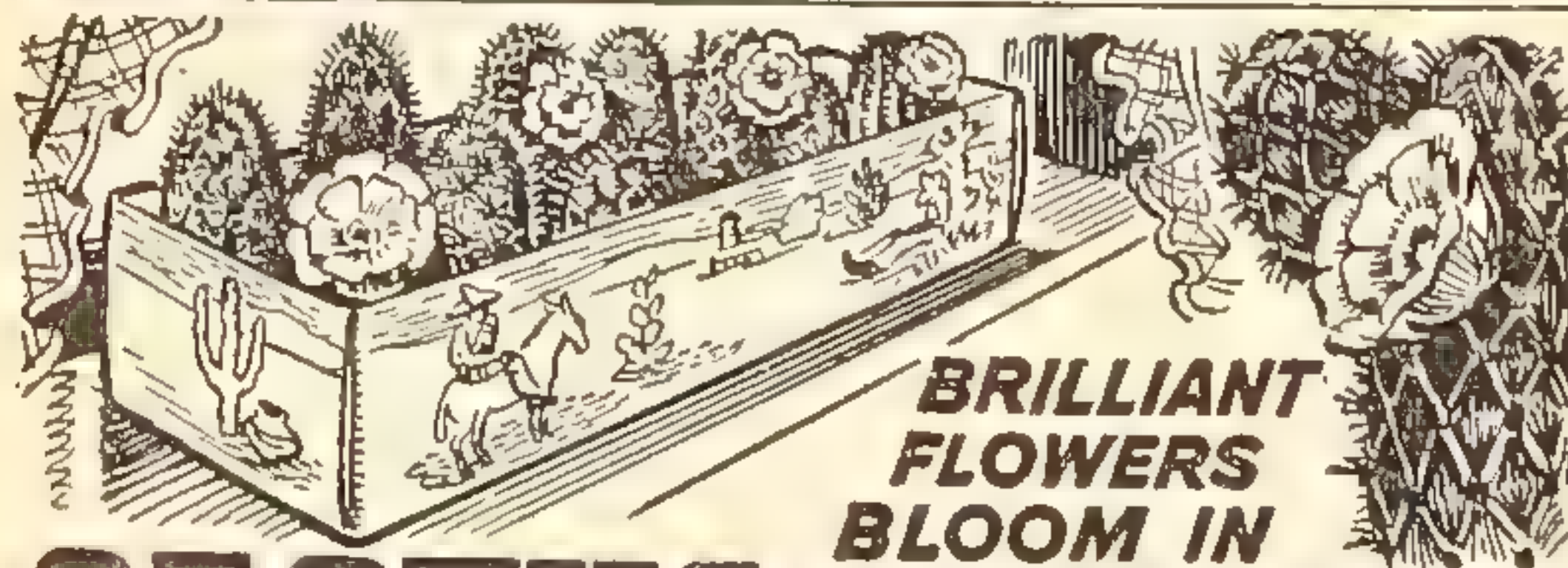
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"D'you remember the time you were fencing..."

During the early days of their marriage, in 1938, Cornel had found the leading man market glutted, so he had been booked into a night club with another expert swordsman. They put on a duel. They wore conventional fencing outfits, including masks. A singularly inspired night club owner said one night, "The customers would get much more of a kick out of your act if they thought somebody might get hurt. How about leaving off those masks?"

danger doubles the take...

Said Cornel's friendly antagonist, "That's a swell way for a man to lose an eye, or to take a gash across his face that would mark him for life. And if an unlucky thrust should hit the carotid artery—that's all, brother."

The night club owner placidly chewed his cigar. "Well, that's swell," he said. "We'll do it without masks and book it for thrills. Ought to double our take."

Business is business, no?

Cornel didn't tell Pat. He and his partner discussed their exhibition, agreed on the precautions they would take; they would make it look good, but each would protect the other. In case one slipped on the waxed floor, in case a shifting of lights threw an aim out of line, in case a drunk decided to trip up somebody... those were things on which no one could count. Every night Cornel and his partner put on a desperate show—more desperate than most of the cash customers realized. Afterward, their skin tight hose, their doublets, would be soaked with perspiration. They asked for a little more money and were refused; the customers were pouring in, sensing with some animal instinct the bloody danger.

One night two friends dropped in on Pat and insisted on doing the night clubs. "We'll surprise Cornel; we'll check up on his jernt," they laughed. Pat didn't telephone; she simply sat at the table and waved at Cornel when he came onto the

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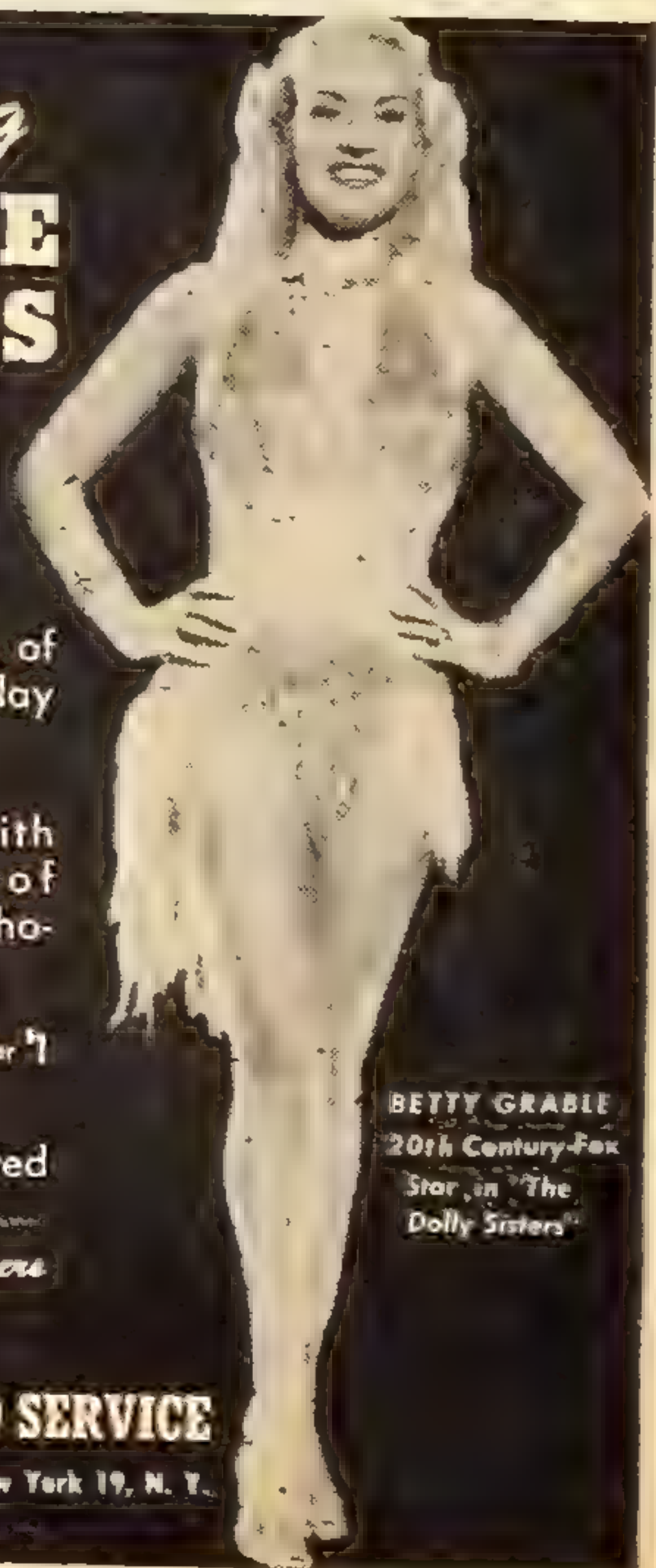
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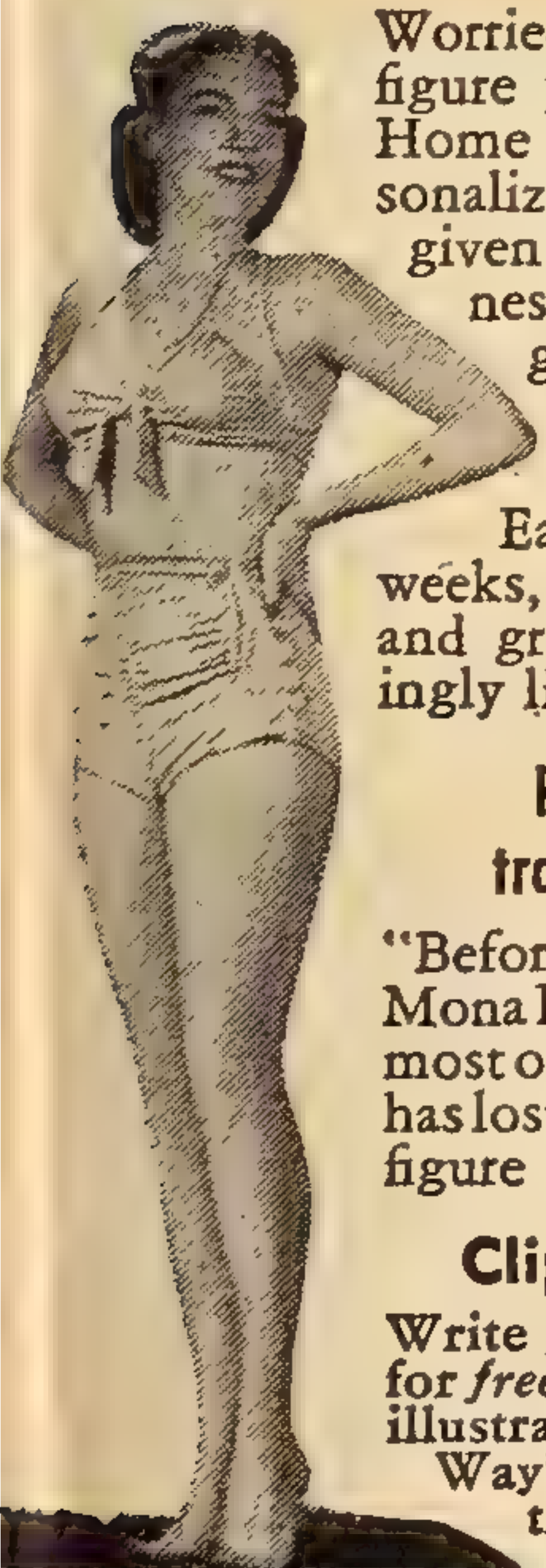
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floor. Because of the strong lights, Cornel didn't see her. He went through the frightening duel with his usual gusto, his usual determination to give a good show.

Somehow, Pat kept from fainting. The next morning she said, "No more of that. I'd rather starve with a handsome husband than live in sables with a lacerated one. You owe it to me to spare me that worry."

So he quit.

"We thought we'd starve then, but we didn't," chirped Pat. "We won't now."

A frugal pair like the Wildes—considering that they had been on rather a nice salary for six months—would normally have accumulated some financial padding in the form of a bank account. However, they had come West deeply in debt, and Cornel had refused to spend one penny in excess of minimum living expenses, or to save anything until those obligations were satisfied. Each week the greater portion of his pay check had gone East to liquidate the liabilities, to justify the immense confidence his friends had shown him.

So... they could eat for three weeks. And by that time, Pat insisted blithely, Cornel would have a fancy new contract. But all this optimistic talk did not stop the rain on the road to Palm Springs. Down came the dew until there was weather running all over the landscape. "We'll have moss growing on our north side by the time we reach the hotel," Cornel predicted.

Once in Palm Springs, they called the friends with whom they were to spend Christmas Eve. Politely, they tried to beg out of the invitation, but the friends refused to listen. Pat and Cornel were ordered over at once, no argument.

So, putting on a holiday air they were far from feeling, they sloshed to the party. Here, a maid was serving Tom 'n Jerries. Neither Cornel nor Pat felt much like a drink, but they decided that they would be more Christmasy behind a happy mug—even if it were only crockery.

Cornel lifted his cup, bent on taking a big gulp. And there, floating merrily on the foam was a very large, exceedingly dead FLY. Pat caught sight of the airborne casualty and barely stifled a cry.

fly in the ointment...

Cornel said, "Well, that caps the climax. That dead fly on the flowing bowl is as pretty a symbol as you could want to

Skolisky's

TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• There have been many tales told about Greta Garbo, but my special about Gee Gee was told to me by S. N. Behrman, who has written many Garbo pictures, and is a man who would not tell a falsehood.

On this particular occasion, Behrman was working at Metro on a scenario for Gee Gee. One afternoon, Behrman walked into the room marked "Men" on the first floor of the Administration Building at Metro and was, to put it mildly, shocked to see Garbo standing there, looking out of the window.

Quickly recovering, the only thing the surprised Behrman could say was, "What are you doing here?"

"I enjoy the view here," answered Gee Gee.

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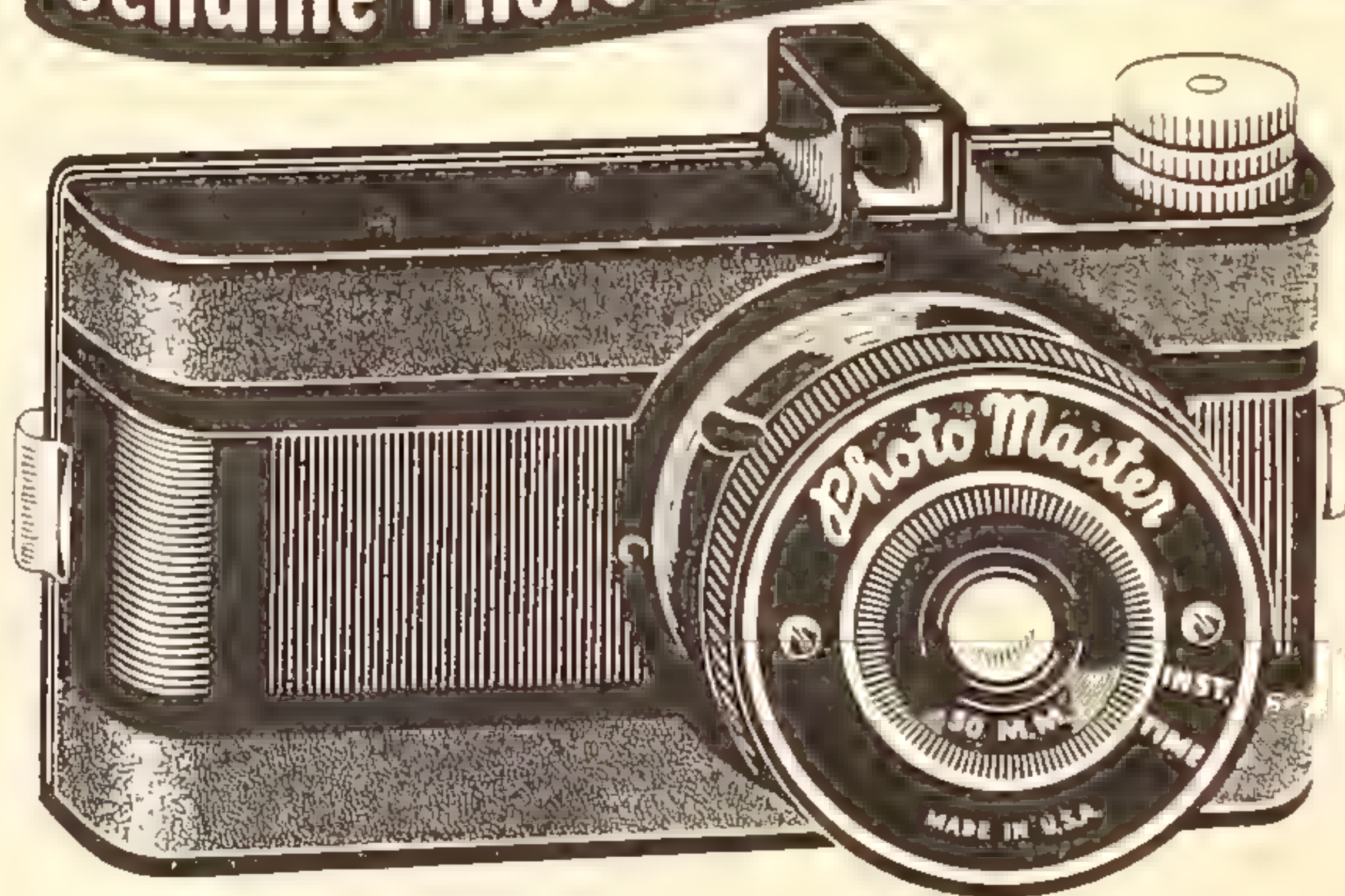
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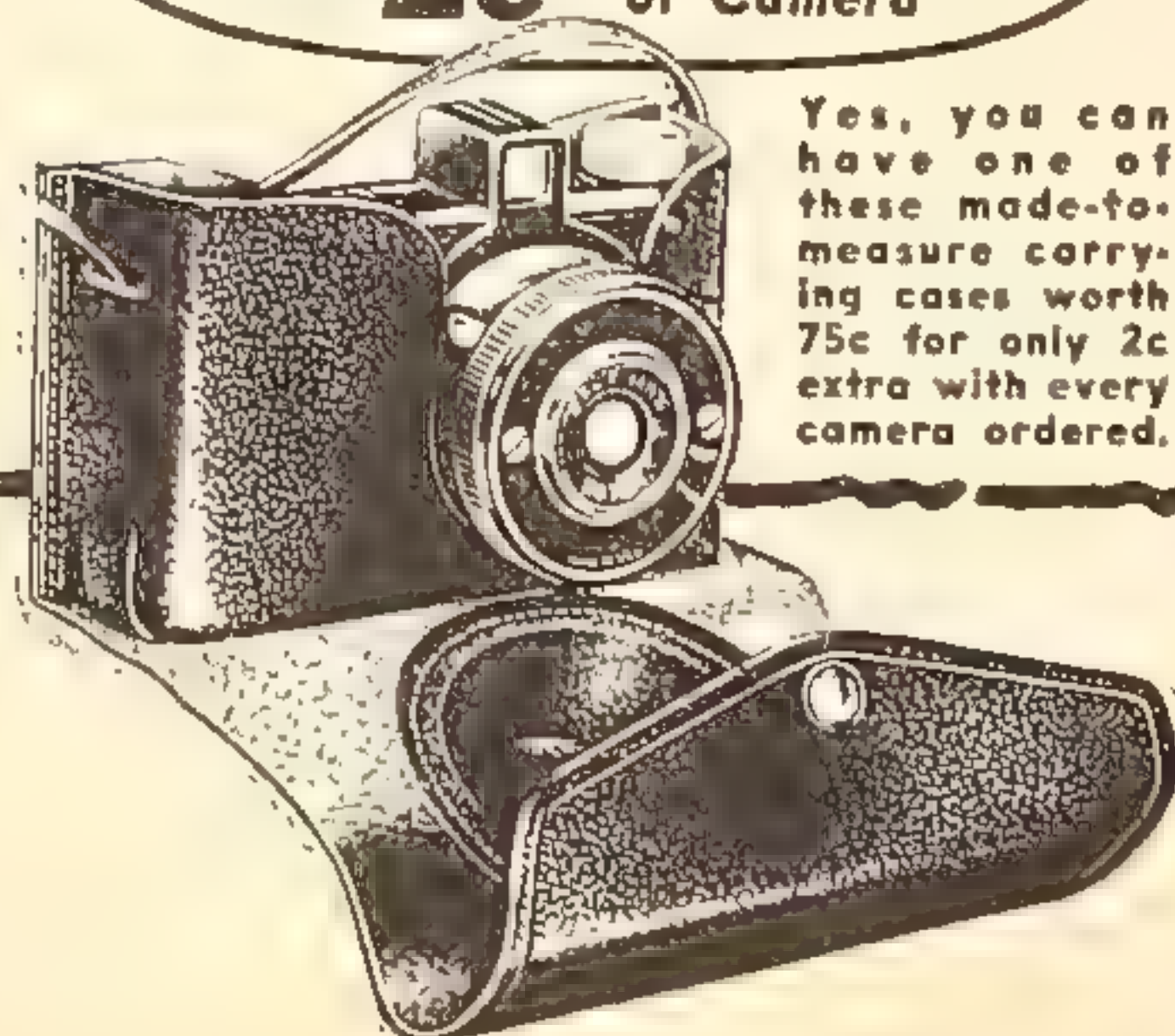
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describe this Christmas."

Later that night, Cornel gave Pat a bottle of perfume—his lone gift. "Darling," Pat said, her eyes luminous, "you shouldn't have... but it's wonderful. The night you sign your new contract, I'll... well, I'll bathe in it."

Pat gave Cornel a beige cashmere sweater; it is still a favorite item of his wardrobe.

too handsome for work...

Their money, as Cornel had predicted stretched barely beyond three weeks. During that time, Cornel was interviewed by representatives of every studio but one. (That one was 20th Century-Fox which later put him under contract.) He heard some fantastic thumb-nail sketches of himself. Said one talent scout, "You'll never do leads in Hollywood because your eyes are too dark. They'll photograph black. That's bad."

Despondently, Cornel took this gem home to Pat, who snorted with annoyance. "What about Boyer?" she demanded. "He's no blue-eyed, blond-haired cherub! His eyes are as dark, if not darker, than yours. And if you want to go into ancient history and mention the greatest idol the screen has ever known—how about Valentino? What color were his eyes? And how dark?"

Cornel felt better. "What a wife," he grinned.

A few days later he came home, exhausted and despondent, weary to the marrow. "Well, they say that I'm a screen heavy. They say that, because I did that heavy with Bogart in 'High Sierra' that I've been typed. This guy today said that a heavy just never hits the top so he didn't want to gamble with me."

Pat, putting together an odds and ends casserole, straightened to her full height and sneered. "That man doesn't know what he's talking about. Let's look at the big box office names today: Gable—he started as a rat, heavyweight division. Bogart—tell me when he's specialized in sweetness and light. Cagney certainly hurt himself by pushing a grapefruit in a young lady's face. See what I mean, honey? That fellow was giving you the wrong dope, the dope."

Cornel straightened his shoulders. His eyes brightened. To his wife he said, "You never let me down, Pat. You're always there with the fast answers when I need them most."

The haymaker of all complaints against himself caused Cornel to utter a Wilde

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Philadelphia we had our first Annual Music Festival, and among the stars there were James Melton, screen and opera star. At about ten-thirty, when he was to sing four songs, he announced that the trolleys didn't



run often at that time of night, and that he would have to cut his songs down. As soon as the 70,000 people in the Stadium heard that, especially the girls, they began to holler and stomp their feet. When Mr. Melton heard this, he said, "Well all right then, I won't cut my songs down, but suppose I sing them just in about two minutes! Will that be O.K.?"

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laugh and to hurry home to Pat with the comment. "Today," he admitted, "I was told that I would never succeed in pictures, because I have too much personality."

Today, now that Cornel has starred in "A Song To Remember," "Thousand And One Nights," "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and "Leave Her To Heaven," he still needs Pat with the same unchanging intensity.

When he is learning a script, she cues him. Every evening together they work on bits of business, interpretation, technique. When things get rough on the set, as they do in spite of the best intentions of stars, director and producer, Cornel pretends that Pat is sitting there in his canvas chair just out of camera range.

When he was working in "Leave Her To Heaven," he had some difficult emotional scenes to do: The first take wasn't quite right. Neither was the second, nor the third. Someone said to Cornel, "Having a little trouble, aren't you? You're all strung up."

Cornel nodded. While a light setup was being changed he strolled around, going over his lines. When he came back, he breezed through the scene, getting a perfect take. Afterward, he told a friend, "This morning I forgot to imagine Pat over there, at first. I would actually have called her and asked her to come over, if I hadn't known she was pretty busy. But as soon as I reminded myself that she's for me, that she would know the right approach to the scene . . . well, it came to me."

common ground . . .

In several Hollywood households, the question of the wife having a career has ignited some spectacular fireworks, but never between Cornel and Pat. As soon as Wendy, the 2½-year-old junior partner in the Wilde firm, began to recover from being a tiny baby, Cornel told Pat, "We have everything else in common, so I'd like to have us equally interested in pictures. Wendy is old enough now to be left with her nurse without causing either of us worry, so I think you should take up some of these offers of tests that you've had."

Friends of Cornel and Pat will tell you that, during Cornel's period of bitterest struggle, Pat was offered a wonderful opportunity. "I'm not well enough," she demurred, which was partly true, "to consider a theatrical offer. Thank you very much." Afterward, discussing the situation in confidence with a friend, she said, "The important thing is for Cornel to get his break. When he's headed for the fame I know he'll have, then—if he doesn't mind—I might try pictures."

No love affair—married or single—is really super without well-established jokes. Cornel and Pat qualify. At least once a week, Cornel takes his wife out for dinner on a genuine date basis. Pat's taste varies through soup, salad, and entree. Then she is offered the dessert menu.

creature of habit . . .

Studiously she avoids Cornel's gaze. "You stop grinning," she will say, without glancing at him. She reads the names of the desserts: Mousse chocolate, cherries jubilee, pêche flambeau, petits fours, Boston cream pie . . . To the waitress she says with decision, "Please tell me, is the mousse chocolate made with Danish chocolate?" Maybe it is, more than likely it isn't. "Do you have any pie?" she wants to know.

"Yes, there's apple, apricot, boysenberry, etc. etc. etc."

"They all sound delicious. Well—er—do you have any ice cream?"

At this point, Cornel begins to laugh. "Bring my wife a chocolate sundae," he says. "And I'll have apple pie."

It makes no difference how often Pat has a chocolate sundae, she can always eat

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another. No matter what delectable desserts are offered, she toys with the thought of each, then orders you-know-what. She takes her ribbing with embarrassed good grace.

The only trouble Cornel can find with his home life is that he doesn't get enough of it. For instance, he finished "Bandit of Sherwood Forest" at six one evening. He rushed home, showered, dressed, had dinner, kissed Wendy and Pat goodbye, and left at nine that evening for location with the Twentieth Century-Fox company charged with making "Leave Her to Heaven!"

Pat wrote every day during the two weeks Cornel was away. Much of the time he was too busy during the day and too tired at night to write, but one afternoon he was scheduled to do a typewriter scene. (In "Leave Her To Heaven" he enacts the role of an author of best sellers, a part that Cornel would like to play in real life.)

every moment counts . . .

Between every take, Cornel punched away, two finger style, at the typewriter. It was necessary for the cameraman to wait for certain cloud formations, so the scene required endless waiting to be canned. After about three hours, Cornel observed blithely, "You guys aren't getting much done, but I've just finished a letter to my wife!"

About the only time Cornel has the fun of spending a few hours with his daughter is on Sunday. She is usually still asleep when he leaves in the morning, and she is always asleep when he returns at night. This fact has made the little lady a trifle dubious about Cornel's right to give orders. One Sunday afternoon she pulled ten or fifteen volumes from Cornel's bookcases, made bridges and castles, jeeps and P-38s of them, then—growing bored—casually abandoned them and made a bee-line for the door.

"You can't go outside until you've put the books away," said Cornel in his best paternal manner.

Wendy stared at him, her lower lip folding out, her eyes squinching into weeping troughs. "No," she said.

"Then you can't go outdoors to play with Punch this afternoon." Punch is a black French poodle; if he could talk he would behave toward Wendy as the Jones Junior High School assembly would behave toward Sinatra.

"Play with Punch!" insisted Wendy, mov-

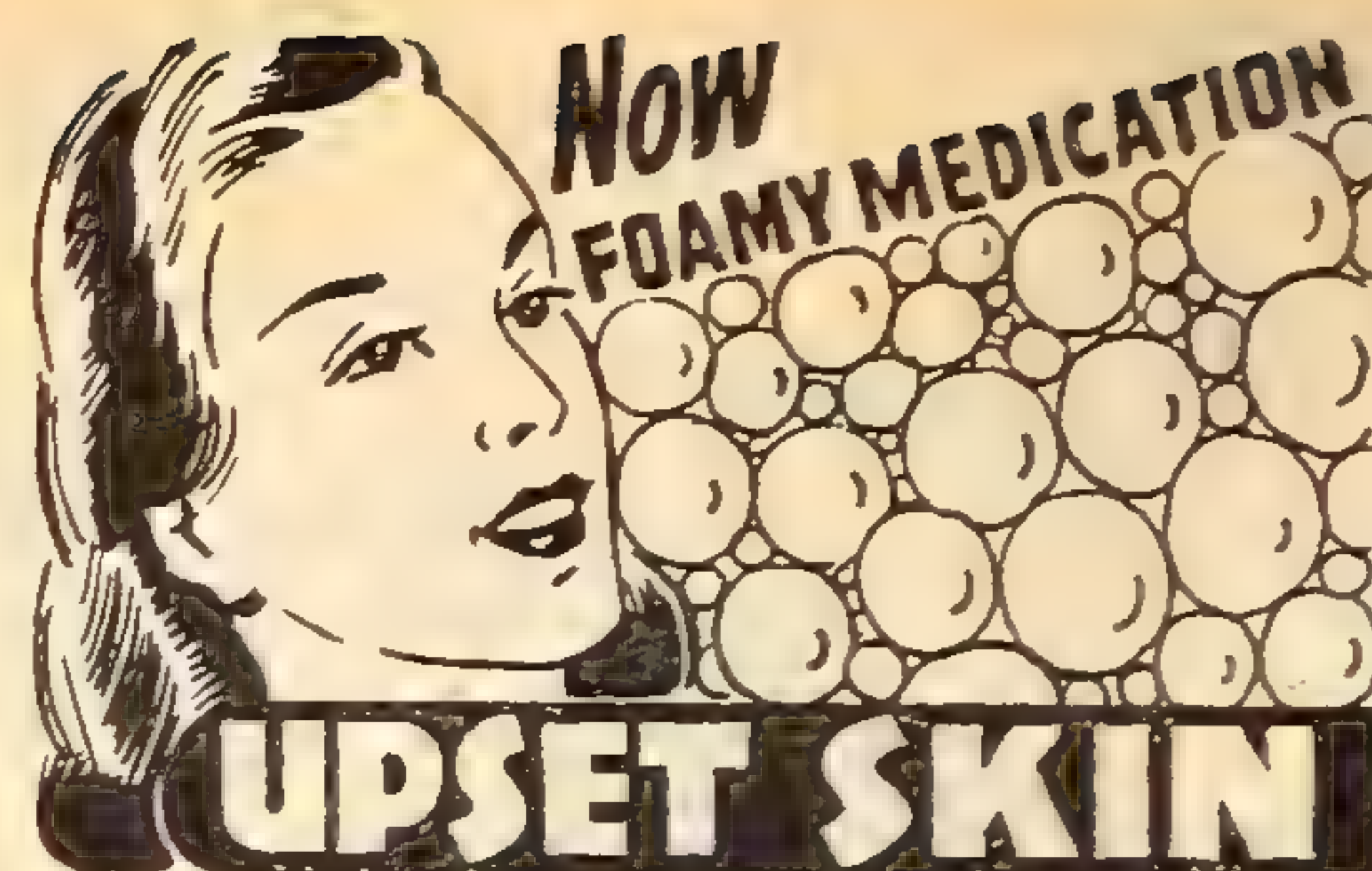
I SAW IT HAPPEN



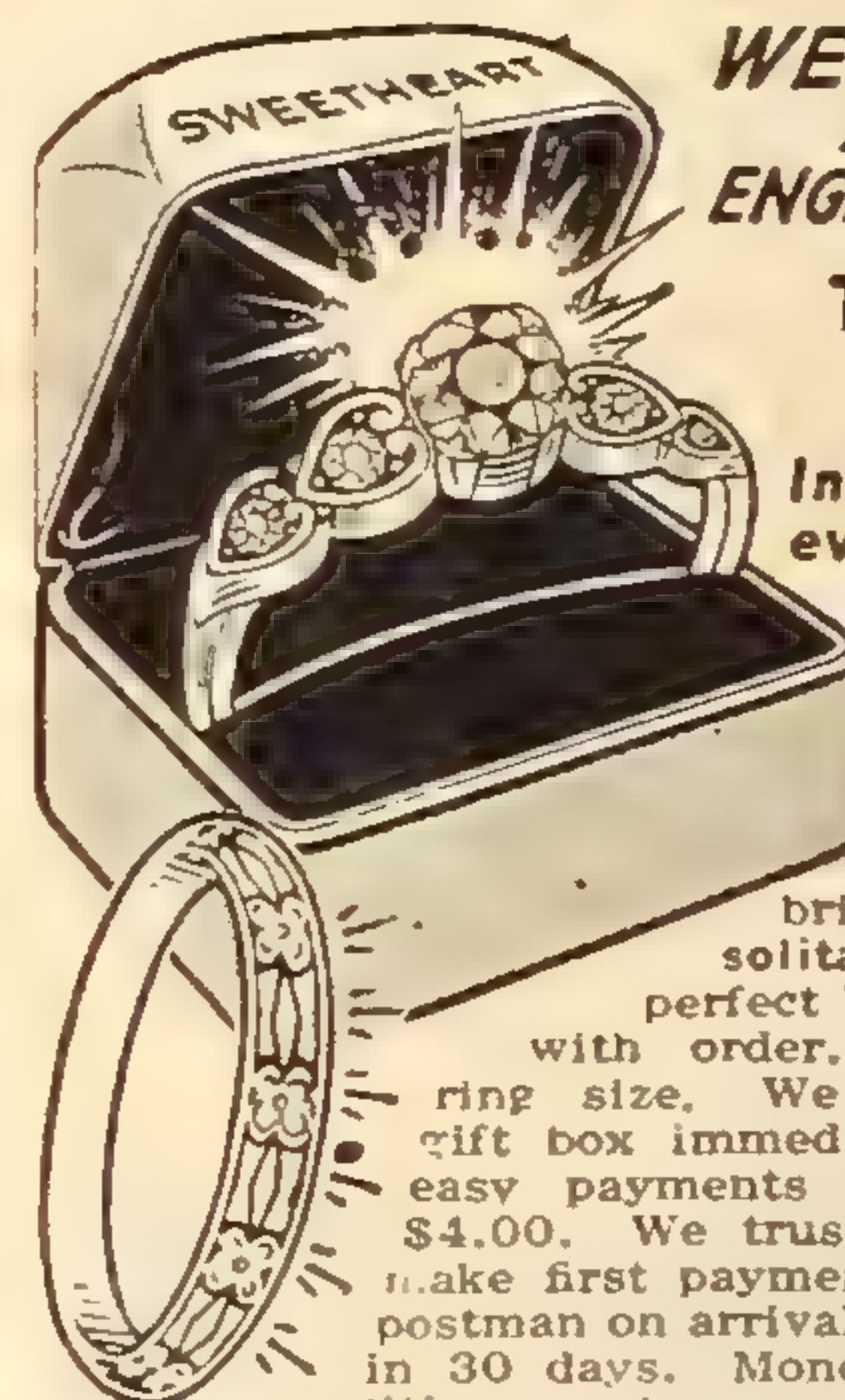
A little while ago Veronica Lake was present at Victory Square. Fans crowded around her to get her autograph but she was on a bond tour and couldn't give them.

When photographers wanted to take pictures, they couldn't because her hair was in her face. Finally a man stepped out of the crowd and handed her an envelope. When she opened it, she and many other people on the stage burst out laughing. No one knew what was in it until she took it out and put it in her hair. It was a bobby pin. Everybody was contented because they saw her face.

Madeline Bergmann
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ing toward the door. Papa Wilde looked stern; he shook his head.

Wendy looked stubborn; she shook her head.

So Cornel decided on strategy. He strolled to the side of his blonde, brown-eyed daughter, knelt and took her into his arms. "The reason I ask you to put the books away is very simple: If they are left out, Daddy may walk through the room, stumble and fall down. Or Mommy might trip and hurt himself. You don't want to hurt Mommy or Daddy, do you darling?"

daddy's good girl . . .

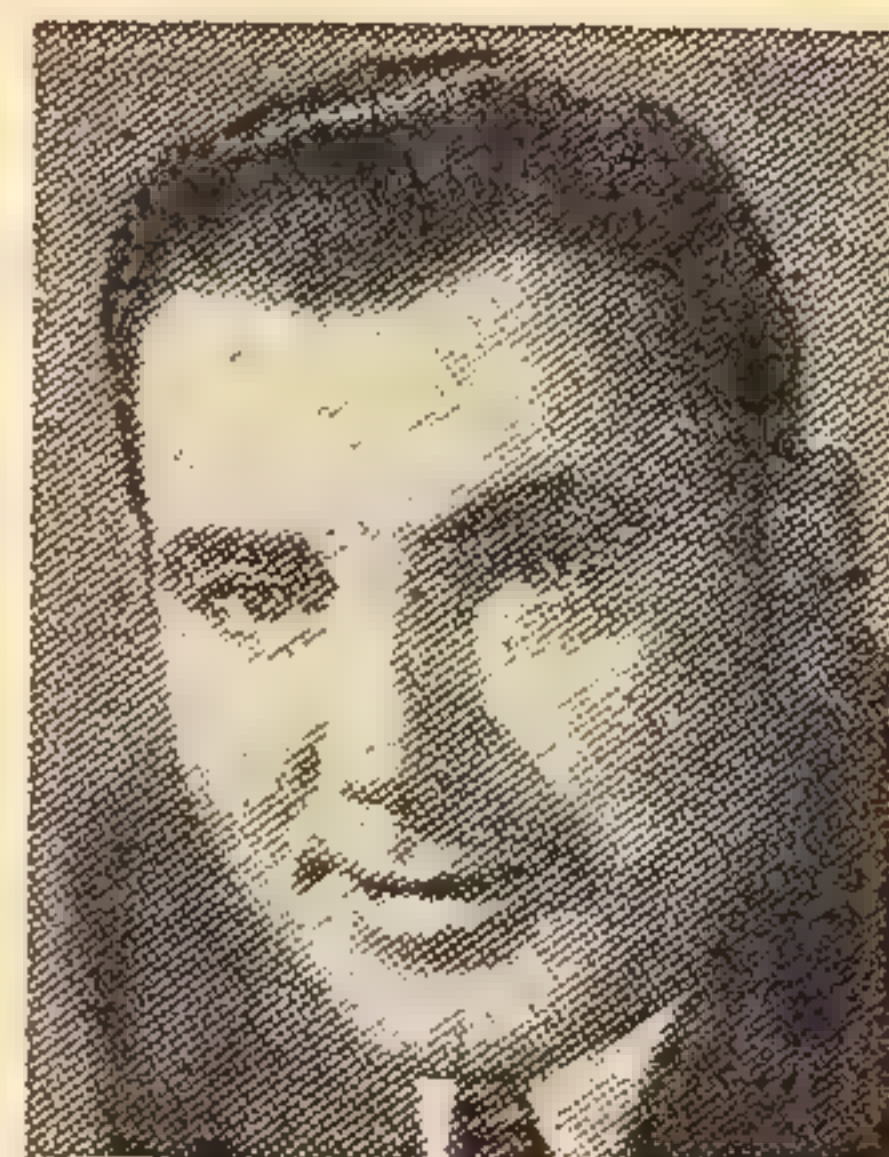
"Oh no," said Wendy, tragically. With alacrity she returned every volume to its place. "Daddy's good girl," said her father approvingly as she went outside. Cornel stood at the door, watching her. She was taking a clinical interest in Punch. She stared him in the eye until he moved his head; she lifted first one, then the other of his silky ears. Sinking her small hands into his thick coat, she ruffled his tight curls. At last, in a tone indicating that she was paying Punch the highest of all possible tributes, she said, "Daddy's good dog."

Which brings us to Christmas, 1945. If Christmas, 1940, was the all-time low spot in the lives of the Wildes, Cornel and Pat, this year will be one of the better celebrations, because they have bought a brand-new home. It is modest, as motion picture homes go, consisting of living room, den, dining room, kitchen with breakfast nook, two master bedrooms with a bath for each, and a nursery with bath, as well as a maid's room and bath in the rear. The deep, monotone rugs and the handsome drapes went with the house, but most of the furniture was bought by Cornel and Pat.

They plan to have a few friends in for Christmas Eve dinner and conviviality. (If Tom 'n' Jerries are served, winged interlopers will be absent.) And, whether the climate chooses to rain or shine, everything will look rosy to Cornel and Pat. They're Wilde about each other.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After several months in a hospital overseas, from wounds received in Normandy on D-Day, I was flown back to the states. On the way Pat O'Brien and his USO show boarded our plane and returned to the states. Being with such a great star was something, but while on the way, Pat O'Brien remarked that the first thing he was going to do was to kiss the good old ground of the United States. Pat was certainly a regular guy and has done so much to entertain the troops overseas. We finally landed at LaGuardia Airport in New York and stepped on the soil of our great country. I was following Pat O'Brien and to the surprise of everyone around, Pat actually lay down on the cement ramp and kissed the ground. We all felt like doing the same, but were too excited at seeing it done by Pat O'Brien, a very famous screen celebrity.



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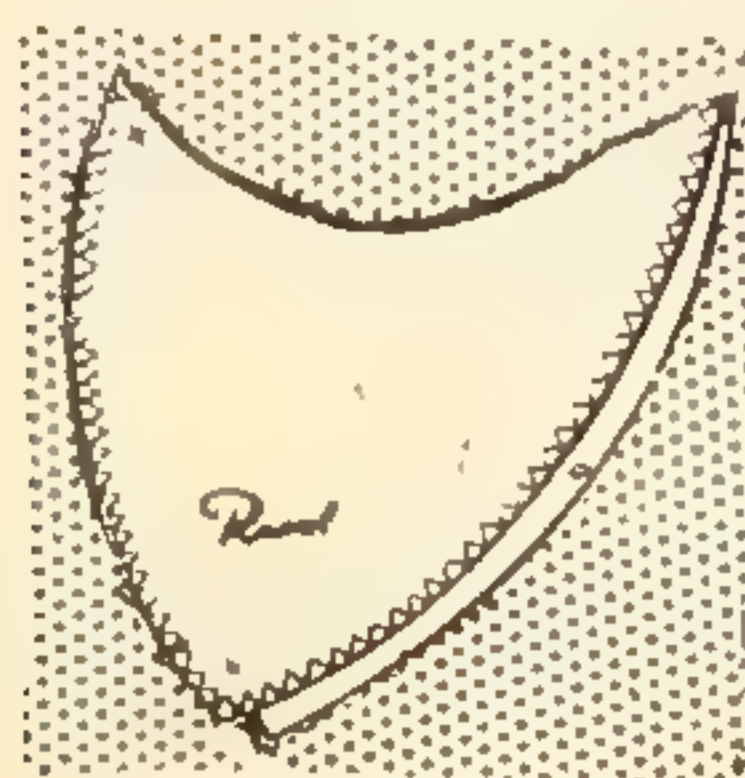


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"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 37)

"Okay," Jimmy said suddenly. "We'll ask her."

They left the fancy part of town behind. The streets narrowed and grew drabber. The houses huddled closer together, the faded brownstones and the tenements. But Jimmy Dobson walked gaily, whistling like a man on a holiday; and Albert Weever trotted along beside him, a large, hulking, somehow comic figure. Once Jimmy stopped off and bought a bunch of posies from a little old woman on a street corner.

They shared a room in a ramshackle tenement house very far indeed from the splendor of the great Hotel Eden. But it was a pleasant enough room, as those things went—second floor, front. The furniture wasn't really bad, there was only one crack in the mirror. Jimmy eyed himself in the mirror, still whistling. Suddenly they heard a swift series of knocks. Jimmy looked at Albert and grinned.

"She must have heard us come in—"

"You whistle awful loud," Albert said.

"I'm going up," Jimmy said.

"Me, too?"

"Nope."

"I can't go? Aw, Jimmy—"

"You wait until I knock for you."

"Okay. If you say so, Jimmy—"

She was propped up on the sofa, as she almost always was during the day. She looked almost as if she were only resting. But she wasn't. That was how she spent all her days and in the evening they carried her to the bed, until the next morning. For she was lame and it was a very long time since she had last walked alone.

But if you saw her there, on the sofa, you might never know. Her face was radiant and smiling, a trifle pale, a trifle fragile perhaps, but then she was indoors so much. And there was something—a glowing inner light in her eyes—that never let you think she was anything but young and beautiful.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was walking down the street one day when suddenly I saw a group of soldiers, staring in the other direction toward a stunning woman. As I was nearing the group of soldiers I couldn't help but hear what they were saying.

I soon found out the woman was Marlene Dietrich and she was saying, "I'm Marlene Dietrich, the movie star." One boy stood one foot closer. You could tell right off the bat none of them believed her. This young man who had taken a step towards her said, "Pardon me, lady, I'm General Eisenhower." And with that said the young man walked away from Marlene, who stood there alone with a grin from ear to ear.



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"Hi, Leslie," Jimmy said at the open door; he swung the posies out from behind his back: "Look! Grew 'em myself."

"Jimmy—"

"They're for your hair. We're going out tonight. Can a fellow get a date?"

"A fellow can try."

"Okay. First we'll take a spin through the town. Then—"

"It's a date," Leslie said.

Jimmy laughed and then rapped on the floor. Albert was at the door almost before the last echo died.

"Albert," Jimmy said. "A taxi for the lady."

"Coming up," Albert said.

Making a carry of their crossed hands, they lifted her while Albert chugged like the idling motor of a taxi. They pattered down the hall to the stairs. And then up. Up to the roof where the night sky twinkled over New York. There were some benches on the roof and they pulled one up to the edge and looked across the roofs to the bright lights that glittered over Broadway and Fifth Avenue and all the proud and exciting streets of Manhattan.

"Jimmy—" Albert said.

"Yeah?"

"Jimmy, will you read us the story? I got the book here."

"Aw, Albert," Jimmy said. "You've heard it a dozen times."

"It's not for me," Albert said with some dignity. "It's for Leslie. Don't you want to hear the story, Leslie?"

"Sure," Leslie said. "Go ahead, Jimmy."

He took the book and opened it. It was always a little hard for him to start, for it was a book of fairy tales. But Albert was wild about the story. And Leslie loved the simple, gay tone of the fairy tale world where everyone was well and whole and happy.

"Once upon a time," Jimmy began, "there was a beautiful Princess—"

Princess Veronica, who was a very real Princess indeed, arrived at the Hotel Eden the next day. She swept through the lobby in a whirl of bows, followed by her retinue. They went up a special elevator to the largest and most ornate suite in the hotel in a procession of royal proportions: The manager, the personal lady's maids, a small covey of bellboys. Then, in full splendor—the Princess Veronica, Countess Zoe, the Count and Countess Tradiska, Baron Zoltan Faludi and finally the round and somewhat harried major-domo, Mr. Puff.

Ultimately, after all the bows and scrapes, the Princess stood alone in the privacy of her own suite. Or almost alone. The Countess Zoe was lying stretched out on the chaise. Veronica moved toward the windows.

"It's a beautiful sight, Zoe," she said.

"Is it? Worth all this fantastic traveling? My dear, my stomach still feels like an armada of butterflies."

"Come look," Veronica said.

"Are you really looking at the city," Zoe said drily, "or merely at the Americans? And for one special American—"

"Zoe!"

"So I was right. You still haven't forgotten him." She rose from the chaise. "Listen to me, Veronica. It can lead nowhere. Forget him. Marry the Baron—"

"Zoltan?"

"The Faludis are an old and powerful family in our country. It would do you no harm to have him at your side when you become—a Queen."

But the Princess Veronica wasn't listening. She was looking out over the pattern of New York below her, spread before her like an illustrated map. And she was thinking that there was nothing she would like more to do just then than to slip out, alone and unnoticed, and walk those sunlit and magical streets . . .

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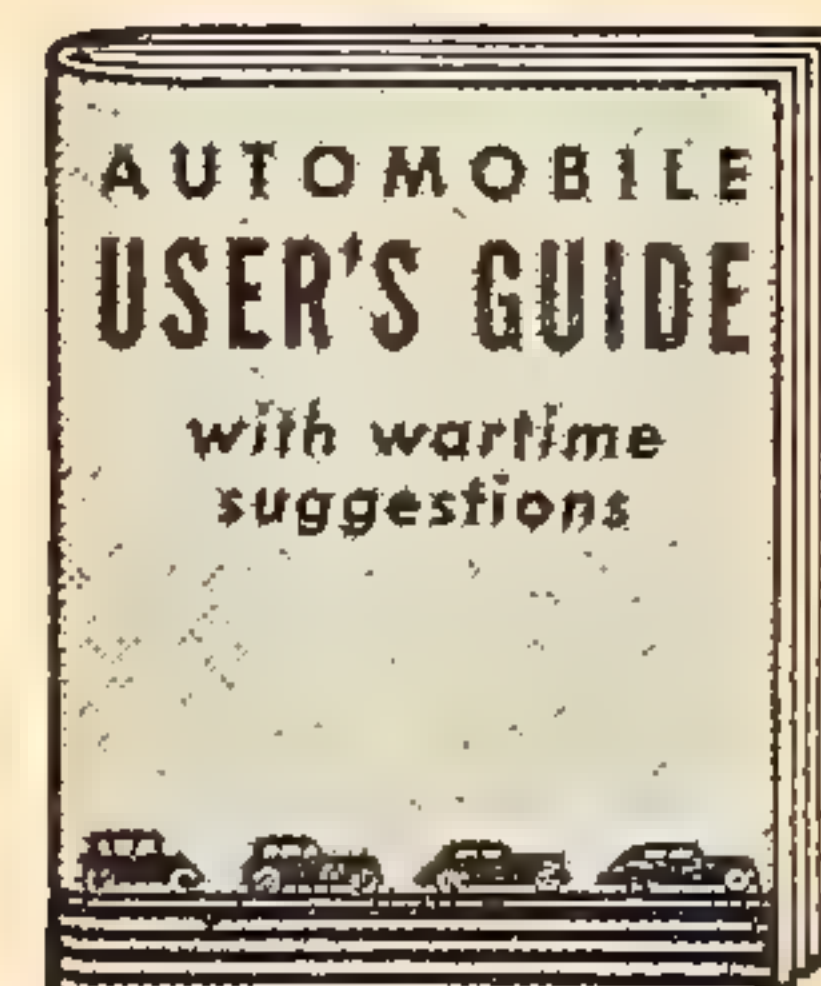
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It was easier than she thought. It was a matter of waiting for the proper time, wearing the proper clothes, taking the proper exit. The proper time was when they all finally left—even Zoe; and the proper dress was a neat black frock that made her look like a lady's maid—a very pretty and fetching one perhaps, but then that was no drawback in a lady's maid; and the proper exit, of course, was indubitably the Employees exit, in the back of the hotel.

It all went swimmingly. The porters wrestling luggage at the rear of the hotel whistled at her. And one in particular—a hulking, grinning fellow—even called "Hya, babe!" That was when the bellboy came to her rescue. He stepped up with a rather charming smile and very courteously asked her if she was new maid at the place.

After that, somehow, she found herself, walking by his side as he strolled down the Avenue with a brace of dogs. It seemed that was part of his job. And since he was out walking anyway it was entirely the thing to do to go along with him. After all she was a "new maid" and didn't really know her way around New York.

That's how it happened that Jimmy Dobson, bellboy, escorted a Princess on her first walk in New York. They took a brisk turn down a few streets, came to Central Park, swung through the park walks—and it might be noted that the Princess Veronica was treated to her first hot dog on this walk—and finally came back to the hotel.

"Well, baby, how did you like our town?" Jimmy asked.

"Very nice."

"When's your day off?"

"Day off?"

"Sure. It's an old American custom."

"Oh—"


"Say, you certainly are green, aren't you?" Jimmy said. "Look, what are you doing tomorrow night about this time? How about coming out with me and a

I SAW IT HAPPEN


It was during the Fourth War Loan drive and Walter Pidgeon was in Detroit. Despite the warnings of our fellow autograph hunters we were determined to get his autograph. None of us was allowed to use the elevators, so we walked the 25 flights of stairs to Mr. Pigeon's room. When his door opened we were confronted with a tall, very handsome man whom we immediately recognized as Walter Pidgeon. We stood there as if in a trance and I almost forgot to give him the carnation we had bought for him. But when I did he smiled and said, "that was very sweet of you, darling." After he signed our books he said he would walk to the elevator with us and when we told him that we weren't allowed to use them, and that we had walked up, he promptly put an arm around two of us and said, "We'll fix that." He waited for the elevator with us and then, putting us on, he said to the surprised elevator girl, "Take good care of them, they're my friends." And so we are, Mr. Pidgeon, so we are.



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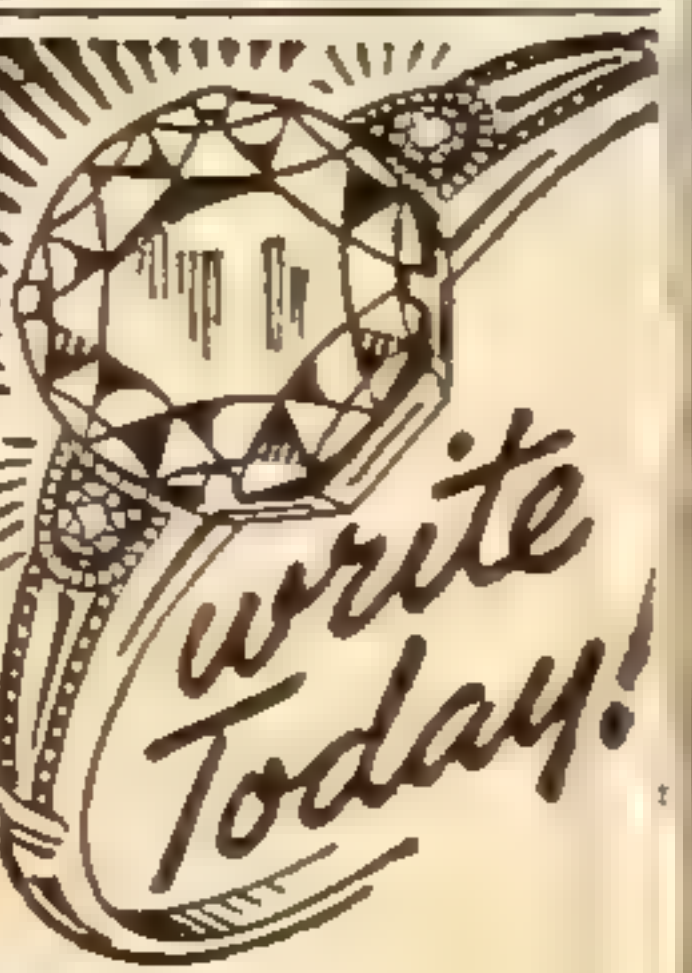
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couple of fox terriers. I'll give you a couple of pointers about how to get along in this town—

They were through the Service Entrance of the hotel by that time and it just happened that the hotel manager was making a check trip through that part of the hotel. His eyes took in the incredible spectacle of his prize guest wandering in the Service Entrance and his ears incredulously overheard a bellboy trying to date a Princess.

"You!" he sputtered. "You!"

"Me?" Jimmy said.

"You're fired!" The Manager bowed deeply. "A thousand pardons, Your Highness. I'm shocked—"

"But there is nothing to be shocked about," the Princess Veronica said smoothly. "This gentleman of your staff was kind enough to point out some details of very great interest to me. I should consider it a personal favor if he were assigned to me as my personal attendant at the Hotel—"

"You!" the Manager sputtered. "Did you hear that? It's an order. Hereafter you will report to the suite of Princess Veronica every morning."

And Jimmy Dobson, who was sputtering a little himself, managed a very awkward bow while he remembered feeding a hot dog to a real live Princess.

"Yes, Your Highness—" said Jimmy.

It was exciting to work for a Princess. And perhaps something more than exciting. For she was young and beautiful . . . and hadn't she asked for him personally? Of course it meant extra work, too, and longer hours, but you didn't mind that when you worked for a Princess. And it meant too that somehow there wasn't much time left for Leslie . . .

The night of the Royal Ball, Albert caught him in the room as he dressed in the formal tails he had rented for the occasion. Albert was elaborately tactful.

"Goin' out?"

"Yep."

"The Princess?"

"Yep."

"Been up to see Leslie?"

"I'm in an awful hurry," Jimmy said.

"You don't hardly see her anymore."

"You know how it is."

Albert said doubtfully: "Yeah. I guess I do."

And he walked carefully to the clothes closet and took out a black slouch hat and carefully slipped it on his head. Then he looked in the mirror.

Shotsky's

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"Lana Turner," remarked Professor Einstein sagely, "has a great deal more to show than I have."



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JEWEL CRAFT DIVISION, Dept. B
WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BLDG. OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

"Goin' out?" Jimmy said.
"Maybe."
Jimmy looked at the hat.
"Been seeing Hack?"
Albert answered with elaborate surprise: "Now whatever made you think of that?"
"You never wear that hat unless you're running around with a mob, Albert. You haven't worn it in a long time. Sure it isn't Hack?"
"You meet a lot of guys around town," Albert said.
"Don't do anything foolish," Jimmy said.
"Albert, you hear me? Don't do anything until I can talk to you. I haven't got time now. I got to get down to the Ball." He was at the door then and just before he went out, he said again: "Keep away from Hack."

When he was gone, Albert looked in the mirror again and shrugged slightly. Then he went out, too. There was someone coming down the stairs from the floor above. Albert waved to him and waited, hat in hand.

"Hi, Doc," he said.
"Hello, Albert," the Doctor said.
"How is she, Doc?" Albert said quickly. The Doctor shrugged.

"Doc," Albert said. "When is she going to be all right?"
"When?" the doctor said. "That's rather a hard question to answer. It really depends on the kind of medicine she gets."

"Just give me the name, Doc," Albert said. "We'll get it for her."

"I'm afraid it's not medicine you can buy," the Doctor said softly. "Leslie is lame because once a long time ago, when she was a child perhaps, her soul was hurt. It's the thing inside her. Somebody hurt her very badly then. And now she needs somebody to love her very much to make up for it. That's her cure, Albert. That's what she needs..."

The Ball was a brilliant success. The guests eddied through the huge gilt rooms, murmuring softly against the background of muted violins playing in the ballroom. The Princess was charming but she kept eyeing the doorway as if she were waiting for someone. Jimmy Dobson hovered always somewhere near her, eyeing the suave Baron Zoltan Faludi with somewhat jealous eyes. It was fortunate perhaps that Jimmy didn't overhear the conversation that the Princess had a little later in a small room off the main ballroom.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day while wheelchairing about Bushnell General Hospital I rounded a corner and almost ran into Dinah Shore, who was visiting the wards. She asked my name and we started chatting. I told her that before entering the Army I had been a page boy at C.B.S. in Hollywood and had ushered some of her shows. Later when I returned to my ward I didn't mention my meeting with her to anyone. Soon Dinah arrived there. She spotted me, and stated, "Well, Larson, my old C.B.S. friend, what would you like to hear me sing?" The other patients looked at me with surprise and awe. I was practically a celebrity after that, and I owe it all to my "old friend," Dinah Shore.

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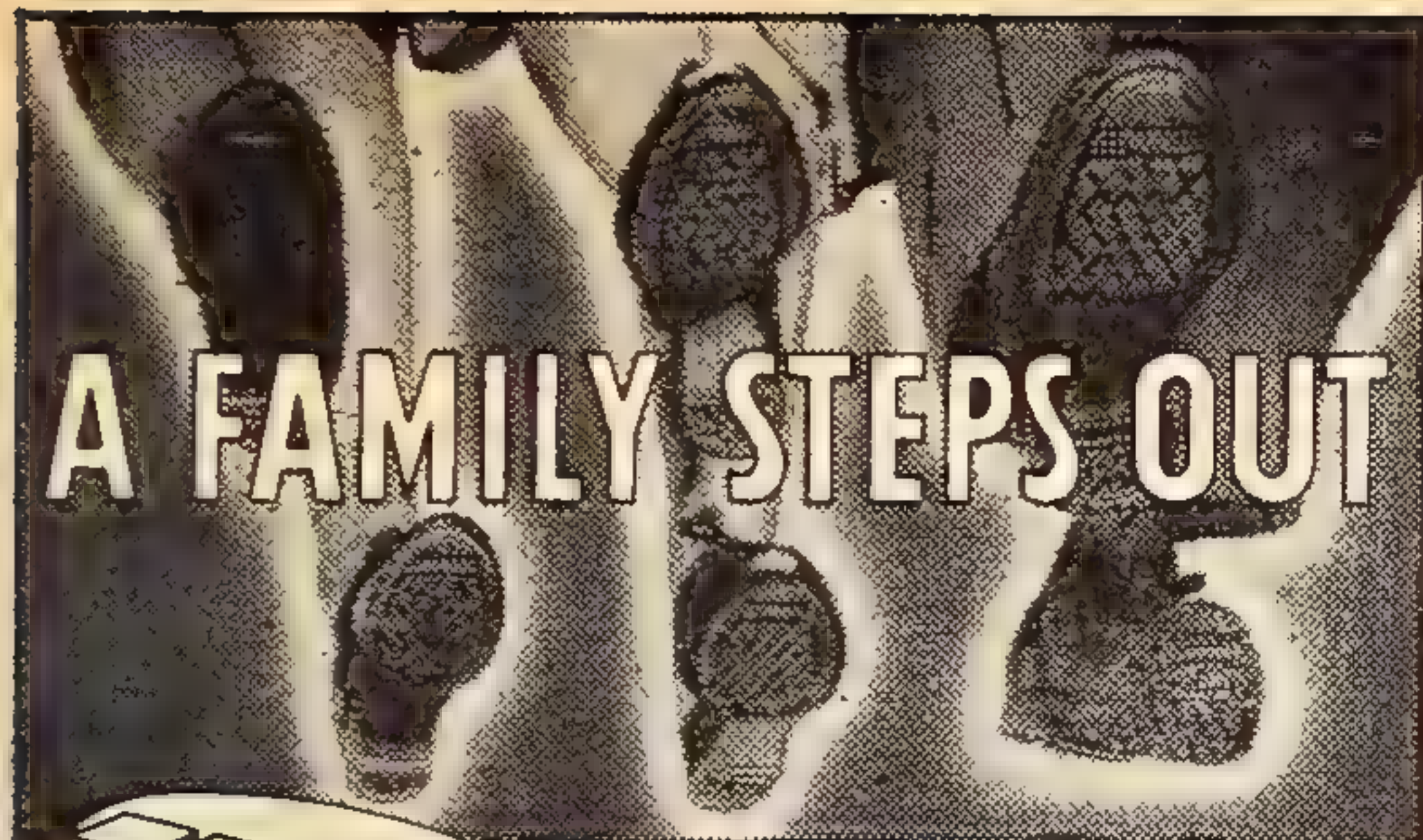
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He finally came—the "special American." Jimmy knew him: Paul MacMillan. Everybody knew Paul: He was a big newspaperman, had his own column and everything. He was a big shot, all right. Jimmy thought he came because the Princess was news. But there was something more than that.

They stood in the small room, looking across at each other: a Princess and an American newspaperman. He spoke first.

"You haven't changed very much," he said. "You're beautiful."

"Thank you, Paul."

"No. No thanks. I can say it now objectively. That's why I came."

"Can you really say it—objectively?"

"Why not?"

"Once you said you loved me . . ."

"And once you said you loved me," Paul said almost bitterly. "And the next day they almost threw me out of the country. Remember? You said you'd come to me. You never did . . ."

"Perhaps I couldn't—"

"No. A Princess never can. She does what's best for her country, doesn't she?"

She almost whispered: "Yes . . ."

"And you're still a Princess?"

"Yes."

"And someday—Queen."

"Someday Queen," Veronica said.

They looked at each other again. Then almost roughly he was at her side and he kissed her. And almost as rapidly, he bowed and was gone. The Princess looked at the empty door.

So the Princess decided to go home. It was a sudden decision, as sudden as the decision to come to America, and perhaps for much the same reason. At least that is what the Countess Zoe suspected when Veronica told her the next day.

"Believe me, Veronica, it is better. Come home. Forget him. I know how you feel. But it cannot go on. He is an American. And a nobody . . ."

That was the moment Jimmy chose to come whistling up the hall. He heard the words. For a moment a wild thought crossed his mind. Then he shook it off. Why, that was impossible!

He heard Veronica's voice: "A nobody? To you, perhaps, Zoe. Not to me."

Impossible? Maybe. But if not, whom were they talking about? Jimmy held his breath and listened.

"What has he—this nobody? A family? Connections? Riches? Nothing—"

"He has a great deal. Intelligence. Charm. Humor . . ."

In the hall Jimmy sucked in his breath. Intelligence, charm, humor? Sure, he was a modest guy and all that. But it added up, didn't it? Who else could there be? Faludi—he wasn't American. Some of the big shots who kept calling on the Princess? Bah! they didn't have . . . charm.

"Those things," said Zoe, "may be pleasant accomplishments. But hardly the necessary attributes of a King."

"What are the attributes of a King? Look at Uncle Freddy. When he isn't being an imbecile he rises to the status of a moron—"

"Still he is the King!"

"Jimmy would make a better King!"

And in the hall Jimmy almost gasped. There it was. The final proof. What more did he need? It was obvious that Princess Veronica was madly in love with him . . .

That's partly the story of how Jimmy Dobson found himself out on a real date with a Princess. For after hearing what he heard in the hall Jimmy hinted very subtly the next time he saw the Princess that he wouldn't mind stepping out a bit. Of course he didn't come right out and ask for a date: You didn't do that kind of thing with a Princess.

Actually she asked him out. She wanted to go to a little place called Jake's Joint.



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Jimmy didn't know that she wanted to go there because Paul MacMillan usually hung out there a lot. Jimmy thought—well, Jimmy thought a lot of things. But, anyhow, they went to Jake's Joint that night.

That, too, is how the Princess was arrested . . .

Jake's Joint was a rough and tumble sort of place. In short, it was a dive. And that night, of all nights, it was filled with more than a fair quota of toughs. Jimmy was nervous as he squired the Princess into the place. A Princess sure can get funny ideas. You'd think someone like that would want to go to a fancy place. He hardly looked around the place as they entered.

He never saw Albert at the corner table until later. Then it was because Albert was wearing the black slouch mobster's hat. And he was wearing it for a reason. He was sitting at the corner table with Hack.

"Albert," Jimmy said.

"Jimmy."

"Go on. Blow, punk," Hack said. "Albert's with me."

"Shut up, Hack," Jimmy said. "I'm talking to Albert."

"Albert's taking his orders from me now," Hack said.

"Are you?" Jimmy said to Albert.

"Get rid of him," Hack said.

"Get rid of Jimmy?" Albert said.

"Sock him one."

"Sock Jimmy?"

"Yeah!"

"Sock who?" Jimmy said.

And then it started. Before it was over there were three riot calls sent in to the police. Sirens screamed outside in the street. Police whistles blew. Inside it was fists, flying bottles and flailing arms. In the middle of it all Princess Veronica stood on a chair, waving a bottle, and yelling:

"Come on, Jimmy!"

The police finally got it all cleared up. They never got Jimmy or Albert. Or Hack, for that matter. They were too wise in the ways of ducking out. But they got

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My girl friend and I frequently visit the CBS studios in New York to try and get visiting stars' autographs, and this particular day happened to be one of them.



This was on a Wednesday about 5 P.M. and the Milton Berle show had just finished rehearsing for their evening broadcast. Their guest star that week was Humphrey Bogart and just as we got there he came out of the studio and my friend rushed up to him and asked, "May I have your autograph, Mr. Bogart?" Whereupon he replied, "I'm sorry, I'm in a hurry now, some other time," and with that he got into a cab.

Well, my friend is a "never give up" gal, so, pulling me along, she caught the door before it closed and, with her best Lauren Bacall look, said, "I'm hard to get, Steve, but any time you want me all you have to do is whistle." He then burst out laughing and said, "Okay, you got me. I'll sign." And he did.

Pearl Itzkowitz
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the Princess before Jimmy could get to her. He could only yell before they took her away: "Don't give them your right name!" Then he had to watch them pile her in the wagon. Some one else watched too, with deep amazement and a growing glint in his eye.

Paul MacMillan. . . .

Jimmy had to tell them at the Hotel Eden, of course. They were the only ones who could get her out of jail without any fuss. So he and Albert, bearing marks of battle, trudged wearily to the door of the Royal Suite and timidly knocked on the door.

They entered.

The whole gang of them—Countess Zoe, Baron Faludi, the attache's, the chocolate soldiers, Pufi: All of them were on their knees, their heads bowed.

"Long live the Queen!" someone called.

"Long live who?" Jimmy said.

Countess Zoe was the first to see that Veronica was not with Jimmy.

She almost shrieked: "Where is she? Where is the Queen?"

"Who?" Jimmy said.

"Queen Veronica. We just heard that the King is dead—"

"Long live the Queen!" Pufi shouted.

"Where is she?" Countess Zoe almost shouted again.

Jimmy said: "In jail."

There was a moment of dead silence.

Then there was a rattle of swords. Things came so fast that Jimmy scarcely had time to breathe fast twice. They were on him, his arms pinned back, a sword at his throat, an ugly voice saying over and over again: "Assassin!" He was getting tired of the voice when he heard laughter. It was very distinctive laughter. It was a tinkling, silvery laugh that once heard was never again mistaken.

The laughter of Veronica. . . .

She was coming through the door with Paul MacMillan. And for the first time perhaps in her life she was completely carefree and gay, young and beautiful. And in love. Her hand was entwined in Paul's.

"The Queen!"

They kneeled again. Veronica's eyes slowly ran over the bent figures. And abruptly the laughter died. She knew what it meant. Paul did, too. He let her arm fall and stood watching her. She turned to him, almost helplessly. Queen! As Princess there was always the chance of escape. But as Queen—

"Long live the Queen," Paul said bitterly.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

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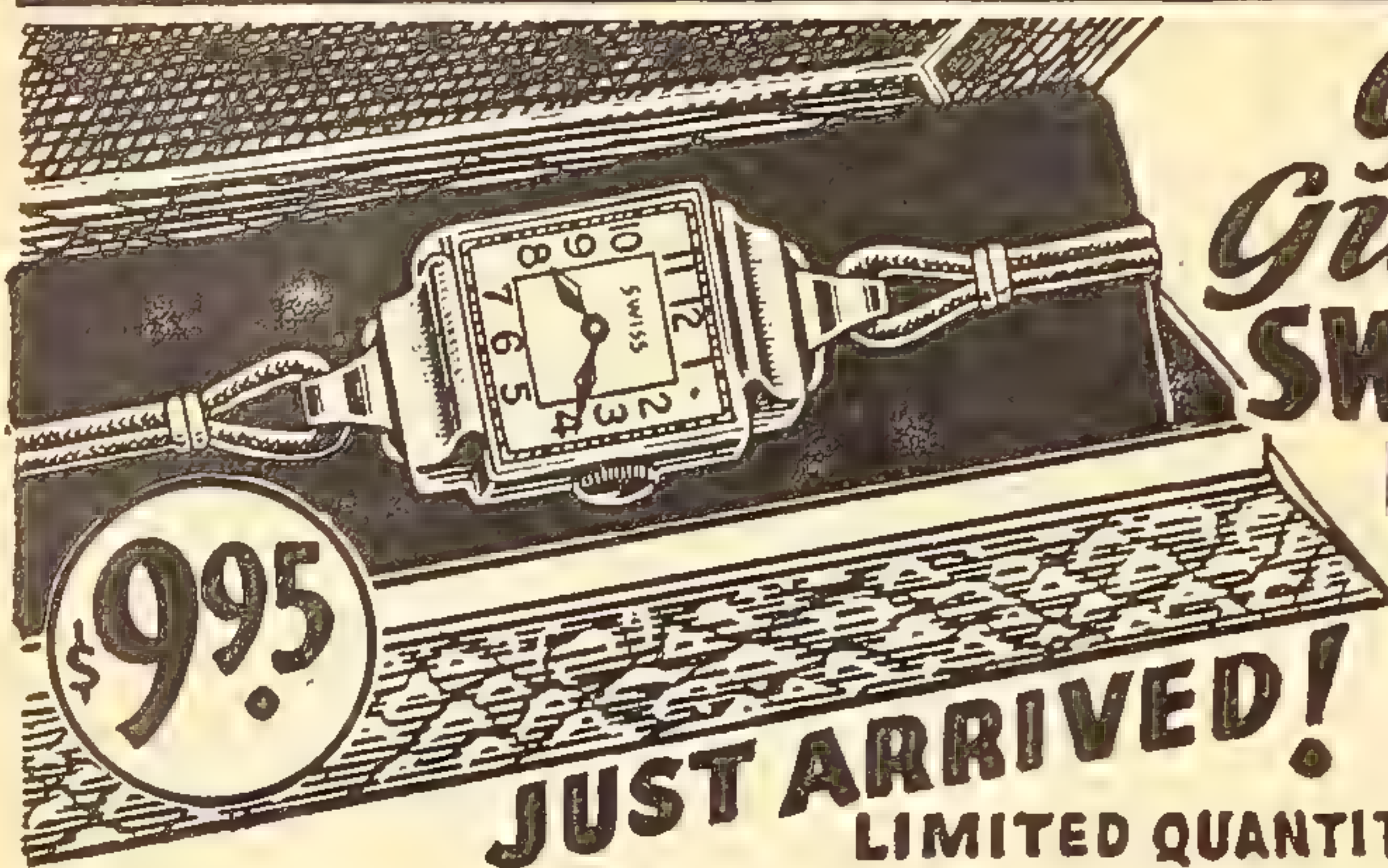


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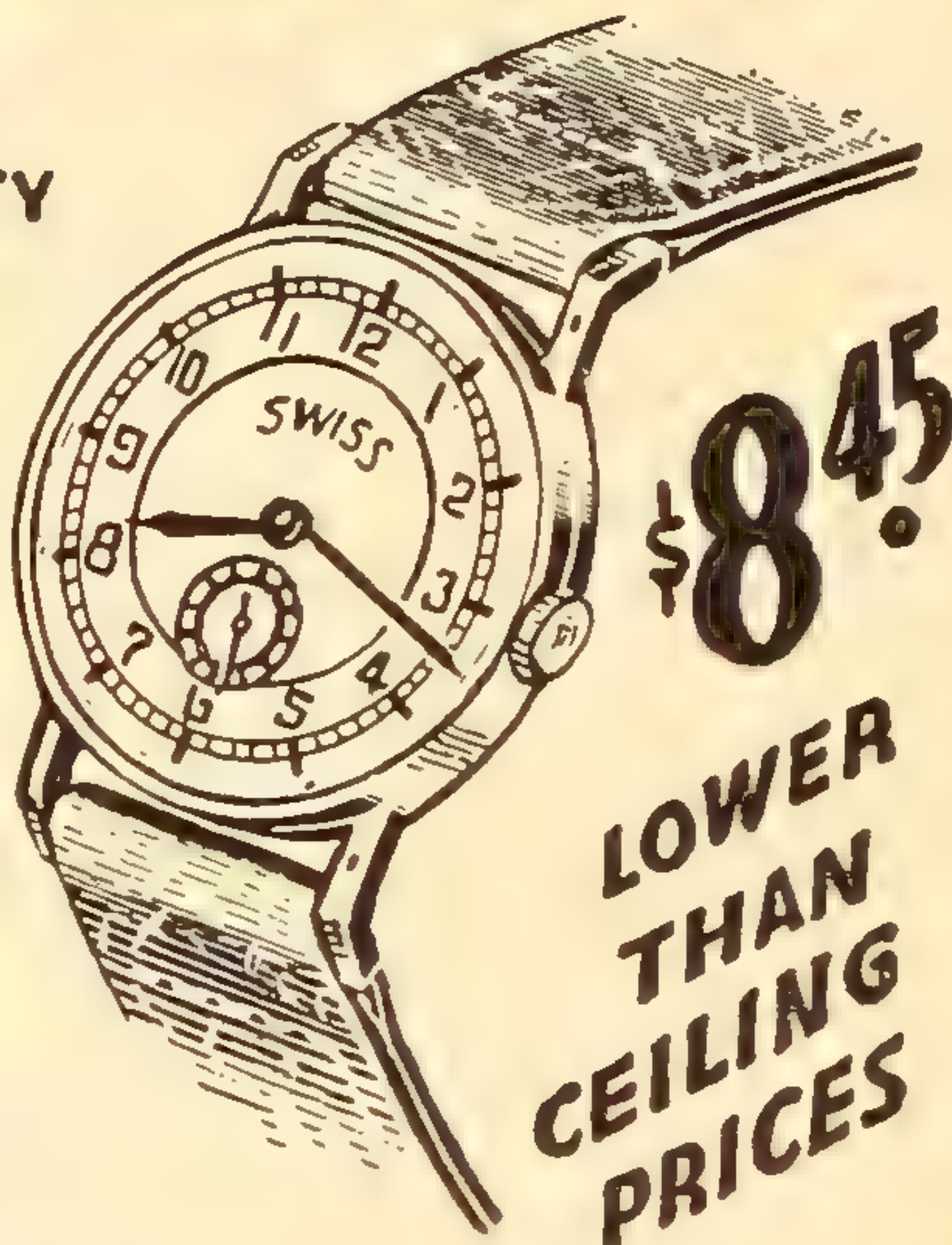
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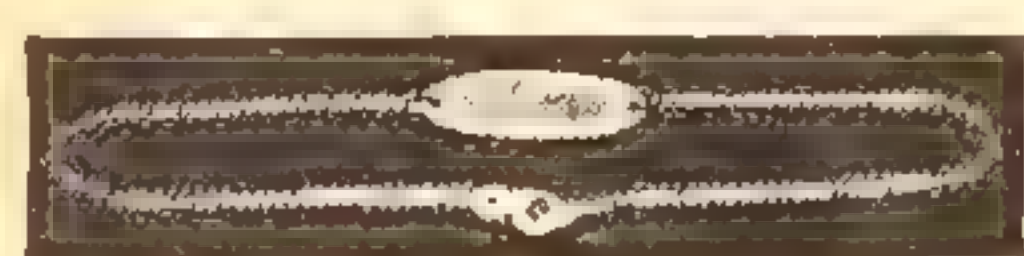
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He turned abruptly. For a moment she almost followed him. Then she turned back to the room where they were all still kneeling. She turned back to her subjects—and her duty.

"You may rise," she said in a dull voice.

"We leave tomorrow," Count Tradiska said sharply. "With your gracious permission, Your Majesty."

"Tomorrow. It doesn't matter."

She turned away from them. Jimmy looked after her uncertainly. He didn't know how this Royalty business worked. Maybe it was all right for a Princess to be in love with a bellboy. But a Queen? He stepped up to her.

"I guess I got to say goodbye, too," he said with deep feeling. "I'm sorry it turned out the way it did. I had other plans for—tonight."

"Jimmy," Veronica said softly.

"I guess it's goodbye."

"Must it be, Jimmy? You, too? Why not come with me? You could, you know, if you wanted to."

"Even if you're the Queen?" Jimmy gasped.

"Why not?"

"I—"

"Don't answer now. If the answer is yes, come tomorrow at noon. We will be leaving then."

He was still in a daze when he was out in the hall with Albert. He punched the button for the elevator. Albert was looking at him oddly.

"They make good money," Albert said.

"Who?"

"Kings," Albert said.

He had to say goodbye to Leslie. That was the hardest part. He found her on the couch and she smiled up at him when he came in; it was a gay smile, a gallant smile—and it almost broke Jimmy's heart.

"Hiya, King—" she said.

"Oh," he said, "you know."

"I think it's wonderful, Jimmy. King James!"

"Leslie—"

"What are you so sad about?" she looked up at him swiftly. "You're not worried about me, are you Jimmy? I'll be all right. Why, I've got a job."

He stared at her incredulously.

"Sure, I've got a job. Dancing."

"Dancing!"

She smiled impishly: "See, I've got surprises for you, too. I can walk again, Jimmy. I'm all well. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Leslie," he said slowly. "Really? Honest—"

She pushed herself up from the couch. And then in another moment she was on her feet. For a few steps he almost believed her. Then he saw her totter and sway. He was across the room before she could fall. He held her in his arms, looking down at the brave and gallant face, still trying to smile.

"Leslie!" he said. "Leslie!"

She hid her face against his chest.

"Leslie," he said. "You've got to get well. For me. Do you hear me, Leslie? I couldn't leave you. Not ever, Leslie. Not for a Princess or a Queen or anybody. I love you, Leslie—"

They hardly noticed that she was standing then alone.

Veronica stood against the window that framed the long vista of New York as Jimmy told her what happened.

"You thought—" she started. "You thought that I—"

"That's how it is," Jimmy said. "A fellow makes a mistake sometimes. I think you're awful sweet. But I'm in love with Leslie. Goodbye, Queen."

When he was gone, Countess Zoe broke into peals of laughter. "He thought you were in love with him," she cried between laughs. "A bellboy—"

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I SAW IT HAPPEN



During the summer of 1943 I was visiting in Los Angeles, and through the good offices of friends, was taken to luncheon at the cafe on the Fox studio grounds. It happened that Betty Grable, then making "Pin Up Girl," had

the table right next to us. She was beautifully dressed in the short, flared dress she wore in that picture,—a dress which displayed her lovely legs to advantage.

My young son, who was with us, and who had heard comments on the insurance allegedly carried by Miss Grable on her legs looked across at the blond actress and said, "Gee, I can't see why those legs are worth a half million bucks!"

He spoke more loudly than he knew, and was my face red! I ducked, hoping beyond hope that Miss Grable hadn't heard the boy's remarks and the rather embarrassed laughter that followed. But I needn't have worried. When I dared to lift my eyes, she was laughing with the others, and not with any embarrassment, but merrily and whole-heartedly.

When she had finished her lunch and left the cafe, she smiled at my son and said, "Hi, Buddy!" with complete good nature. I thought that, whether or not her legs are worth a half million, her own charming personality is beyond price.

Clarinda Jackson
Salt Lake City, Utah

"And he gave me up," Veronica said slowly. "He gave up a Queen for love." She started to walk slowly to the door. "Where are you going?" Zoe said. "I'm giving up a Queen, too," Veronica said. "For love—"

The Roof Garden of the Hotel Eden was a fairyland that trembled at the very tip of the famous building. From it, in the summer, it seemed that the stars were very close and the world below twinkled very far away. You may have been there the night that four people shared a table in one corner. It was a very curious foursome: a newspaperman and a girl who was once a Queen, a bellboy and a girl who was once lame...

The orchestra began to play a waltz and the soft music hovered in the air.

The newspaperman leaned across the table.

"Dance, Veronica?"

"Of course, Paul."

The bellboy leaned across the table.

"Dance, Leslie?"

And the girl who was once lame answered gaily.

"Of course, Jimmy."

THE CAST

Princess Veronica.....Hedy Lamarr

Jimmy Dobson.....Bob Walker

Leslie Odell.....June Allyson

Baron Zoltan Faludi...Carl Esmond

Countess Zoe.....Agnes Moorehead

Albert Weever....."Rags" Ragland



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NEVER BEEN KISSED

(Continued from page 64)

people and the future. It was wonderful. Until they came to the stream. It was quite a wide one, and Farley surveyed it dubiously.

"Do you suppose we'd better turn around?" he inquired.

"Turn around! For a little brook like that? Rather not!" Roddy, the great horseman, advanced into the stream, with Farley following doubtfully. They got right bang in the middle, and then Roddy's horse sat down. Just like that. Not even a decent warning.

Farley surveyed him. "Ah, can I help you?" he asked in a superior voice. Roddy had a moment of wishing Farley's horse would sit down, too.

"don't just stand there! . . ."

"I got in this, and I'll get out of it," he said determinedly. But by the time he and his horse were back on land, Farley was almost as wet as he was. They laughed at each other and then galloped back to the stable. When they reached the place where they had parked their car, they were both candidates for double pneumonia. Farley fished the car keys out of his pocket. But something was wrong. Maybe it was the wetting they'd had. Anyway, they couldn't open the door.

"We can't just stand here!" Roddy pointed out. He looked around, and found a large rock.

"Hey!" Farley protested, but it was too late. Wham! The rock had gone through the window.

"Now I can reach in and unlock—" Roddy didn't finish his sentence. He was interrupted.

"Oh, you can, can you!" A tough voice spoke. It belonged to a cop who had strolled up quietly and was eyeing them with cold suspicion. "Car thieves, huh?"

"Oh, no!" Roddy protested. "This car belongs to Mr. Granger here."

"Sure. Sure. That's why you're throwing rocks through the window. Playful, aren't you? And," he added with further suspicion, "why are you all wet?"

They got it straightened out finally, of course. But Roddy is pretty sure the cop always suspected them of having just swum in from Alcatraz.

Even with Farley gone, Roddy finds plenty to do, especially on the Fox lot. There's a paper called Fox Fun, which comes out four times a year. Roddy is the editor. He makes up the layout, sees that it's mimeographed, checks on all the news and gossip that goes into it. Then he's interested in painting in oils. Likes to do marine scenes the best. He goes to the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was one of the many autograph collectors chasing Dick Crane. He had just finished signing a book for an elderly lady when she said, "Richard, your handwriting is still as poor as ever." It was his old school teacher.

Constance Lambertson
Greenwich, Conn.

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school on the studio lot, and so did Virginia, till she graduated last year.

His latest picture, of course, is "Molly And Me" with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. Woolley's acid wit accompanies his speech in real life as well as on stage and screen. He was to do a personal appearance and was told, worriedly, by the studio, that there would be a lot of children there.

"Be nice to them, Monty," he was urged. "It's very important."

"Don't," said Mr. Woolley impressively, "give it a thought. I shall pat each of the little darlings on the head—until they are dead."

After their first picture together, Roddy, who collects autographs even as you and I, asked Monty for his. He got it, as follows: "To Roddy—there is nothing I can criticize about you except your endless desire to collect undesirable autographs."

The late John Barrymore gave Roddy one that said simply, "God Save The King." Roddy was so excited when he was introduced to Lord Halifax at the Hollywood Canteen that he forgot to ask him for an autograph which would have made a considerable addition to his collection.

There are things about Roddy that are typically English. His beautiful manners, his poise, his obedience—his mother says Roddy has never in his life said "I will not." There are other things that are just as typically American—his enthusiasm, his friendliness, his restless desire to be always doing something. When Roddy was making a personal appearance in Worcester, one boy who met him said to Mrs. MacDowall, "Say, is it true that Roddy was born in England?"

"It is."

The boy shook his head wonderingly. "You'd never think it. He seems like such a regular guy."

The boy and some pals of his appointed themselves Roddy's official escort while he was in Worcester. They'd see that a cab was waiting when he came out of his hotel, and they'd get him through the mob of swoon-janes without so much as a button missing. Oh, sure, the girls swoon over Roddy! He's grown up a lot in the last year, you know, and he's a very attractive lad. So far, however, he hasn't shown any romantic interest in girls. Just the "friends and pals" sort of thing. One time, when he gave a mass interview to some high school students, someone asked "What girl have you dated oftenest in Hollywood?" Roddy, who never dates, grinned impishly. "Lassie!" he said.

Lassie's his gal...

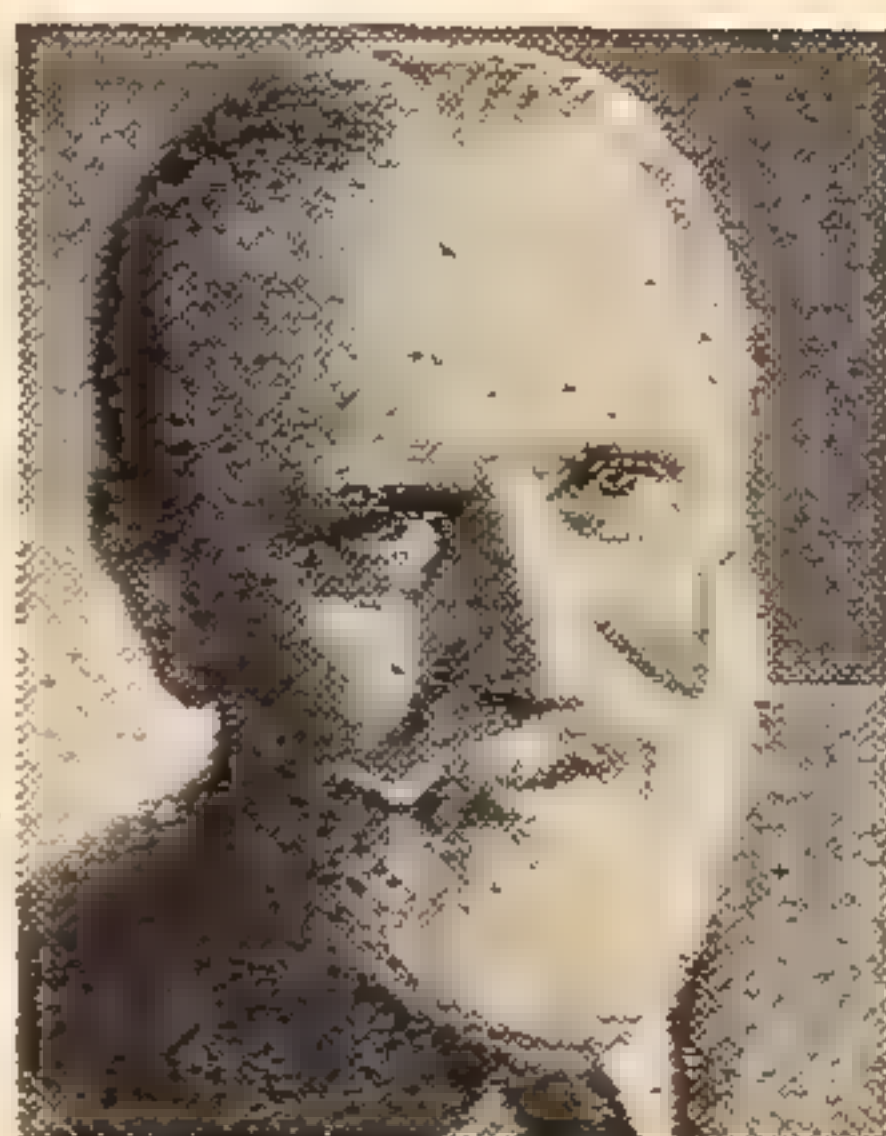
As a matter of fact, he is very fond of Lassie. She's a beautiful dog, and somehow boys and dogs sort of go together. He likes horses, too, but you can't hug a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Monty Woolley has a home in our fair city and he and his secretary are frequent visitors of the Worden Grill.

It so happened that one cold, snowy night after "The Beard" had arrived, a slightly tipsy woman took one

look at Mr. Woolley's chin and was heard to whisper, "Look, icicles! It sure must be cold out."



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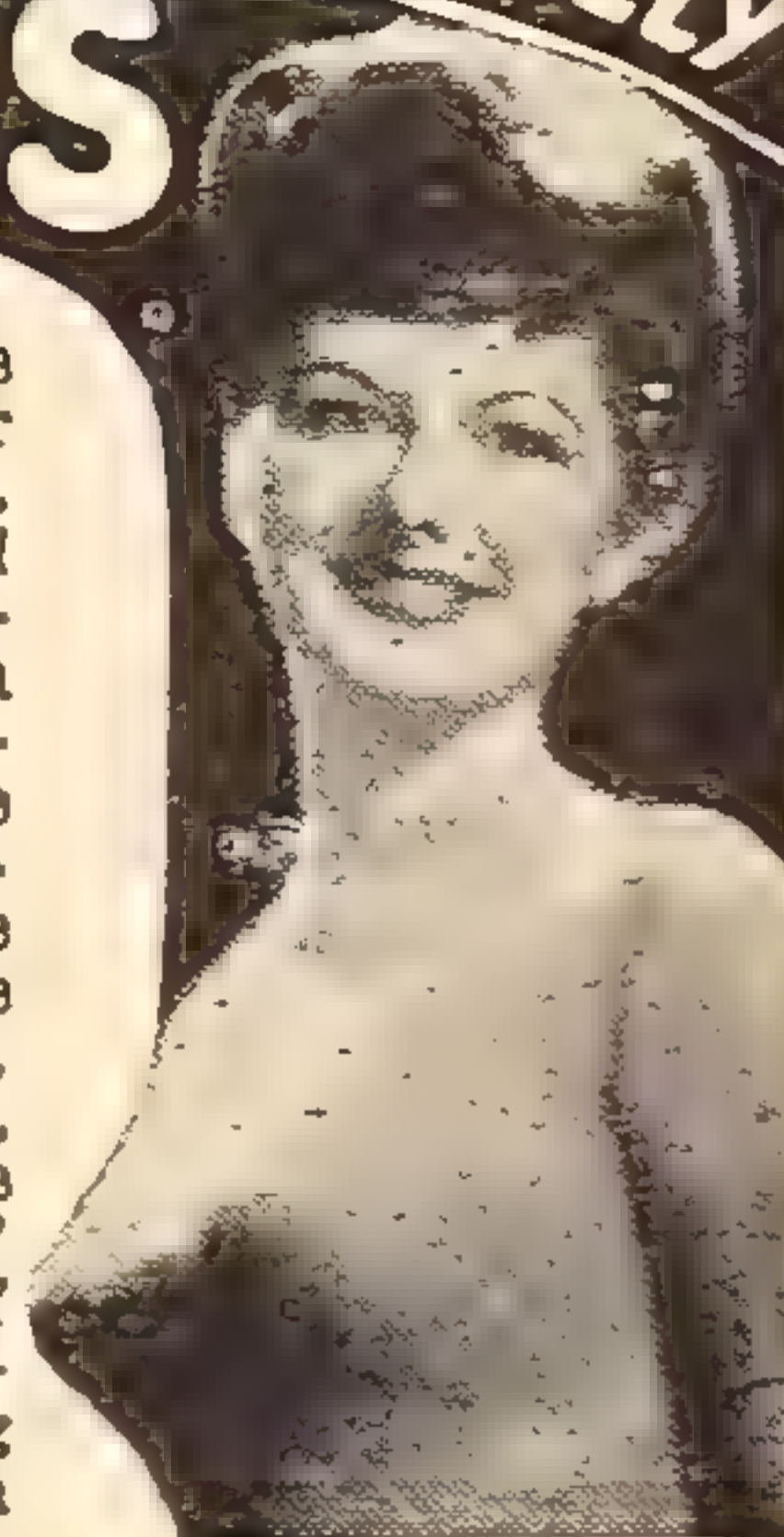
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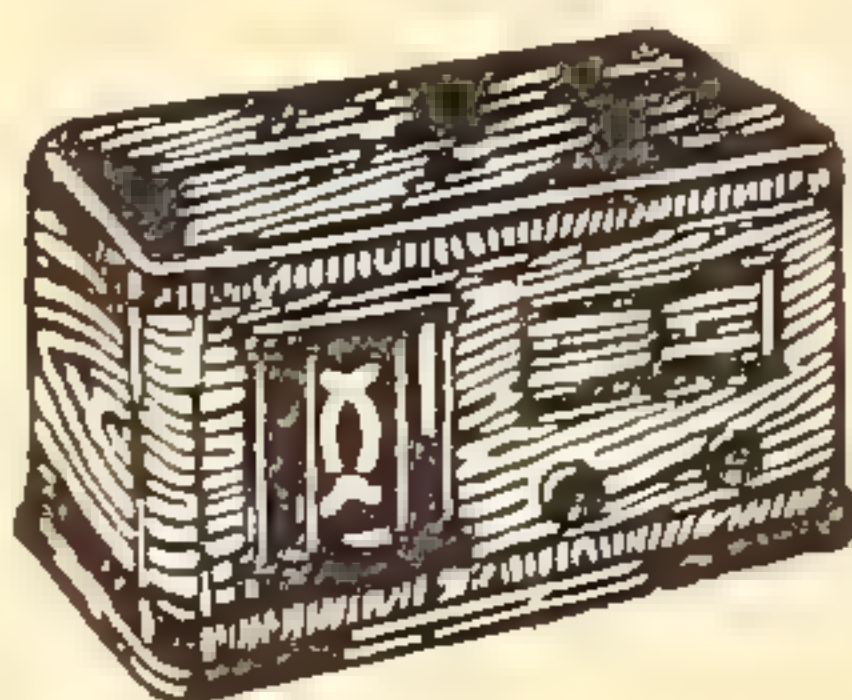
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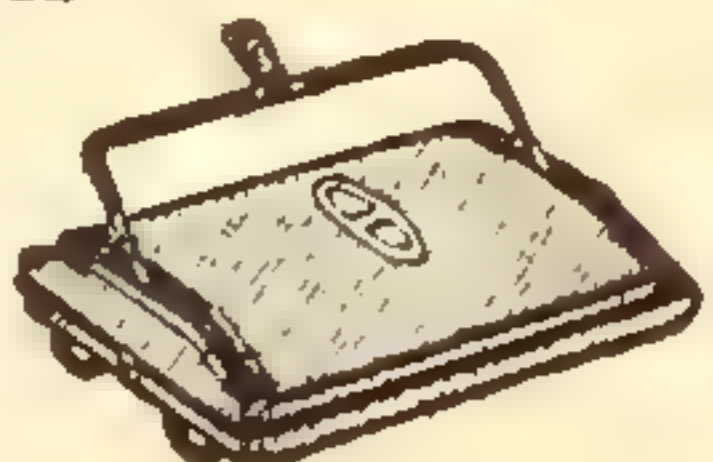
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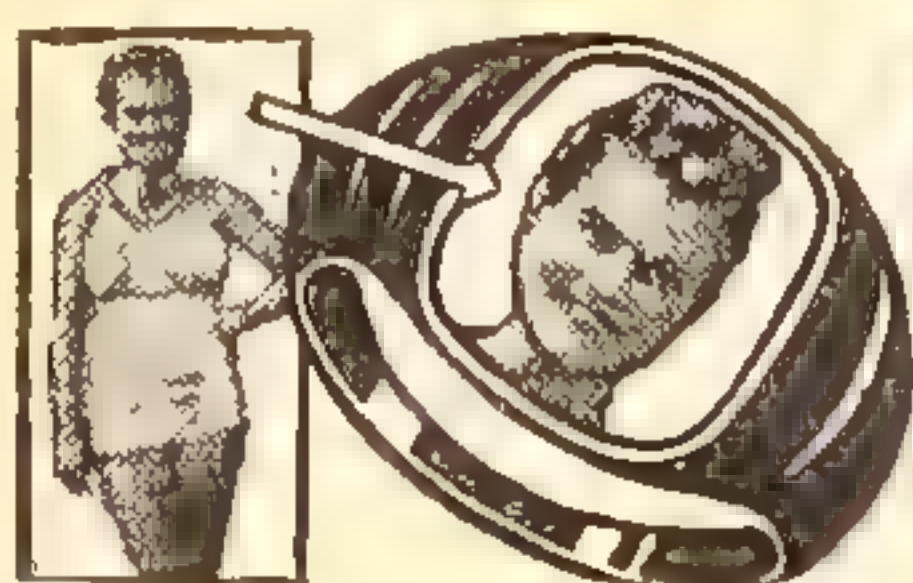


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horse the way you can a dog. Besides, there's only one of Lassie, whereas there were four "Flickas" and eight "Thunderheads." When Roddy was in New York last time, he had the pleasure of presenting a collie puppy to the little boy who won M-G-M's "Son of Lassie" contest. The presentation was rather fun, because the small boy was so excited—(a) over the six-weeks-old puppy, which was a darling, and (b) over meeting Roddy. His brown eyes shone, his voice vanished completely, and he looked from the puppy to Roddy with the expression of one who has reached life's ultimate pinnacle.

"Take care of this pup now," Roddy said, in a big brother tone, after the presentation was over and the camera bulbs were through exploding. "Don't maul him around too much. He's pretty small, yet."

Then he gave the boy and the dog both a farewell, friendly pat, and ran off to the Roxy where he was appearing in the stage show. On the way, he was sidetracked by some wild neckties in a window. Roddy had a "tie war" on with Jackie Gleason who appeared in the show with him. They were each trying to outdo the other in who could come on the stage in the weirdest tie. Last night had been good. Jackie had appeared wearing two ties—one red and one yellow. He had flaunted them at Roddy, and jeered.

"That tie you're wearing is nothing, fellow!" he had proclaimed.

It didn't look very exciting. Roddy had his coat buttoned up and all you could see was a tiny boat on a dark sea. "So it's nothing, is it?" Roddy said, and suddenly opened his coat, to display the most flamboyant of mermaids painted on the rest of the tie. The audience had loved it.

"I'll catch up with you tomorrow," Jackie had warned. So Roddy stopped in the store now, and bought the four brightest, most fantastic ties he could find in the place.

"The trouble is, I can't wear anything with green in," he explained to the salesman. And strangely enough, all wild ties seemed to have some green in them.

"Green should look fine on you." The man was puzzled.

"Oh, it isn't that. It's a superstition I have. I never wear green." He doesn't, either. Nothing would persuade him to break this tradition, which is, he says solemnly, hereditary. That's as far as he'll go, explaining it.

When he got back to the Roxy he found his mother studiously sorting out small, brilliant disks of red, blue, purple and yellow. There were dozens of them, and they lay on the dressing table, blinking dazzlingly in the sunlight.

"What the heck..." Roddy surveyed them in amazement.

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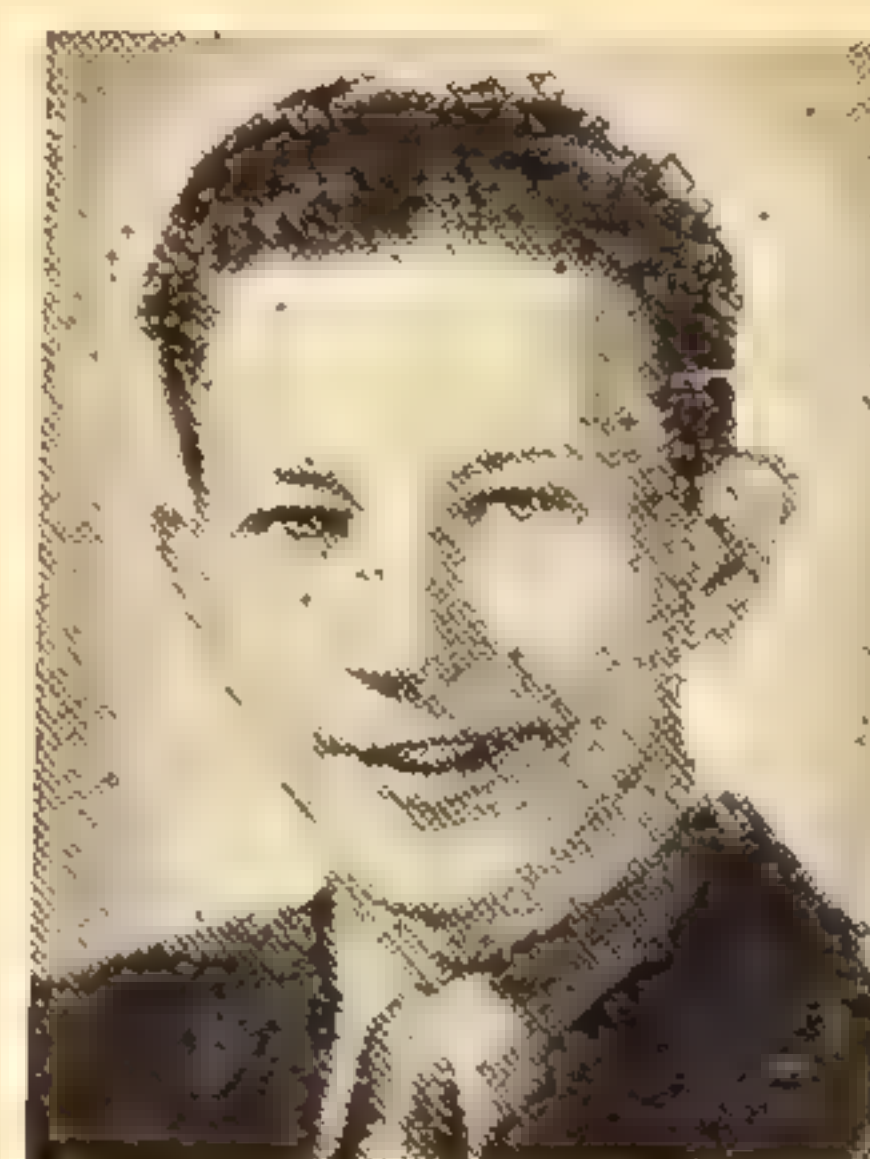
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



I walked into the theater the other night and who should be walking out but Pvt. Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen. He stopped short and said "Hi Betts" (you see, I give him his mail at the Ambassador Hotel). Asking him very seriously how the picture was, he replied, "Not bad at all."

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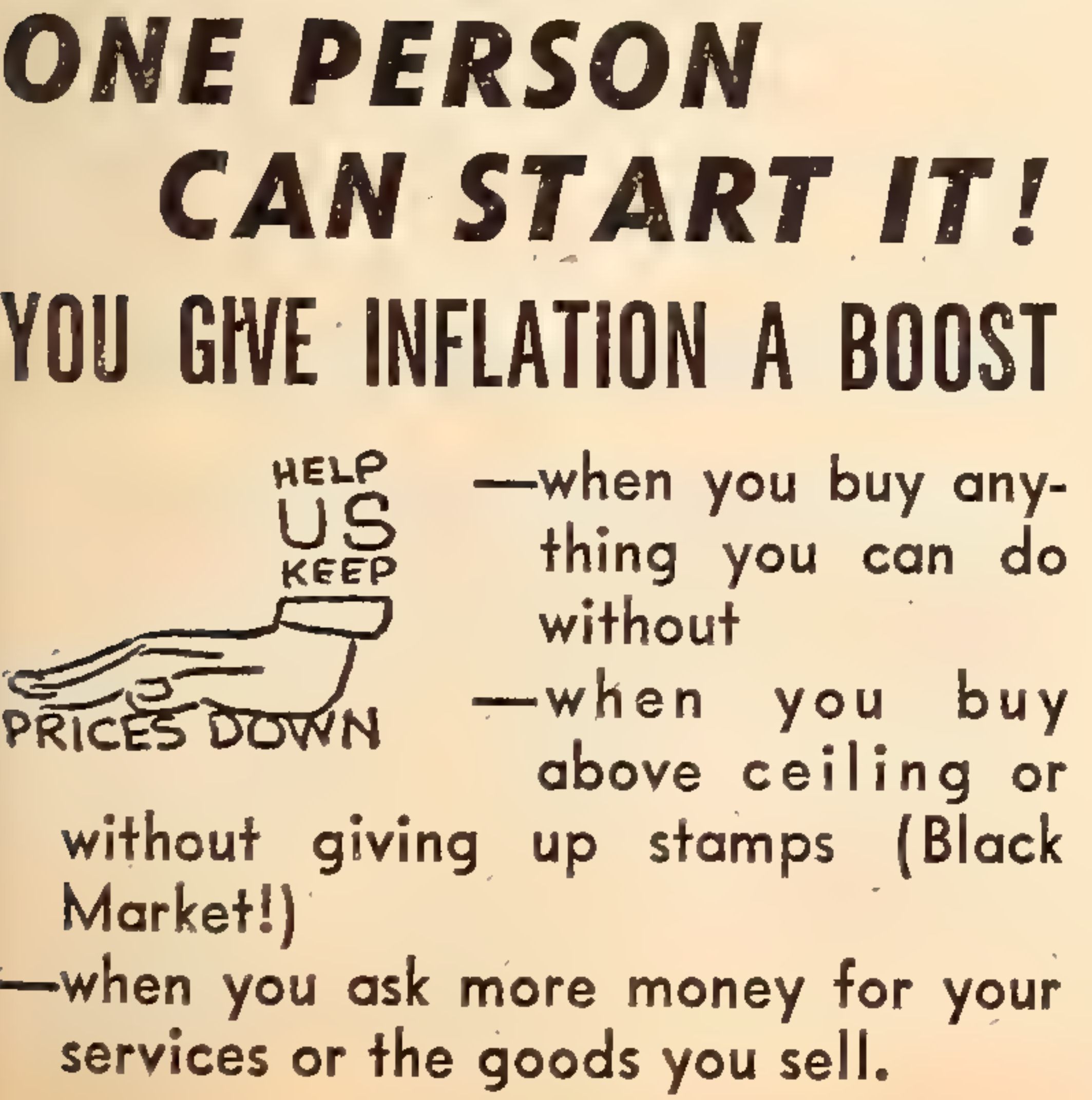
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"For the tie war. I'm going to sew them on a plain black tie. The spotlight will catch them beautifully. And we'll catch Jackie Gleason!"

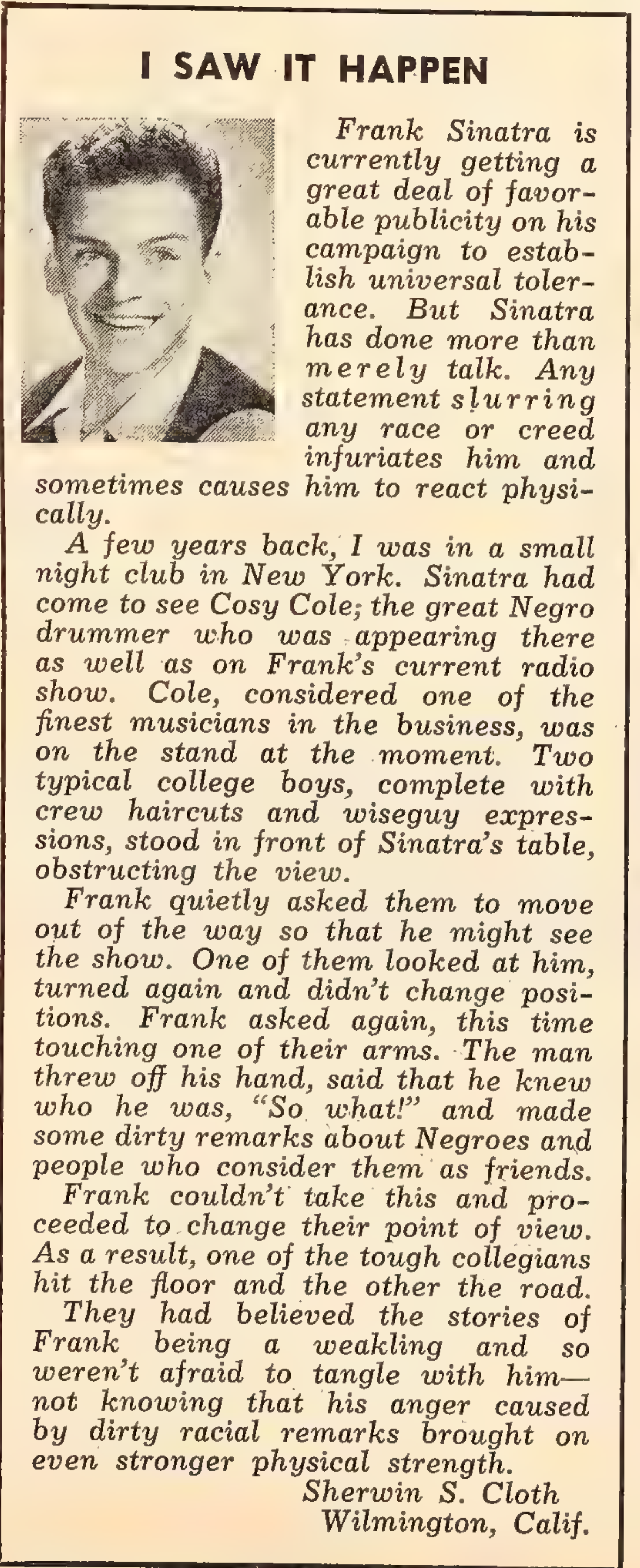
mom's a pal . . .

That's the kind of mother Roddy has. She enters into everything. She shares her son's ardent admiration for Irene Dunne, Gregory Peck and Shep Fields' band. Roddy has adopted that band—or maybe they've adopted him. They were playing in Boston when Roddy was there, and somehow he found himself spending every spare minute with them. He doesn't play any instrument himself, and he's only a semi-jitterbug, but he really goes for the Fields brand of music. The band presented him with a gold tie clip inscribed "To Roddy from Shep Fields and the boys," and he couldn't be prouder. His favorite tunes at present are "I Should Care" and "A Friend Of Yours." The band played them for him at every opportunity.

Roddy turned into something of a crooner during his personal appearance tour. Hitherto, his singing had been strictly of the in-the-shower variety. But when he gave out with "You Belong To My Heart" from the stage of the Roxy, the resultant "oo-oohs" are said to have given Sinatra's manager the cold shivers. Be that as it may, Roddy is now deluged with requests that he make a recording of "You Belong To My Heart," and perhaps he will.

Meanwhile he is back in Hollywood,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Frank Sinatra is currently getting a great deal of favorable publicity on his campaign to establish universal tolerance. But Sinatra has done more than merely talk. Any statement slurring any race or creed infuriates him and sometimes causes him to react physically.

A few years back, I was in a small night club in New York. Sinatra had come to see Cosy Cole; the great Negro drummer who was appearing there as well as on Frank's current radio show. Cole, considered one of the finest musicians in the business, was on the stand at the moment. Two typical college boys, complete with crew haircuts and wiseguy expressions, stood in front of Sinatra's table, obstructing the view.

Frank quietly asked them to move out of the way so that he might see the show. One of them looked at him, turned again and didn't change positions. Frank asked again, this time touching one of their arms. The man threw off his hand, said that he knew who he was, "So what!" and made some dirty remarks about Negroes and people who consider them as friends.

Frank couldn't take this and proceeded to change their point of view. As a result, one of the tough collegians hit the floor and the other the road.

They had believed the stories of Frank being a weakling and so weren't afraid to tangle with him—not knowing that his anger caused by dirty racial remarks brought on even stronger physical strength.

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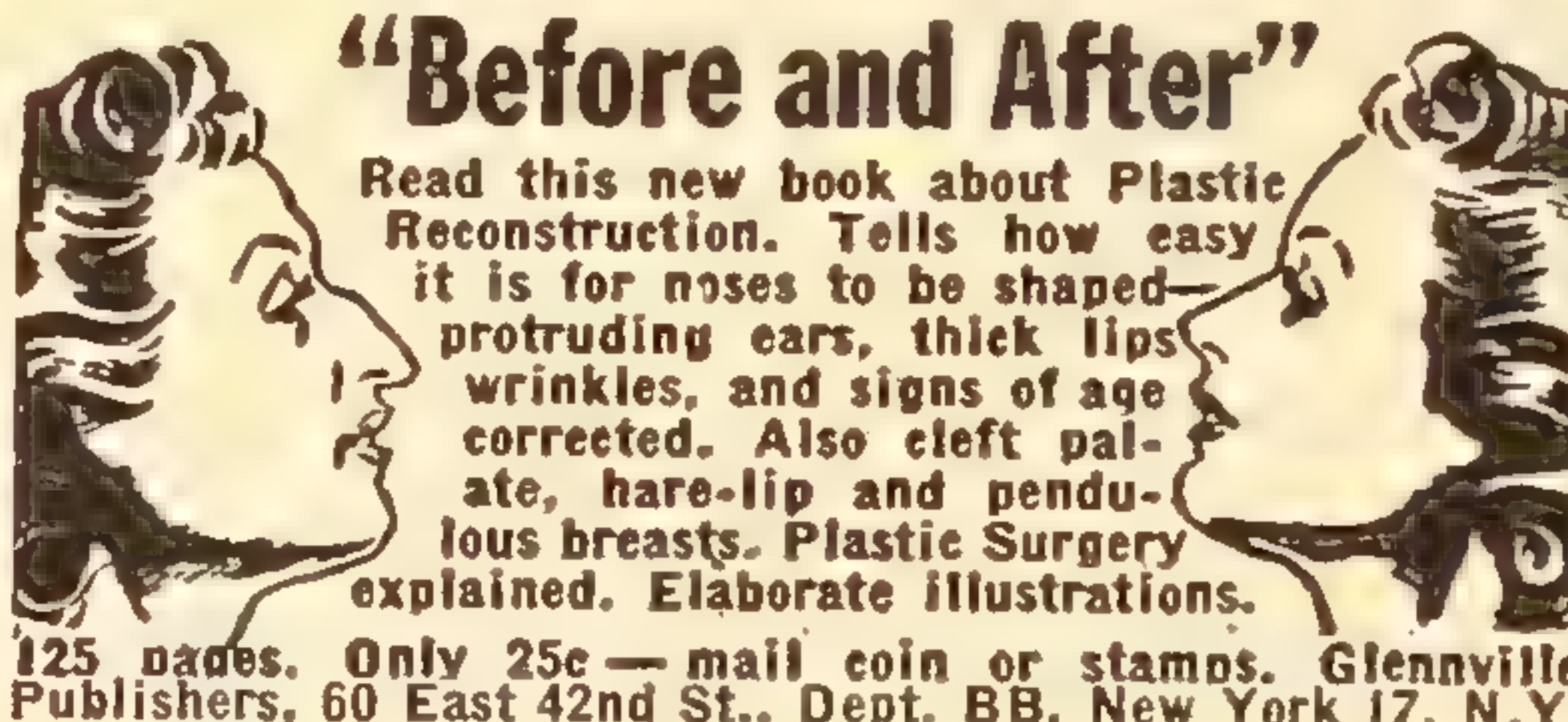
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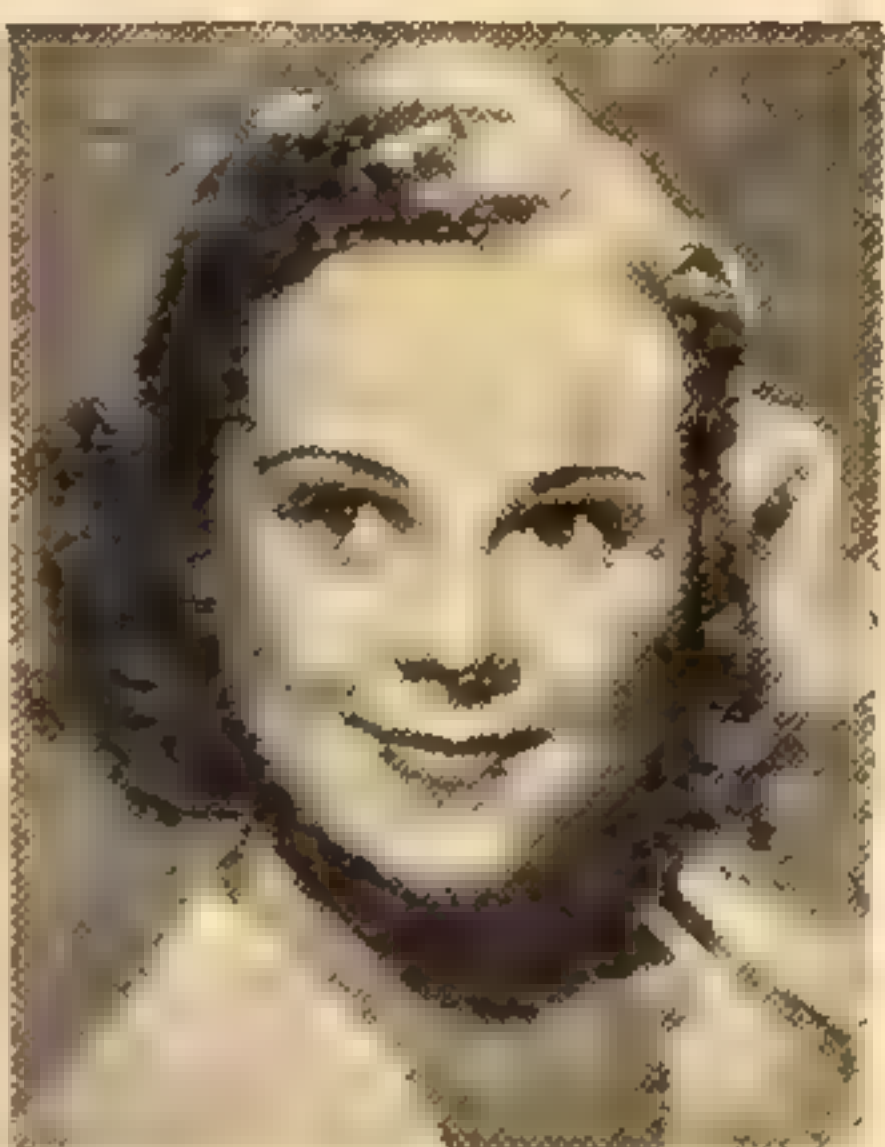
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waiting for the studio to decide on his next picture. Swimming every day, riding a lot, getting a huge bang out of the new MacDowall house in Cheviot Hills. They bought it last February—to the vast relief of their former neighbor, the old lady across the street. It has a swimming pool, and lots of grounds around it, and they can make all the noise they want to without bothering anybody. They have one dog, and several cats, and then there are the birds. They're the darndest looking birds you ever saw. They look like something out of a Walt Disney nightmare. In fact, no one in the family knows what kind they are, and they are referred to simply as "Disney birds." The MacDowall ménage gets a bit complicated sometimes, when the dog chases the cats and the cats tip over the birds' cages, spilling bird seed and water all over the place. No casualties have occurred so far, however. Roddy cleans up the mess cheerfully, and waits for it to happen all over again.

"I don't suppose everyone would care for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently Sonja Henie came to San Francisco to visit wounded sailors and marines at Treasure Island and Oak Knolls Hospitals. I induced her to visit the San Francisco Canteen and then to come over to The Golden Gate theater to make one appearance with her picture. At the Canteen, Miss Henie, who had been visiting hospital wards for five hours, was introduced to about 300 uniformed men and women. Just as we were about to leave, Sgt. Lloyd Pantages asked Sonja to shake hands with two bus loads of boys brought in from a ship just in from Saipan. "There are 91 of 'em," said Pantages, "I'll line 'em up and you can go right down the line to save time." Sonja agreed. A moment later Pantages returned, took Miss Henie to an adjoining room and there were the boys all smiling in anticipation, but all blind. Sonja nearly fainted when she first saw them, then closed her eyes, took a deep breath and with the smile that has made her famous and a voice full of cheer she shook hands with every boy. But the last youngster, about 19, held her hand a moment and said apologetically—"I'm sorry I can't see your picture, Miss Henie." This was just too much and Miss Henie couldn't reply. The tears came to her eyes. She gave the boy's hand a firm grip, shouted "Good night, boys!" with considerable effort and passed out into the street and a waiting cab. On the way to the theater and for fully five minutes back-stage, the woman who had entertained as many as 25,000 persons at a time, one of the great figures of the entertainment world, was stopped. "I've got to find some way of hiding my feelings," Sonja told me. And Allan Jones' quick stage introduction came as a most welcome lift. Now Sonja is visiting thousands of wounded men abroad. What I saw was one of the most dramatic scenes of a lifetime and my respect for Sonja Henie multiplied in a hurry.



Helen Wabbe
San Francisco, Calif.

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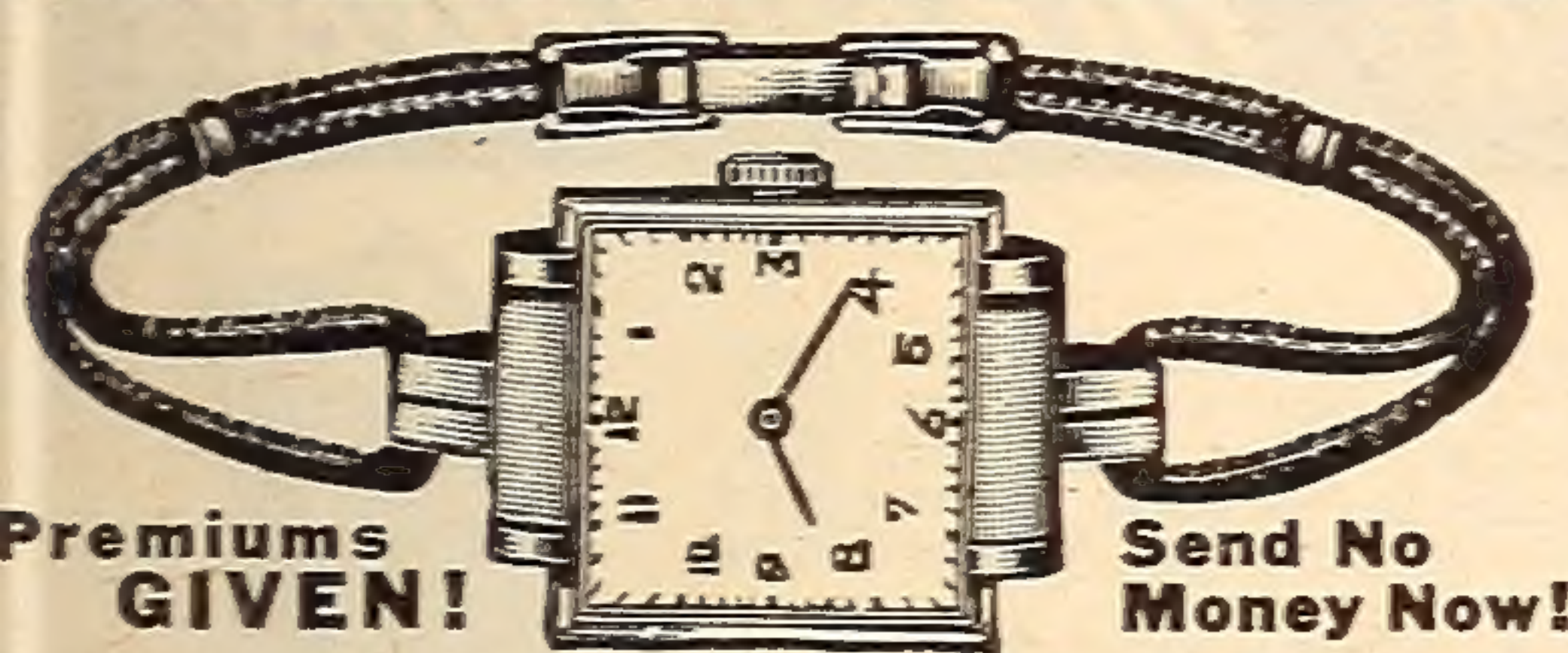


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the way we live," he says thoughtfully. "But I like it. It's—interesting."

It is interesting. There's nothing stereotyped about the MacDowall family. Their way of life is original, natural and gay. Someone asked Roddy once what he did evenings. He considered this, his brows drawn together over his blue eyes, his tanned face thoughtful. "Well, really, every evening is different," he said. That's the way he likes his whole life to be, and the chances are that's the way he'll have it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Shortly after the outbreak of the war, the world premiere of "North West Mounted" was held in my home town of Regina, Saskatchewan. It was one of the biggest events our little city has ever witnessed. The preparations and decorations were lavish.

I was a very insignificant young convent girl at the time and the fact that my classmates and I were not to be allowed time off from our studies to see the beautiful Miss Madeleine Carroll, the star of the picture, and one of our screen idols, made us all very sad indeed.

The morning after her arrival, as I was leaving my classroom and progressing down the hall of our convent, I accidentally bumped the arm of what I thought was a guest or relative of one of the sisters. However, upon turning around to offer my apologies I was dumbfounded to discover that it was Miss Madeleine Carroll herself, walking toward the chapel. I was too awestruck to speak, but turned abruptly and commenced to run down the corridor to my classroom to announce the news to everyone. Our teacher told us that Miss Carroll's visit to the convent was not on her schedule but she had asked as a special favor to have a mass said for her sister who had just been killed in a bombing raid over London. She also reminded me that even the students were not supposed to know that she was in the building.

Of course now that we all knew we couldn't rest until she visited and talked with us, so after mass and breakfast, sister asked her to come in and speak to the class. She wore a brown tailored suit and had a black band around her arm to signify the death of her sister. We were completely enthralled when Miss Carroll spoke to us in her lovely clear soft voice, with a faint and attractive English accent.

We will never forget how she spoke of her sister and how she impressed upon us how grateful we should be for living in such a peaceful corner of the world without the fear of bombs and the tragedy of seeing our loved ones blown to bits in their homes.

To Miss Carroll now, who has given up her movie career to devote her life to the welfare of others, we, in that small convent way off in Saskatchewan, are praying for you, and yours.

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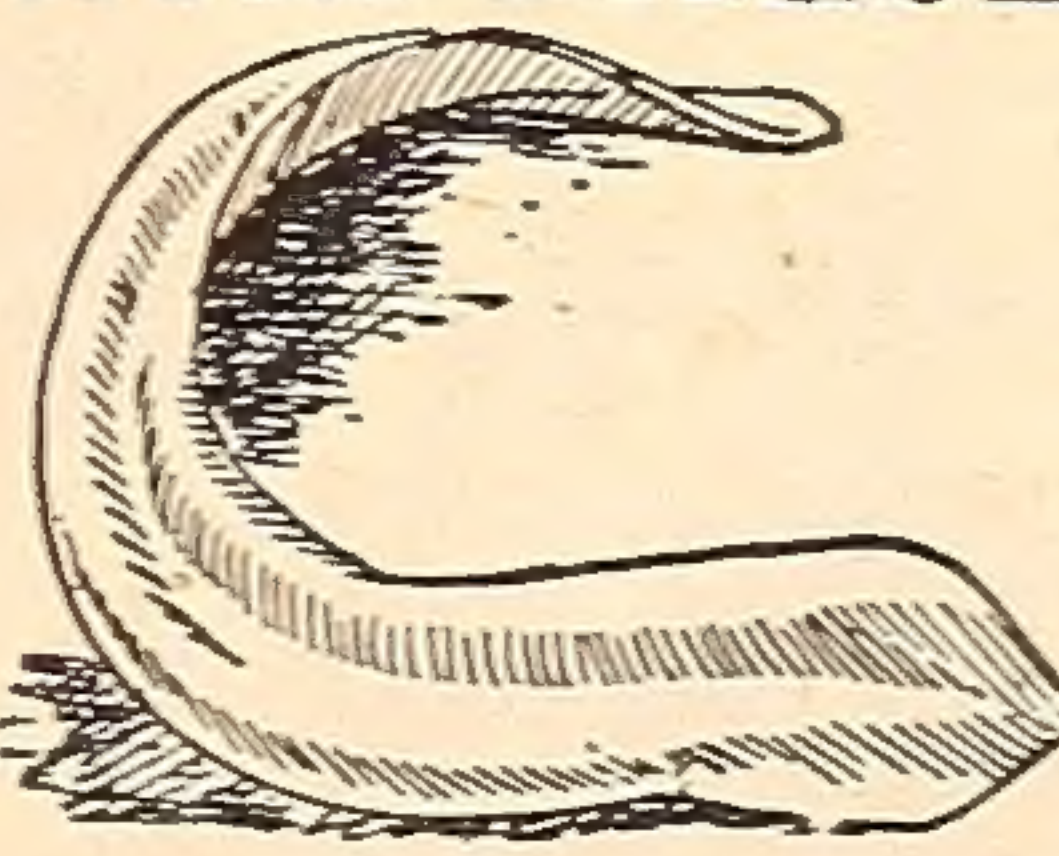
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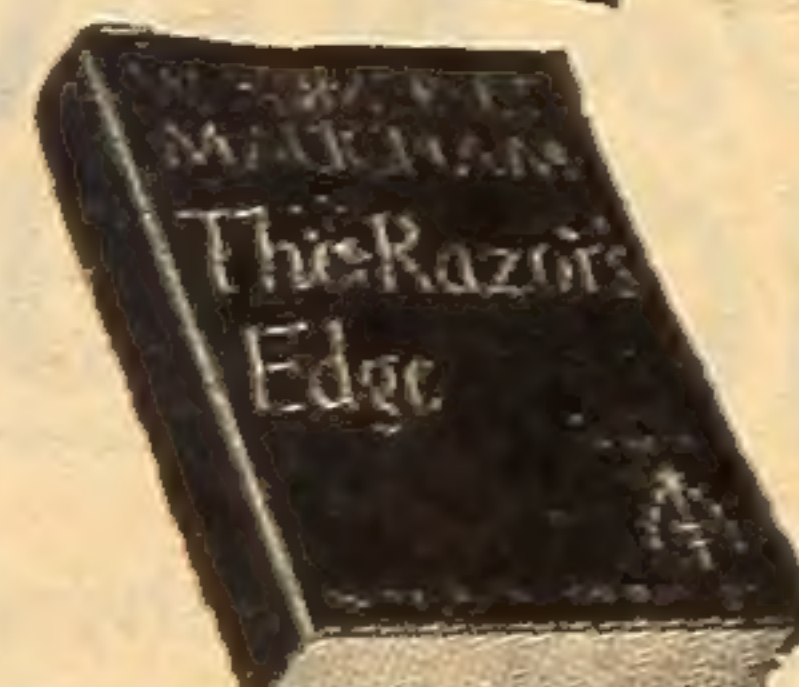
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